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TRAPPER'S BRIDE:

OR SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE.

Louis Jos. Bonny Baltimore June 18

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE PRAIRIE BIRD.

"Deep treasured in my heart and brain,
Still dwells, sweet PRAIRIE BIRD,
Thy form, thy every grace,
Thy every tone and word:
Welcome art thou in any form,
Thrice welcome as the TRAPPER'S BRIDE."

LOUISVILLE: Murray
C. HAGAN & CO., PUBLISHERS,
507 MAIN STREET.
F. HAGAN, NASHVILLE, TENN.

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Murray

1. Fiction (English)

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PREFACE.

It is expected that every Author, in the Preface to his book, will make his bow to the public, and also make a statement of his reasons for writing said book, and yet Prefaces are generally looked upon as great afflictions. We will endeavor to afflict our readers as little as possible, by stating our reasons in as few words as can be used for the purpose.

The Author, in presenting the Prairie Bird to the public, designed (and how far he succeeded the public must judge) to portray, in the most familiar and vivid manner, the manners, customs, and incidents in the life of the *Red Man of the West*, at the time of the first settlement of Ohio. In the present volume the Author has endeavored to present to the public other scenes as they transpire since the time chosen for the events of the Prairie Bird. The incidents and adventures that almost daily occur in the life of the Trapper; his encounters with Indians, the excitements of the chase, the great diversity and endless variety of the most grand and beautiful scenery, all furnish inexhaustible themes for the pen of the author, which we have sought to take advantage of for the entertainment, if not the instruction, of our readers. With this introduction we leave our tale in the hands of an enlightened public.

THE AUTHOR

DHOE EAMES COLLECTION

THE

TRAPPER'S BRIDE.

CHAPTER I.

O er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills,
On these same hills rejoice a free-born race,
Whereon to gaze, the eye with joyance fills,
Meanwhile it wends through many a pleasant place.

'Tis a great city and full of strange sights.

It was in the autumn of 18— that I visited the city of New York for the first time. I had long been desirous of seeing that great city, the grand commercial and mercantile emporium of the western world: the London of America. This city is one of the oldest in the United States, and by far the largest in the Republic, and decidedly the most important in a business point of view. Its mercantile interests are greater and vastly more extended, than are those of any other city in the Union. Early in the history of this country it was founded by a colony of Dutch, a people then widely known for the spirit and energy with which they carried on mercantile pursuits, and more especially for their commercial operations. This spirit they brought with them to their new home: and, as the town grew in importance, and increased in wealth, they pushed their branches of business, which were found profitable to them, besides being more to their liking than any other pursuits in life: and in this way they gained an advance over the other settlements in the country, which they have ever since continued to hold. New York possesses by its location all the natural advantages for commercial pursuit. Its wide harbor, which affords a safe anchorage for the largest ships, looks out upon the boundless ocean, which is traversed at this time by its thousands of stout, staunch vessels. Its intercourse with foreign nations across the ocean is extremely easy from this circumstance, and its active citizens saw this advantage from the first; it was the strong inducement which led them to settle on that narrow neck of land upon which the city is built, and as I have said, early turned their attention to the subject of navigation, and to embark in the pursuits of commerce. As the country grew, and the population increased, foreign trade also became more profitable, and this city was the port that received the returning ships laden with the treasures and luxuries of foreign climes, and in turn sent them back freighted with the surplus productions of our own land, to be exchanged in distant countries. At the date of my story, the city had become large and wealthy. It had already secured the largest share of trade in foreign staples and commodities from other parts of our country, and merchants from other cities on the sea-board as well as inland cities and towns came here to purchase their stocks. Merchants from all parts of the country flowed to New York, as offering the best chance to do business profitably, and advantageously; and foreigners, also, who came to this country, were pretty sure to make this port on their arrival, and quite as sure to remain and engage in business in this enterprising and prosperous city. From successful business, many of the city merchants grew very wealthy, and reti-

ring from active business, they built for themselves elegant mansions in which they resided in the bosom of their families, enjoying all the comforts and pleasures, both social and domestic, their amassed wealth could purchase for them; hence there grew up in this city, and very naturally too, an aristocracy of wealth, and with wealth an aristocracy of fashion; indeed this city soon became what in truth it has ever since continued to be, the source and fountain of the fashion. Here were to be seen the latest styles of female costume; here the fashionable beau got the cue for the approved and last method of the tie of his cravat, or the color and size of his coat buttons, the length and shape of his whiskers and moustaches. In fact, in this respect, New York is to America what Paris is to France; and here you will ever find a crowd devoted to the gay goddess whose temples are the milliners, the mantua-makers, tailors and barbers' shops.

On a clear, bright spring morning, in the year 18—, in the month of April, a young man dressed in his best suit of homespun grey, might be seen traveling on foot, his bundle containing his little, but nevertheless his sole stock of worldly gear and wealth. At the time we speak of he had arrived to within a couple of miles of New York, which was his point of destination. He was about eighteen years of age, to judge from his appearance; a well built, hale, healthy youth, possessing much manly beauty of person, with a heart full of hope, swelling with high resolves, and possessing great courage, he had left his home in the northern part of the State, and bidding adieu to his family who lived contentedly and pleasantly on a large and rich farm, he had come to New York to seek his fortune. Charles Stanley, for such was his name, had full confidence in his ability and power to win from dame fortune her smiles by his seeking, and if she frowned upon him at his first entrance into the great and busy world, he was prepared not to be cast down or driven from his purpose. He had received an excellent education at home, for the period and part of the country where he had lived, and was accounted a remarkable scholar by the village pedagogue, that gave the boys and gals their larning; and at home under the careful teaching of a pious father and mother he had learned lessons of morality and religion which he cherished, that if practiced would carry him safely through all the vicissitudes of life, and he had resolved to remember them and make them a rule of conduct. Fortunately for him, on the first day's entrance into the city he was engaged by one of the best firms in the city; two of their clerks had suddenly left them, and one of the partners by accident met Charles as he was entering the house where he took up his quarters in the place. He was so much pleased with the first impression Charles made upon him, and so interested in the intelligence and good sense of his conversation, that he at once gave him the card of the firm, "Leslie & Burke, importers of French and English goods, No. 50 Wall street," and when he left him told him he should expect to see him the next morning.

Charles was punctual to the appointment, and was regularly installed in his new vocation. That morning he attended diligently to the duties that were laid upon him, and devoted all his time and talents to the acquisition of his new calling. In a short time he had acquired a tolerably good knowledge of business, and was promoted by his employers, who took much interest in him. The partners in this house, were, both of them, men of extensive information and learning. As I have said, their business was that of importers of foreign goods, and often in the course of their business, they were obliged to cross the ocean and visit both France and England. These visits were improved by them as a means of informing themselves of the habits, customs and history of those nations, and served to stimulate and heighten the desire and longing for learning and reading which early education and a cultivated taste had developed. It was in such a house, with such men, that Charles received his business education; and being a young man of much promise, rigidly strict in his habits, exceedingly attentive to business, and feeling deeply interested in whatever

concerned the welfare of his employers, watching over their interests as if they were his own, he gained at once not only their warm approbation, but also their hearty esteem; and as time wore on they became more and more attached to him, and took increasing pains and care to afford him every advantage in their reach for self-education and improvement.—Books were furnished him with the advice and counsel of his employers, with regard to his course and manner of reading; then again he was welcomed as a visitor in both their families, where he was treated more like a son than a guest, and a son he was indeed destined to become to Mr. Leslie, the eldest partner. As soon as he became of age he was received into the firm, he acquired their unlimited confidence as a clerk, they gave a willing admiration to his truly great business talents, they loved him for his high and noble character, his generous and frank disposition, his unbending integrity and honesty.

The same year that saw him a partner in the firm, witnessed his marriage with Arabella, the eldest daughter of Mr. Leslie, a charming and lovely girl about his own age. Their mutual love for each other had existed for a long period. On their first acquaintance they were deeply interested in each other, and Charles had not been long a clerk for her father, and had not made many visits to his house, before this interest ripened into love, and it was to this deep and fervent attachment on the part of Charles to a gifted and beautiful girl, a passion that was met and warmly returned by her, that he owed that strong and constant influence that held him to a course of life marked by uprightness and unblemished honor, more than to any other cause. Man's destiny, how often is it made or marred forever by woman's moulding influence. To be worthy of her love, to render himself her peer and be able some day to call her his own, and render her happy and proud to be so called, was the ruling desire that filled his heart. And this desire gave birth to high resolves which should govern his conduct, and these were faithfully adhered to under the light of her approving smile, the sympathy of her loving heart. Great and constant were the exertions he made for her whom he loved with all the strength and fervor of a manly heart, and who had given herself to him in sweet trusting confidence; and he was worthy of all her fond affection, of all her confiding trust. No young man in that great city was more widely known, nor more highly respected and beloved.

We here pass over an interval of several years in the history of this family, as nothing of special interest in connexion with our story occurred to them; suffice it to say that Mr. Stanley continued for a long time in business, was very successful, and at the time we now resume our veracious and honest narrative had retired from active business, although there stood the old dingy sign of the old firm over the same store door where it stood in days of yore. He was living in an elegant mansion in the upper part of the city fronting upon Washington park, his family had considerably increased, and now consisted of four children, his dear wife who was still living, the light of her home, the sweet partner of all his joys, and the equal sharer of all his accumulated riches. They had lived in uninterrupted harmony and love with all that strong, ardent affection, ever fresh in their hearts, that made their marriage day the most blessed day of their lives. Not an unkind word had ever passed between them, not a moment of distrust had ever disturbed their mutual confidence in each other. As happy a pair were they as ever existed since the days of Adam and Eve. But it is of their children, or one of them rather, that we wish to speak. The oldest was a son, an only son, now about eighteen years of age. His sisters were all younger than himself. The children were all dutiful, affectionate, and intelligent, and were a blessing to their fond parents.—They had been educated with great care, under the watchful eye of indulgent and fond parents. The son had the christian name of his father, Charles; he displayed at an early age in life talents of no common order, and had developed and improved his mind by careful attention to his reading, and close application to his

studies. To him was assigned the first rank in his class; to him belonged the first prize awarded to the best scholar at the close of his course of studies in the seminary. In person as in mind, he was equally distinguished, rather above the medium height, with a well proportioned form, full and well developed by the manly exercises he accustomed himself to; his head sat proudly on his shoulders, supported by what, perhaps, some would deem a too slender neck; was rather large; the front part large, with bold, open forehead, denoting a large and active intellect; was covered with a profusion of curling hair of a dark chestnut shade; his eye was black as jet, full, round, sharp and expressive; his complexion fair—almost too fair for a man—and had it not been for the stern, resolute expression of his mouth, you would perhaps have thought the expression of his face effeminate. It is strange how totally the entire expression of a face may be altered by a single feature. To see Charles Stanley in the hours of amusement, laughing and chatting gaily with his young friends, and giving himself up to pleasure, you would have supposed him of a light and superficial character, and one not at all fitted for the stern realities and trying seasons that few escape in the course of their life time, when firmness and decision are the only qualities that can save them.—But you would assuredly have been mistaken in him, for his was not a disposition that delighted in the soft enervating pleasures of society. Usually he was thoughtful, sober, and I might almost add sad in his appearance. When deeply engaged in reflection, and absorbed in thought, his whole expression changed, and if you observed him at such times, and saw his eyes kindling with the interest he felt, and beaming with the light of an awakened and active mind, his small resolute mouth with compressed lips, then you would have said that his was a soul strong of purpose, that he possessed a decision of character not easily to be withstood—not often to be thwarted.—At such seasons his beauty was highly intellectual and manly; but never did his remarkable beauty appear so striking as when engaged in the courtesies of life, with words of love on his lips, and kindness displaying her attractive charms in all his movements in his bearing, he smiled—such a smile as would break over his features how shall I describe it, I never saw such an one before or since—its effect was electrical and irresistible, and would like light steal the gloom from the brow of the most moody, the most forlorn. It was bright, flashing bright, yet winning. Like a sunbeam it played over his face, illuminating it and clothing it with a fascination that was truly irresistible.

Such in person was Charles Stanley, the hero of my book. His sisters, as I have already said, were younger than himself; and in a city where the beauty of its females is unsurpassed by any city on the globe, were considered beautiful girls. But it is of Charles I wish to speak, and although the fair deserve better treatment than to be thus suddenly disposed of, necessity must rule. He had been destined by his father for a mercantile life, and had been engaged in business for two or three years, but it was a hard and trying thing for him to tie himself down to a city life, although he was in a good business, with an abundance of funds to carry it on, and although in society he was equally as successful, for he had been welcomed with open arms by the fashionable world. His beauty, his wit and learning, had delighted and amused a class where the two latter commodities at least were not often discovered, and many a fair daughter of fashion had fluttered around him clothed in witching smiles and radiant beauty, like a gaily painted butterfly, longing to capture his hand and heart too if necessary to secure him. Many were the costly dinner parties, the well planned and delightful pic nic parties, the charming sailing excursions that were provided by fond and anxious mothers for his especial benefit, that he might both see, admire, and fall in love with their dear sweet girls. But if the truth must be told, for some reason or other, Charles had never discovered what all these amusing pleasures were designed especially for, or if he had, had not entered into the

spirit of the thing, and did what was expected of him. His heart was yet free. Cupid had never leveled his arrow at him, or if he had, had made a bad shot of it; for never as yet had the fountains of his heart been made to flow in streams of love such as follow when the mischievous little god strikes his dart in the fatal spot.

His tastes, his habits, his inclinations, were all separate and distinct from most of those around him, who composed what is termed the fashionable circle, the bon ton of the city. They had been formed in a different school. He had paid but little attention to the showy but superficial accomplishments that make up the sum of a fashionable beau's education and stock of learning. During most of his school days he had been in his father's house, and beneath the watchful guidance of his kind parents; but the two last years he had spent at a seminary in the upper part of the State, kept by an old friend of his father's. While there he was accustomed to spend his holidays in hunting in the adjacent woods, and fishing in the streams of the neighborhood. These sports, which belong to manhood and mature age, were his favorites when a boy. They separated him from the crowd and led him away by himself to the wild free forests; they relieved him from the fetters and restraints which other amusements very often are connected with, and left him at liberty to indulge his wildest, boldest fancies, or muse undisturbed upon the bright and glowing schemes that are wont to occupy the mind of youth ere the blights of disappointed hopes and crushed expectations have taught him the realities of life.

It was at this period of his life that he formed a desire for a forester's roving life. He delighted to read and ponder over the wild tales of the pioneers of the *West*, and the extravagant tales of border life were eagerly listened to, and carefully remembered by him. Cooper's tales of the Indians were his favorite volumes; and often while alone in the woods would he revolve in his mind the character of the old scout in Cooper's writings, and plan for himself a career which should rival that in romance and chivalry. As he grew up, however, and again returned to his home in the city, away from the enticing scenes that had rendered his holidays so delightful, and again mingled in fashionable society, where he was so warmly welcomed, and so flatteringly praised, he lost for a time his wish to rove; but soon after entering into business which closely confined him to his store, and claimed his sole attention and consumed all his time, he grew tired of the restraints imposed upon him, and in turn he became sick of, and disgusted with, the frivolities and hollow-heartedness that every where met him in fashionable society. He saw through the cloak of politeness and pretended friendship that covered the most utter selfishness, and contemptible meanness, of the boasted leaders and chiefs in this circle. He gained an insight into the intrigues and artful designs of manœuvering mammas and plotting papas and made up his mind, perhaps wrongfully—then again perhaps he was not so far from the truth—that here all was superficially counterfeit, and a little base withal. This was a suitable frame of mind to revive the pleasures and plans of the past, that had so charmed him. His early schemes and fancies returned with more than their former strength and influence, until he resolved to put them into execution; to quit his home, although it was dear to him; but he desired to turn his back upon what he believed to be falsely called a happy lot, a cultivated and refined state of society, and delve into the forests far beyond the bounds of civilization.

He determined to try the fortunes of a pioneer, and join the hunters that range the vast forests of the far *West*, after the manner of the natives of the land—free as the air of heaven, or as the streams that plow the mountain's side and dance along the smiling vales. And now that he had fully made up his mind to this course, he began to look about for the means of pursuing it. The first and greatest difficulty that presented itself to his mind, was to gain the consent of his parents; he knew they would be opposed to it—strongly opposed. But al-

though he was of age and could act alone for himself, and by himself; and the doing of which, many girls and boys think a mark of manhood and independence, and forget or neglect the duties and obligations which they owe to their kind and loving parents who have watched over them with unceasing kindness and unremitting care in their days of helplessness and infancy—still he hesitated not a moment as to whether he should ask counsel and advice from his parents.—He made their consent an indispensable point; desire however strongly he might to go, he would not, on any account, without their obtained assent at least.

The conclusion he came to was a noble one, worthy of the instructions and education he had received. It was to state to his parents fully and freely, and seek their approval. As soon as he had fixed upon this course, he took the first opportunity a leisure evening offered to meet his father in his library alone, when he might without interruption acquaint him with his resolutions, lay his plans before him, and gain his consent to them. This occasion soon presented itself, and Charles pleaded his wishes and gave his reasons for his course to his father, and requested his consent to follow them.

Mr. Stanley, as might have been expected, seemed very much surprised at what his son said, but this did not prevent him from listening attentively, or cause him to interrupt him in what he had to say to him. He waited until he had finished, and paused for an answer. He did not reply to him immediately, but for a few moments remained silent, during which time he regarded his son closely, as if to be sure that he rightly understood him, and that he was really in earnest in what he said; then in a friendly, kind tone, said he:—

"Do you know, my dear son, what a laborious, what an uncertain life you are choosing for yourself?"

Charles replied that he had thought the matter over thoroughly, and he was prepared to experience difficulties and labor he had never yet encountered.—But said his father, "Have you thought of the sacrifices you will be compelled to make—all the luxuries of life to which you have been accustomed, and many of its comforts, even, you will be deprived of."

Charles answered him by saying he was ready to do so, and even anxious to undergo them.

But said his father, "I fear should you take this course, you will be sadly disappointed, for I can tell you it is very different from what you have been used to. It is one thing to picture such a life in your own fancy, full of stirring, pleasant incidents and adventures—and quite another, actually to suffer all the trials and discomforts that are sure to attend it. I know full well that young men at your time of life are apt to indulge in fanciful theories, and extravagant schemes of the future; such is the natural tendency of the youthful mind, ere it has learned from actual experience the realities of life: but, my son, I think you are mistaken in this matter, and I think if you will consider it carefully you will see it in a different light.—Whatever you now undertake should be viewed with reference to the future. You should look beyond the present and estimate the bearing and influence it will hereafter exert upon you. In youth prepare for old age. This is a maxim no less true than just. Your happiness and success in life, as you know, is dear, very dear to me: and if there is anything within my power to secure for you a happy life, you know how ready, how rejoiced I shall be, to do it for you: but I must say, my dear son, that the plan which you have now detailed to me does not seem calculated to promote your happiness or welfare, but on the contrary, as I view it, it is wild and unsettling, and calculated to injure you, and moreover I do not think you are fitted to endure the fatigues and privations that are necessarily attendant upon it. Reflect upon it, my child; consider if there be not some other career in the varied and different pursuits of life, that you would rather follow: something that will permit you to remain with us at home, for I am pained at the idea of your leaving us, my dear son, and I know that it will grieve your mother and sisters very much to part with you; but anything that will contribute to

your welfare we shall both be ready to do. We will not now discuss this subject, but I will speak with you again soon upon it, after I have acquainted your mother with your wishes."

The father and son then conversed together upon other topics in a familiar and interesting manner. Mr. Stanley always encouraged the confidence and freedom of speech of his children, and listened to them with attention and respect. He treated them like men and women, and this served to make them talk and act as such.

After an hour pleasantly spent in conversation with his father, Charles left the library and betook himself to his own room, to reflect upon his interview with his father, and carefully consider the advice he had received from him, and again to review his own plans.

CHAPTER II.

As he turned his thoughts backwards and reviewed the past, all the kindness of his parents—their ever constant and active love towards him, rose up before, and seemed to rebuke his selfish inclinations, and reproach him that he had thought so little of their feelings and happiness in the formation of his plans for the future. He knew, he felt, how fondly—how ardently—his parents and sisters were attached to him, and in the past he saw how readily they had met and answered all his wishes, when it could be done consistently with his welfare; he felt the force of his father's reasoning when he had said that it would pain him to part from him his only son, and in fancy he realized the grief and sorrow such a separation would bring to the heart of his dear mother, and much beloved sisters; and while these thoughts came, filling his mind with tender images and melting reflections, his heart grew softer, his feelings prevailed, and he was almost inclined to abandon the projects he had cherished. But as he glanced back again to the life he was leading at home, and thought of the wearisome hours that dragged their slow length so tardily along at the store, and as he contemplated the idle, frivolous, and heartless manners in which society delighted, and of which he had become so heartily tired, he turned once more to his cherished scheme with a heart kindling with fresher feelings, and beating with stronger wishes.

Although the gratification of his love for the wild sports of the huntsman, and the novelty of the life he proposed for himself had a prominent place in the train of arguments, and was one of the chief motives that influenced him, yet there was another and a different reason for his pursuing such a course; and this, to his ardent and somewhat imaginative mind, impulsive in whatever he undertook, had great weight: it was the condition and welfare of the Indians.

He had heard much of the wrongs which had been inflicted upon them by the whites; but he felt warmly for them, and it was his purpose to devote much of his time to them in his wanderings—his desire to serve them and devise something for their happiness.

After the conversation we have detailed above, between father and son, Mr. Stanley lost no time in communicating it to his wife. It gave great uneasiness, as well as occasioned her unaffected surprise. She could not for a moment believe that Charles was serious and determined in this course; but they both thought best to have a consultation with their son, and endeavor now while this project was in its infancy, to root it out of his mind. Mr. Stanley would not render his wife more anxious and uneasy by stating his convictions that Charles was fixed and strong in his resolution, but left it to his son to inform her in his own way, as being best.

Accordingly, the day after the conversation referred to, his mother requested him to remain at home with them, as they wished to converse with him on a subject important to him. Charles at once surmised what that subject was, and readily consented; and although he had laid his head upon his pillow the night past with his mind more strongly

than ever bent on his purpose, yet, now, as he looked upon his mother and saw her dear face clouded with anxiety and thought, he felt if she opposed his wishes and objected to his leaving home, he must relinquish them, and remain. She was his mother—how dear the word to his ear, what feelings awoke in his heart at the sound—the thought of it. He was devotedly attached to his mother, and she loved him with all a mother's love, a love stronger than death, that outlives time, and that nothing can conquer.

He thought of her as the angel who had watched over his helpless and feeble infancy, and guided with never sleeping vigilance his boyish life; into her sympathizing and ever listening ear he had poured forth his little troubles and disappointments that vexed his boyish heart, and she had comforted and soothed him. She, too, had been the confidant of all his youthful plans and schemes, and throughout all his life her voice of love and kindness had sounded in his ear. In all the overflowing tenderness a mother bears her only son, a mother who now in his first budding manhood, clung to him with, if possible, a still stronger love; and who never parted with him, even for a few days only, but with pain and anxiety.

Charles, I said, thought should his mother oppose his wishes, his heart would fail him, and he should at once resign the plan he had so warmly cherished in his mind. But he had yet to learn himself. He knew not the strength of his own character; he would even be surprised at the resolute, aye, obstinate tenacity with which he clung to his own opinions and resolves.

His mother was serious and thoughtful. Charles thought she looked sad, and he felt self reproached before she had spoken a word, as if he had caused her sadness; but when she spoke a thrill of feelings ran through his frame. In a voice tender and full of feeling she said to him:

"Your father has told me you wished to leave us, my son, to go away from your home and friends; he has also detailed to me your plans as you stated them to him in your conversation yesterday; and now, Charles, I wish to ask you if you are really serious in this? And do you really wish to leave us and go so far away from home? Are you not happy with us here? Or is there anything we can do to make you so? Oh, my dear son, you do not know, you cannot know what sorrow, what grief, the bare idea of your absence from us causes me! I shall not know a moment's peace, or enjoy a moment's pleasure, if you pursue this scheme. I cannot bear the thought of your going so far away alone, so far from home, so far from all who love you and will feel disposed to render you assistance of need. Why do you wish to go, my son? You must have some object in view; something that you esteem of earnest importance to yourself, I am persuaded, to induce you to desire to leave us who love you so much; and whom we know you in turn dearly love. What, my dear son, do you expect to gain by all these sacrifices that you must make if you carry out your plans? If we can see anything in them that will be of benefit to you, and which you may not better obtain at home, then you know that however we could desire you to remain with us, yet shall we smother our wishes, and willingly assist you. But from what your father has told me, I cannot see that it is at all necessary for you, or even that it will promote your happiness in the slightest degree. No, no, Charles, you are mistaken in your views; and this time, you have suffered your love of novelty and curiosity to blind your reason; your imagination has outstripped your reflection. Come Charles, now tell me that you do not wish any longer to leave me, and that you will give up these plans. I shall rejoice to hear you say that."

As his mother ceased speaking, she looked affectionately upon him, awaiting his answer to her last appeal to him, which should be an answer to all the other questions she had put to him, Charles, who was sitting by her side, took her hand in his own, and turning upon her a glance of affection, replied:

"I should be a most undutiful, most ungrateful son, nay, more, I must be a most heartless and unfeeling being, did

I not love, dearly love you, my dear mother and father—did I not feel the strongest attachment to my affectionate sisters, and fondly prize my happy home. Such parents and relatives as God has given me, I feel indeed, are the highest boon that can be bestowed upon a mortal creature; friendship—true, pure friendship in its highest acceptation, is a priceless gift; and my home—where can such another be found in the wide world. Here sympathy, consolation, pleasure, joy, have always awaited me. I never expect to find, wherever I may go, other friends that shall fill your place in my heart. I desire it not—I know it cannot be—I never anticipate discovering a spot, a dwelling in other lands, to which my heart will cling with the strong feelings, the delightful associations that bind me to my own dear home—my father's and my mother's house. Home, home, sweet, sweet, home! There is a magic in the sound of this dear name that bids my heart to leap with joy, and swell with fondest emotions. Such an home as mine too! Here is all that I could ask; my most extravagant wishes are all here realized; here is indeed far more than I can deserve. And that I love you, my dear mother and father, that I ever have most deeply loved you, I need not say, for you well know it. There is nothing that I would not do within my power of doing, to gratify and please you; and should you finally conclude you could not spare me from home, then shall I relinquish my project most freely. But if you should give your assent to my plans, and I leave you, be assured I shall not depart without feeling that here I leave all who are most dear to me on earth; and ever will my thoughts on swift pinions, fly back to home and you, until I come again to dwell once more at home.

"But you ask me, my dear mother, what motive, what inducement has influenced me to this course. I do not know how I can better answer your question, and give you a correct view of my feelings and reflections upon this subject, than by first saying a few words regarding myself. You well know, my dear parents, that I have now attained the age of manhood, that I have but recently been acknowledged by the laws and customs of our land, as my own master, an active member of the civil state, a participator in its suffrages, and also in the duties and burdens belonging to each individual member of our great republic. All my life long, up to this period, has been passed strictly and emphatically at home; with only the single exception of that season which I spent at school some four years ago, while I was yet a boy. I feel now, as a man and a citizen I have new duties to perform, new responsibilities and fresh obligations as a member of this great republic now devolve on me, which are neither light nor small; and which, however neglected and slighted by the many, are yet deserving of the attention and respect of all who enjoy them, and in importance and magnitude are inferior to no others in the various and diversified duties of life. It is not the part of a good and true citizen to lead merely a passive life, to so conduct himself as not to infringe its laws and customs. This, it is true, he should do; but there is more required of him also. He owes his hearty and active co-operation to the work of protecting, and building up the institutions and regulations that exist in the land; his relations to government hold him to a steady and consistent course of action. Now in order that I may well discharge these duties and act wisely my part, I must act understandingly.—For this reason I am anxious to visit other parts of the country, to see more of this land than I otherwise could, or that I have been enabled yet to do. I am anxious to learn more of its great interests and its vast resources; of the sectional feelings and influences which characterize, and as it were, separate from the rest in some respects different parts of the land. And especially do I wish to see that portion of the territory held by this government where live the native owners, and possessors of the soil.—When I think of the wrongs of the Indian race; of the injustice they have received from the hands of the whites; when I read of them, that they are rapidly melting away before the fast and wide spreading beams of the light of civ-

ilization, and the increasing prosperity and growth of the American people; that the few who are left of the thousands who once ranged in freedom through the wide extent of the vast forests that cover this continent, and know that they are suffering the worst evils from their intercourse with the whites, who call themselves civilized and christian people, and that the poor Indian is learning only vice in its vilest forms from these same people; that their noble native character is despoiled of its nobleness, and stripped of the high and manly qualities which adorned it in the palmy days of their absolute and perfect freedom, and now they are sunk in degradation and sin. When such a picture as this is presented before my mind's eye, and thought comes busy with its questions, its admonitions and warnings, how deeply I feel that I, that all the citizens of this republic, have duties, urgent, stirring duties, and responsibilities, than which none can be more weighty, calling upon us to exert ourselves for their welfare and for the amelioration of their condition.

"We, as a nation, owe them something better for this good land—the most of which we have taken to ourselves, and from which we have driven, and of which we have despoiled them. It is my desire, my dear parents, to visit these wild natives of the woods at their own homes—to see them with my own eyes, and to know by actual observation their real condition and circumstances—to study into the causes that are working for their destruction, and as one would think from all that is happening to them, their utter annihilation: and if aught can be done or devised to stop the tide of ruin and pollution that is flowing fast and strong in upon them; if anything can be done to stay the march of destruction which keeps pace with the rapid strides of civilization in this country—nay, I should have said rather outruns its advance—how joyfully would I devote myself to their cause. I would strive with all my might to awaken my own nation from the long sleep, the cold apathy, that encircles them, and buries them in darkest ignorance with regard to the red man's condition, while it shuts their ears to his cries of suffering and misery. While this glorious, prosperous, and wealthy nation is sending to distant parts of the earth its alms and charities, and bearing to benighted lands the light of truth that beams so brightly with us, shall they remain cold in feeling, totally indifferent to the Indian who dwells within our own borders, even in the very midst of us, in this the dark day of his heavy sorrow and deep affliction? Shall it be? Ought it to be, that they alone are forgotten in the acts of mercy; aye, even in the acts of justice which this people owe them?

"They have *claims*, high, holy claims upon us, as a nation, which we cannot, which we dare not, dispute or disregard. As the rightful and just owners of this land, with its fertile soil, its delightful climate, which by force we have wrested from them, we owe them a debt that all our wealth beside cannot ever pay them. As a people within our boundaries, we owe them friendship, and in the time of their trouble, in the day of their ignorance and degradation, we owe them assistance and encouragement. And why shall we not give it them? A few short years, and if we continue to treat them with the cruel contempt, the cold indifference we are now practicing towards them, they will have vanished away from before our eyes, their doom will be forever sealed, and they blotted out from among the people and nations of the earth: and should this come true, who will answer for them? Upon our heads will rest the wrong; upon us will fall the blame, and the fault be charged to our account. Think you that a just and all-seeing God will suffer us to go forward, increasing in wealth, and crowned with all the fruits of prosperity, if we permit, nay, if we commit such wrong? No, it cannot be: but his blighting curse will fall upon us, and wither and destroy us; his wrath will be poured out upon us without mercy. As we have dealt with them, shall we not even so be dealt with ourselves? Measure for measure, is but even handed justice, we can ask for no other: the destroyer in his turn will perish. A little longer and it will be too late; fast are they sinking in the deep gulf that

has overtaken them, and is yet pouring its fatal tide upon them. Faster than fades the forest trees of their native home before the busy axe of the forester, are the red men falling before the axe of this destroyer, civilization."

Perhaps the reader may think it strange that Charles should have spoken in such a strain at this time to his parents—his words so like a set speech—but this wonder will be dispelled at once when his impulsive, impassioned character is remembered. It was his wont to speak warmly upon every topic that interested him. Charles had at this time spoken with more than usual feeling and energy, for his feelings were fully enlisted in his plans; and while he was speaking to them, his parents felt their objections vanishing away, and could not but assent to what he said. His views were clear and distinct: they were moreover philanthropic and christian. They showed that he possessed a large and active heart, while his opinions did credit to his intellect. That he might grow up something more, something better, than a mere intellectual reasoner, was ever their fondest desire. Too often is it the case that the education of the heart and the moral powers of men are neglected and disregarded, for the cultivation of the simple intellect and reflective powers. And this arises, probably, from this reason, that the man of a great brain, and no heart—or a diminutive, dwarfish one—is best calculated, and best succeeds, in ruling and governing his fellow men.—With him all is the result of careful deliberation and calculation. He views all his plans with a cool, clear mind; the means are chosen, best adapted to secure the objects he has in his mind's eye; and he never suffers his feelings to come between his measures and projected purposes. The most winning, soft, and fascinating tone of pleasure's voice, meets no response in his heart; her most seductive and enticing charms in vain display themselves before his vision: he sees them not. And so too, on the other hand, the most impressive and affecting exhibitions of suffering and misery meet him and are passed by unheeded, unmarked. He has no ear for sighs and groans; and human woes that fall with blighting power and crushing grief upon other hearts, stir not a feeling in his heart, or bring a tear to his eye. He rides right on, over all opposition, and tramples beneath his feet all obstruction to the accomplishment of his purposes. He lives and acts as if there were no such thing as feeling in the world, as if joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, happiness and grief, were idle, empty terms. And by means such as these, by a theory purely selfish and egotistical, which he carries into practice, he meets success. He must gain his point: everything in his path must either bend or break.

But how different the course of the man whose swelling, active heart is the ruling power of his mind. Although he is often more beloved by his fellow men, and becomes indeed a benefactor to his race, nevertheless it often happens that he is inefficient in action, unstable in purpose, and fickle in his course. Let but a joyful laugh break upon his ear, or a sweet song rise upon the air, and it is sure to find in his heart a ready sympathy, an answering echo: or does his wandering gaze meet a falling tear that grief and sorrow has forced from affliction's fount, how quick his heart to catch the sadness, he weeps as if the grief were all his own: or does his ear catch the low sound that breathes in a heaved sigh and rends the bosom of the sufferer with ill suppressed pain; how quick his pity flows forth towards the sufferer, and grief standing ever close at the door of his heart, knocks aloud for entrance.

In his pursuits he is delayed, and often entirely defeated, by allowing his feelings for other's woes, or his participation in their joys and pleasures to step in between him and his ends. Time is ever on the wing; he waits not for him to administer comfort to the afflicted, or share and enliven the golden hours of pleasure that rejoice the gay and merry and while he waits at the portal of pleasure, or steps into the porch of affliction, his opportunity glides silently and unmarked forever away.

But there is another character, and one which we think better describes that of our young friend Charles. It is that

which embraces and combines in itself both of the others we have just mentioned, and harmonizes them in itself. Its possessor has both a large and active heart, and a ready, busy, well developed brain.

To such an one we freely bestow our love, esteem, and respect; while we are attracted and attached to him through his generosity, benevolence and kindness of disposition, which shine in all his ways, and adorn with pleasing beauty all his acts, we at the same time admire and reverence him for the wisdom he displays in all his counsels, the prudence and foresight which distinguish his every design. While his measures are chosen with consummate wisdom for the purposes he has in view, they are framed with a tender and kind regard for the comfort and welfare of those with whom he acts. As yet the character of Charles was not fully developed and fixed; but such were the elements that showed themselves in his composition. They were, it is true, at present tinged, and in a certain measure modified by the freshness nd buoyancy of youthful feelings, which erved to throw a shade of romance over his mind, rendering it perhaps, more imaginative than practical and commonplace in its tendencies; faults, if I may may so call them—though I think they scarcely deserve that term—which time and contact with the world are pretty sure to mend.

He had on this occasion, while speaking to his parents, said but very little about the gratification he anticipated, and expected to derive from the fruition and enjoyment of longing desires for a forest life. This was not, however, an intentional omission on his part. But he spoke out the feelings of his heart, and these were the emotions that then occupied his bosom. And in vindication of the character of Charles, we must not neglect to say what we believe we have not yet any where written, that this purpose of serving the welfare, and bettering the condition of the Indian race, was always, from the first, connected with the plan he had formed for gratifying his wish for a wild roving life; and although it was not the first idea connected with his scheme, but grew out of and flowed from the other; yet since it had found a lodging in his mind, it had ever been uppermost. His parents were pleased to find him so generous and charitable in his feelings, so ready to enlist in the cause of human happiness, and benevolent labors.

But, notwithstanding all this, his plan seemed to them hardly to offer any very strong hopes of its success. It was a wide, expansive scheme, and in the execution of it, would demand great labor.—Besides, Charles was very young, and there were many and peculiar obstacles in the way of a young man, who puts himself at the head of any new or great enterprise, or undertaking; or who attempts to lead society into an unusual and fresh career of action, or arouse them to the performance of some neglected duties; and especially is this the case if such enterprise call upon them for exertion or make a demand upon their pockets.

Charles and his parents now consulted at length upon the plans he had formed as regards the course he was to pursue. The states and cities he proposed to visit on his route, were enumerated, the length of time he should spend in each settled, and last the period, the period fixed when he should return from his wanderings. In talking of all these particulars and details; in asking questions, giving advice, and counsel, and making various suggestions upon each point, his parents, almost without being aware of it, quite fell into his plans; and when, at the close of their conversation they separated, it was, if not fully decided, at least tacitly understood, that he had gained their consent to his course—so different a view did his parents now take of his project. Not as a passing whim, and indefinite, wild expedition full of danger to his life, and calculated to unsettle his mind, did it now appear to them, but, on the contrary, it stood boldly out as a grand and noble design, which was calculated in its results, to promote the welfare and happiness of a large, but degraded and much injured portion of God's rational, accountable creatures.

And such a labor they believed would not only redound to the benefit and ad-

vantage of their son, but would also clothe him with honor and glory; while it should also obtain for him the respect and esteem of the good and the great in our land. It would dispose his heart more firmly to cherish those religious principles, and expand and quicken those charitable and benevolent feelings which it had been their early, their constant desire and endeavor to implant there.

With these convictions in their minds, they were prepared to give their son their consent. It was not, however, without great reluctance on the part of both parents, and especially on the part of his mother, that such a conclusion was arrived at. She felt that under any circumstances, or for any purpose whatever, it would be hard for her to part with her darling son; and she felt almost sorry that she had allowed herself to be persuaded to do so. Not only his mother, but his father too, would have been far better pleased, had he been contented to have remained at home. But they were very indulgent to their children, and resolved in this instance to yield to his wishes. And now that it was finally settled, they busied themselves in preparing his outfit. All that was necessary, and that they deemed could comfort him, was arranged for him, and in the course of a fortnight from this date, he was on his way to the far *West;* having bid a reluctant and painful farewell to his fond and loving parents, and affectionate sisters, and for the first time bid adieu to the home of childhood and youth, and the scenes of his happiest hours.

CHAPTER III.

It was a fine bright morning in the early part of the month of August, when our young friend Charles took his way through the busy, thronged streets of the city of his home, to the wharf where lay the noble steamer Knickerbocker, just ready to start for Albany; as soon as the clock struck the hour, which was her appointed time for leaving, and it lacked but a few minutes of that time, away she would bound on swift wings, borne on the bosom of that grand and noble river, the Hudson—the pride of the country; already her broad decks were covered with the motley restless crowd, who are ever on the stir, going to and returning from the big city. Charles, whose heart was always alive to the grand and sublime exhibitions of nature, and whose eye was wont to seek and dwell upon the beautiful and picturesque, could but admire the charming scene that was spread out before him as he gazed from the vessel's deck on either side of him. There at the east stretching farther than eye could reach, or optic glance might range, lay the vast, the trackless ocean. It slept in hushed repose and quiet; the still air hung in lightness over its surface, disturbing not even by a ripple its smooth glassy face; but it was only when some fast speeding steamer came dashing along in her track, that it seemed to move, or that its still waters were agitated; or perhaps, some light barge bearing a pleasure seeking company might be seen afar off in the distance, steering for the green clad isles that rise in fresh beauty from the midst of its blue waters; the dripping water that fell in pearly drops from the oars of rowers, as they, dipping them beneath the surface, raised them again mid sea and air, sparkled like gems in the sunlight, and flashing back their reflective light, gave life and animation to the otherwise dead and motionless ocean.

As he stood looking out upon this prospect, wrapped in the emotions and feelings which filled his mind, as he thought that it was the last time for many a day to come, for months even, that he should behold it, he was aroused from his reverie by the merry shouts of laughter that rose from the water, close by the stern of the steamer he was in; and as he looked in that direction, a graceful little sail boat with its gaily striped sides came shooting out from the shore, bearing a company of young men bound on a pleasure excursion. Their course was for Hoboken, that famous spot, where pleasure holds her constant revels, and syrens, with soft voices and tempting words, that well become their radiant

beauty and seem the natura sisters and companions of the enticing smiles that beam as bright on their lovely features, await the coming of the gay and young, to welcome them to the Elysian fields, or wander by their side through darkling groves and shady paths, that invite the truant footstéps of the wanderers in those fair domains. Charles looked after them as their little boat danced over the water, impelled by the youthful hands of its gay company; its shining sides scarce seems to touch the water's edge, so light and buoyant does it ride the waves, just burying its slender keel in the blue waters. As they left the shore behind, and moved farther and farther from the spot where Charles stood, it diminished to but a tiny speck, whose even onward motion seemed like the motion of the sea bird that swims the ocean waves, and there finds itself free and joyous, when the waters sleep in repose, or when the tempest stirring winds are let loose, and wake the boiling deep to fury, steady, beautifully and calmly they ride on the tops of the crested billows, and the mighty ocean whose fury laughs at the strength of man, and tosses the strong ships that dare its power as if they were but feathers or floating bubbles on its surface, and makes the bold mariner's cheek to blanch with fear, and his lip to quiver with fright, is alike the pastime and the sport of the ocean bird; but here Charles left gazing after them, and turning his looks down the stream, he saw, not more than a stone's throw from the shore, off in the deep tide, the large and beautiful ship which is the pride and boast of the American navy, the Ohio; she is a model ship, whose tall tapering masts seem lost in the clouds, while her strong staunch hulk, held by iron cables, lay calm and motionless like a huge whale asleep on the surface, in the bright sunshine.

Close by the long line of wharves that are built out into the sea, to afford opportunity for ships to lay along by their side and discharge their burdens or receive their freights, were ranged in order hundreds of stately ships, that either waited only for favorable winds to waft them on their course to foreign shores, laden with the rich stores of the merchants' exports, or else they were discharging from their holds and decks, the burden of foreign climes, freighted with which they had just returned home. Here and there also scattered along the docks, and pushed in to the shore, were scattered along the whole line of wharf, a countless number of smaller crafts, such as were engaged in the coasting trade, and plied their course between different ports in our wide extending country. And here too, were the long narrow built canal boats, that brought to the city in their capacious holds, the rich and abundant harvest of the fertile west. And here, above all the din and confused noise that came from the great city—from the rattling of carriages, and the thundering of busy omnibuses, that rolled in ceaseless noise over the stone pavements, rose the doleful and monotonous song of the sailor, that served to lighten his toil, and beguile his laborious task of its wearisomeness. At the very foot of the city, pushing boldly out into the ocean, whose running waves broke at its base, and curved its walled sides, stood the battery; the great promenade, the show ground, the breathing place of that great city.

The ornamental and gracefully formed trees arranged in clusters along the shaded walks, that conduct through every part of its green extent, hung thick with luxurious foliage, afforded a delightful shelter from the hot sun's rays that stream down upon it at noon day; but here and enclosing the paths, are placed rustic seats and benches, that invite the wearied pedestrian to rest himself.

Here on each bright day may be seen a motley and incongruous crowd. The gay idlers and fashionable dandies here seek to dissipate the heavy hours, that hang like heaviest burthens on their hands, while they display to the wondering and curious lounger their rich and gay dresses. Here too, come the citizens that live in narrow streets, and out of the way lanes, back alleys and pent up houses, to taste the healthful air, and catch the pure breezes that come from off ocean's bosom, laden with salubrious and invigorating influences. Here too, may one see the pleasure loving throng of fair girls, attired in gaudy showy dresses,

who loiter on the walks, and seek to win the gaze of the young and artless youth that visit the battery, and lure them by their wanton smiles and lascivious ways to their abandoned homes.

Across the ferry just opposite, rise the commanding heights of Brooklyn, and on the summit of many a gentle eminence in that pleasant city, rise tall spires and shining domes that crown the temples of the city. It was a fair scene to look upon, and might well engage the attention of the delighted eye that was so fortunate as to behold it; and kindle the exalted and ennobling emotions of grandeur, beauty, and sublimity, in combined and sweetly entrancing power in the heart, like the spell of a fairy scene.

But the scene which thus lay spread out before him in all its loveliness and great beauty, awakened in the heart of Charles mingled feelings of pleasure and sorrow. The parting blessings of his parents still sounded in his ears. The tears of blended love and grief that wet his mother's cheek, as she pressed him to her bosom in a farewell embrace, and imprinted a parting kiss upon his lips—the tearful eyes and sad faces of his dearly loved sisters, as they bid him an affectionate adieu—were all present to his mind's eye, and his thoughts flew back to them, the loved ones, and the true-hearted friends. The scenes of his childhood and youth, passed so happily in their company, came rapidly in review before him, spreading themselves out before his mind's eye with a vividness and distinctness that made all else about and around him, dim and pale. It was the first time in his life that he had quitted his home to go out alone into the wide world, master of himself, and dependant upon himself in all the emergencies that might happen to him. And all who have ever been in a similar position with him, know, and can well appreciate, the sad, chilling feelings of sadness, that crowd upon the heart, and wrap in a mantle of gloom all around us, when we take the first flight from the home of our childhood, and looking around us for the kind faces of our cherished friends that were wont to greet us with smiles of affection, we miss them, and as we listen for the well remembered voices that were ever wont to meet us in sweet tones of love, in tender solicitude for our welfare, and kind counsels for our happiness.—Instead of these, we meet the cold gaze of strangers, and hear the unfeeling words of selfish and heartless men.

It is but once in life that we are doomed to feel such bitter disappointment—such utter loneliness. We soon, very soon, come to know the world as it actually is. Its habits and customs become familiar to us. The happy, trusting confidence of our youthful days, the fanciful, bright prospects that our young hearts loved to entertain and cherish, at the moment we part from our home, and early tried, true friends, receives a fatal wound which they rarely long survive. Those whom we fondly and surely believed in our happy ignorance would be our helpers and assistants in carrying our schemes and early plans; we find, when we meet them as men of the world, cold and indifferent to us, and totally absorbed in their own interests. Oftener are they ready to hinder, and even drag us down, than to befriend and aid us. The freshness of youth, so charming, so full of beauty, so glorious in hope, is gone—forever gone; and naught can again revive it.

Alas! how sad the thought, as we look upon joyous, laughing children, and youth, with no cares to cloud their heaven; no troubles to sadden their hearts; no wearying, warning anxieties, to make them tremble for the future.—How sad, I repeat, the reflection, that they too soon must pass the dread ordeal which shall rob them forever of their unalloyed joys, and initiate them into the cold, cruel, heartless realities of the busy world. The disappointment is like that of the enchanted, when he awakens from the spell that has shown him the brightest glories of the fairy land.

Sad, indeed, were the thoughts that were within the mind of our young friend at this time. What if he should never return again; what if he had spoken his last word to his beloved family. The suspicion, the thought that possibly it might be so, made his blood run cold, and his heart tremble!

While engaged in such reflections as

these, the bell rung out its summons, a few minutes, and its last toll sounded. It ceased, and instantly the boat moved.—Charles started up as if amazed, and walking to the stern, he gave a long, a parting look to his native city, where dwelt all who were most dear to him on earth. Swiftly the steamer glides along, fainter and fainter grows the city he is leaving behind him, till at last it sinks, dies away from his view—it is gone: he is now alone in the world.—He was alone, but at the same time in the midst of a crowd, who thronged the vessel's deck. He had no wish, no thought of mingling with the company and becoming of them. He desired to indulge the reflections that were awakened in his mind, by himself. But whoever has traveled in America, knows how difficult, how almost impossible it is to preserve silence, and as I may say, keep one to one's self. If by chance you do not happen to meet with an old acquaintance or friend who is bent on recognizing you and being sociable, no chance can save you from the advances of a large class who are determined to become acquaintances, nolens volens; and to save you the trouble of an introduction, they first attack, with an account of their own concerns, and then by a series of questions in the nature of home thrusts, they endeavor to discover who you are, and where you are going; and seem to think it hard, very hard, if you do not tell them.

The American people have indeed become famous for their spirit of inquisitiveness. The active habits, the stirring life they constantly lead, adds to this, and renders them restless and uneasy when they would fain be at leisure and seek quiet.

Charles was vexed and annoyed a good deal by the prying curiosity of his fellow passengers, as one after another they attacked with their questions, and stated their individual views and feelings for his especial benefit. But as he generally answered them in monosyllables, they soon exhausted themselves and left him for want of encouragement, to try their powers on some more supple and interesting subject. In this manner the long day wore away, and at night Charles landed safely at the city of Albany. This city Charles had often visited before, and was well acquainted with it, and for this reason he chose not to remain here a longer time than was necessary; and, accordingly, early the next morning he left the place for Buffalo.—This place was new to him, and in accordance with the plan he had formed before leaving home, to acquire all the information within his reach, with regard to the country, cities and towns, that he visited, he spent several days here, and in his active search for information, and his interested examination of the wonders of the city, he forgot his sadness, and again recovered his cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirits.

From this city he went directly to Pittsburgh. Here was a scene, novel and interesting to our young traveler; a large and most enterprising city, built up mostly within a few years. The great proportion of the citizens are engaged, in some way or other, in either the iron or coal business. This place is the great source of supply: the fountain of these two staple commodities. A dark cloud of smoke, and dust, and vapor, by day hangs over the city, through which the sun shines as through the misty clouds of a foggy morn at sea. The particles of coal dust that are borne in the air with the current of smoke and vapor, descend again upon the stores and dwellings.—They even penetrate the houses, covering everything with a black coating of pulverized coal. From this cause, the buildings in youth grow old, and look dingy and ancient. At night a thousand furnaces that are kept constantly burning—during the night as well as through the day—with their lurid fires, illumine the gloom, and throw their dull light far and wide like beacon lights that gleam through the thick fog. Here are to be found the largest iron foundries in the country, as well as the most varied and different iron factories; though there are but few engaged in the manufacture of the more nice and exact manufactures. The ridge of the Alleghany mountains, which runs in a north-easterly and south-westerly direction through the western part of the state of Pennsylvania, near to where the

city of Pittsburgh is located, abounds in rich and almost exhaustless beds of iron ore; and beside these are to be found great beds of coal, the veins of which, in many places, approach the surface of the earth, and even appear above the soil.

Nature, who is man's best friend and ever ready to bless him, seems to have intended this spot for a grand, vast workshop; she has laid here at man's feet all the necessary materials and in unnumbered measure, and she bids him take them and fashion after his will and for his own purpose and service; and the blazing furnaces and smoking forges—the clouds of smoke that ever float above this enterprising city—the buzzing of the mechanic's busy wheels, the sound of his heavy hammer, tell you in a language plainer than words, that man is following her bidding.

The amount of rough iron that is yearly exported from this single city, would, I think, astonish the most extravagant calculators. Add to this the manufactured articles of every description, wrought from this metal, and sent all over our own country, and even find their way to foreign lands, and you have a most amazing amount of iron that Pittsburgh annually furnishes the world, from iron-bound mountains. One would think that such heavy drafts upon these mines would soon exhaust them. Yet as far as can be seen, there are but small and comparatively trifling inroads made upon their vast resources.

There are many branches of labor pursued here, which Charles found of interest to him. There is, however, but one we will mention—it is that of working the coal mines.

A small opening is made in the side of the mountain where the coal shows itself, protruding through the rocky ore; and the miner in his operations follows the course of the vein which he has opened; often times this leads deep into the bowels of the mountain. As he advances, and the distance to the opening increases, in order to facilitate and render more easy the labor of transporting the coal which he detaches from the mass, small railways are constructed leading from the opening to the place where he labors; and burden cars being placed upon the rails, he is enabled both rapidly and with great ease, to bring his burden to the mouth of the cave he has excavated It is a singular and interesting spectacle to see the miners, with their faces all begrimed and blackened with the dust of the jetty shining coal, mounted upon these cars, come riding from their hiding place beneath the ground with their freight of coal, shooting into daylight they quickly discharge their burden, and again suddenly disappear, returning to the dark regions from whence they issued, like beings of another world.

It brings to the mind of the classical scholar most vividly, the picture which Virgil, in olden times, drew of Vulcan's work-shop, and his labors performed in the bowels of Mount Etna—where the sooty god, obedient to great Jove's command, forged for him his mighty thunderbolts, and formed for the warrior gods their celestial armor. But our picture has all the advantages of being a real living scene; while that of the ancients existed alone in their lively fancy. It has been reserved for the Americans to realize in fact, if not exactly after the imagination of those fanciful nations, this Herculean task:—the mountain is transformed into one vast work-shop; old Vulcan himself is outdone. But instead of armor and thunder-bolts, which his forges furnished for the gods, the color or form of which poor mortals never knew, we now receive from this great factory all manner and kinds of useful and serviceable articles: pitch forks and polished breast pins, hoes and shining tea urns, pots and delicate wrought pins, kettles and ladies' scissors. The purposes to which we moderns apply these labors, if not so exalted and dignified as that of the ancients, yet, must be confessed, certainly much more useful.

Our friend Charles spent several days in this city, much to his gratification and enjoyment, visiting both the factories and mines located here.

From this place his course was direct to Cincinnati, the Queen City of the West. And here again his love of novelty and the wonderful found an open source and a wide scope for gratification.

Cincinnati is truly a remarkable city; large, beautiful, and wealthy, it has sprung up almost like the armed warrior that leaped from the head of great Jove at a blow. It is but a few years since the spot where the city stands, was a part and parcel of the wild, uncultivated, uninhabited forest. Its growth has been extremely rapid, surpassing that of any other city in the Union, and appears almost incredible to one who has not visited it, and actually beheld with his own eyes the proofs of the truth of the statements with regard to it.

The distance from Pittsburgh to this place is about five hundred miles.—Steamboats are constantly plying between the two cities of pork and iron, and the general passage is not over three days. The beautiful city of Cincinnati is located at almost the extreme south-western bounds of the State of Ohio, on the north bank of the river which gave the state its name. The site which it occupies, is a low, and almost level stretch of ground along the bank of the river, extending back from the bank about one and a half miles. With the exception of that side which is bounded by the river, it is surrounded by considerable hills, which form a complete belt around it. From the top of any one of these hills you may obtain a fine view of the city, and adjacent country. At your feet lies spread out a great and growing city in the midst of a comparative wilderness—you see at one view, the long rows of stores that rise on either side of the extended line of streets, through that portion of the city nearest the river, ascending a slight roll of land—so slight that the eye scarcely perceives it from where you stand—you meet with well laid out streets, on either side of which stand the comfortable, handsome, and even elegant houses of the citizens. These streets are lined with ornamental shade trees, which enliven the scene and impart beauty to the view. Lifting your eyes from this spectacle, you see the surrounding hills clad in the rich, green mantle of nature with all her primeval beauty. The tall trees that lift their heads on high, look like the guardians of the forest, standing at the out-posts of civilization, to keep back the invading ranks of their enemy and destroyer. Close by these the smiling fields and luxuriant gardens, blooming and blossoming with flowers and fruits, under the careful protection of the husbandman and gardener, afford a delightful picture to the eye.

Turn now to the south, and within the eye's range, just across the Ohio river, which forms the boundary line between the States of Ohio and Kentucky, are situated the two cities of Newport and Covington, separated from each other by the Licking river, which flowing from the interior of Kentucky, here empties itself into the Ohio. These, though small and but indifferent in regard to the buildings and public places in them, still look very beautiful when seen from this side of the river; they are full of large and elegant trees, and the appearance of these places is as if they were embowered with trees of living green and filled with enchanting gardens.

Charles, who had landed here fresh and lively in spirits, strong and robust in health, the influence of the varying scenes through which he had passed, and the effect of traveling, having produced a beneficial effect upon him, he took lodging at the Broadway Hotel, which is the house of the city, and is situated near the lower end of Broadway. Charles remained in this place several days, and formed here many pleasant and agreeable acquaintances, who were courteous and attentive to him, and afforded their assistance and the benefit of their acquaintance with the city in his attempts to see the wonders of the place.

One evening after supper, while sitting on the side walk beneath the awning in front of his hotel, he fell accidentally into conversation with an aged grey-haired gentleman whom he had frequently noticed at the table, and from him he learned the following account of the settlement of the city:

Said the old man, "It was early in the fall of seventeen hundred eighty-eight, near the beginning of the month of September, that two travelers might have been seen leisurely rowing a small boat down the Ohio river. They were in the prime of life, being nearly of the same age;

they were dressed in homespun suits of a pepper color mixed cloth, broad brimmed straw hats, stout cow-hide brogans. As the day was warm, they had thrown off their coats, and thus exposed to view, checked cotton shirts, which covered their brawny arms and strong shoulders. At a glance you could see that both were remarkably muscular in frame, and looked as if they had been trained in the school of manual labor, which most tended to develop their physical system. Their countenances wore an open, frank expression, while at the same time, they showed a boldness and resoluteness which would quickly lead the stranger who observed them, to judge that they would be fit persons to undertake and achieve any daring deeds, which fancy or interest might prompt them to. From the interested manner in which they carried on conversation, and the serious, anxious expression their faces wore, it was very evident that they had at this time some enterprise of importance in hand, and which had aroused and enlisted all their feelings.—And from the close examination which they made of either shore as they quietly sailed along down the river, one would readily have supposed that the object of their journey concerned this portion of the country; and if he could have caught the expressions and exclamations which from time to time fell from their lips, he would, without hesitation, have pronounced them real, downright Jerseymen of the true blue.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and they had now arrived at that section of the State of Ohio (then a territory, and with but few and scattered settlements, and those small, just in their infancy.) where now stands this great and enterprising city, by right of magnitude and importance, styled the Queen of the West. As they steered their boat towards the northern shore, you could see that they made a closer examination of the channel of the Ohio river than they had done before; and from certain words and gestures which passed between them, it was evident that they had discovered something which was of more than ordinary interest to them.

The fact which thus excited their attention was simply this: they had found here that the channel of the river grew deeper and approached nearer the shore on this side of the river than at any place they had marked, up to this point, since they embarked upon it.

"Well, John," said the man at the stern of the boat, "the channel certainly looks more favorable here, and I think, with little improvement, would make a fine dock for large steamboats at some future time, that perhaps we may live to see; let's put into the shore and see if the site on shore is equally as favorable for our purposes as the river appears to be, what say you?"

"I'm ready and agreed, Nat," said he, "and I am inclined to think we've hit upon the right spot at last. Just look around you on every side of this pretty little bottom land by the river's bank; see those beautiful hills just off there that rise so gracefully and gently; where can you go to find finer sites for dwellings in all the country, than they afford? And those sunny slopes, how richly will they bloom and blossom under the farmer's toiling hand; what great and fruitful orchards and vineyards those rolling lands will make; and right here, on this level, low reach of ground, in future years, can be built a large town or city, close by the river's bank."

From these few words you can easily gather what the object was which these two men had in view. It was the making of a settlement, the founding of a town. Alone, and furnished with but scanty means, they had quitted their old homes to seek a new one in the wilds of the West, for at that period this section of the country was one unbroken forest. Here were then no steamboats, as now, to transport the traveler so comfortably and rapidly on his journey; no sumptuous hotels, and inns, where his wants could all be met, and the luxuries of life be obtained, and where he might rest his weary limbs in refreshing sleep, and inviting ease on downy beds.

"I know," said the old gentleman to Charles, "that it will seem almost incredible to you, as you look along the levee at the foot of the street, and see the hundreds of steamers that crowd

close upon each other by the water's edge, and when you survey this elegant and extensive hotel in front of which we now sit, and see all around the proofs and evidences of the wealth and large resources of the city; but for all this, it is none the less true, that at the time of my story, all was a wild, dense woods. The waters of the great Ohio flowed smoothly along, unruffled by the flying course of proud steamers, that you now see plowing its broad stream, and agitating its even flow. Naught then save the light birch canoe of the Indian, skimmed its surface, scarce making a ripple, or leaving the slightest motion of the waters it rode upon. And these two men knew all this. They had not blindly and ignorantly set out on a wild expedition: but knowing it all, they had resolved to dare the privations and dangers of the pioneer, and here, in one of nature's loveliest spots, plant themselves: rightly judging, as events have since abundantly shown, that the seed cast here would rapidly spring up, and bear a great and wonderful harvest. They would form the nucleus around which should gather in coming years the thousands and tens of thousands of their own adventurous and enterprising countrymen who would seek the West. And here, too, would flock the thousands of foreign wanderers, who should seek to live beneath the blessed influence of our beloved and free republic, coming to our shores for a new home.

The pioneers soon brought their little boat to the shore. It contained their sole stock of furniture, all their implements of labor, their weapons of defence; in short, here was their whole stock of property upon which they were to rely for all circumstances that might transpire. As the afternoon was now pretty well spent, and the remaining hours of daylight would not afford them sufficient time to explore the land as thoroughly as they desired to do, they concluded to defer it until the next day; meanwhile they built for their accommodation a light camp. The spot chosen by them for their camp-ground, was just at the foot of this street: you can see it from where we now are sitting. A few minutes' search about sundown in the tangled growth of woods on this bottom land, and a few well directed shots, supplied them with a plentiful store of game.

Early the next morning they set out on their exploring expedition, and spent the whole day in this business; in many respects the site pleased them. In some of their expectations, however, they were disappointed; much of the level portion of land that lay between the hills and the river was marshy, swampy land; and large ponds of water stood in the hollows and basins that had been formed by the streams and rills which poured down from the adjacent hills. They believed, however, that in time, by labor well bestowed in draining and grading, it could be made a beautiful and healthy place. But the task looked like herculean labor, with only these two laborers; but then again, urged Nat, it is so well protected from winds and driving storms on every side by its circle of surrounding hills; and those same eminences would afford such charming spots for happy homes, when cleared of the forests which now cover them, and reduced to cultivation. But his companion was not so well pleased, or so ready to choose here to locate himself. The most weighty argument with him was the excellent landing and deep channel of the river at this spot; for he looked forward to the time when an advantage of this nature should be of incalculable importance to the city.

In this way at night when they had returned to camp, they consulted and deliberated long, balancing and weighing the advantages and disadvantages, one by one as they had viewed them. They had set out from home for the purpose of seeking a spot every way to their liking; and being shrewd far-seeing men who regarded in their plans the future growth and prosperity of their settlement, they considered every thing relating to it with liberal judgment, and broad extended views. And you will believe that they were not likely to fix hastily upon any spot, before well informing themselves with regard to it, and careful deliberation. The result of their evening's deliberation was not decisive, as to whether they should remain, or go farther to seek for a better place. They resolved,

however, to spend another day in examination of the site; this they did, and at night again reviewed all the arguments for and against a settlement here, with all the new light their day's search and exploration had given them. Yet they remained undecided, doubtful; they did not like to give it up entirely, neither were they altogether satisfied with it. At last, when they gave up all thoughts of coming to a final conclusion by means of any farther deliberation, said Nat,

"Let us leave it to fortune, John, whether we shall stay here, or go farther down the river, to find our home."

"Agreed," replied his companion, "for I really can see no other way of settling the question."

Nat immediately pulled out of his pocket, a black looking copper coin, one of the old genuine cents, American coin, and holding it for a moment in his hand, while he looked closely at it, said:

"John, I will flip this up in the air; if it turns up heads, we stay; if tails, we go."

With eagerness they sat down to determine by the turning of that dingy copper coin, the destiny and fate of this great city. Nat poised it for an instant on the end of his finger, while his companion sat watching him, as if his fate was the stake they played for. He threw it up; and with breathless interest, both looked after it as it came to the ground, whirling and turning over and over in its descent. The moment it struck, Nat jumped to his feet, exclaiming:

"Heads, by thunder, John. We stay any how, now. I kinder thought it would turn out so when I tossed the tarnal thing up."

"So did I," said John.

Without saying another word, they quietly sat down again, pulled out their pipes, lighted them, and began to smoke. The matter was all settled, and they neither of them were the kind of men that whiffle and change every minute with every gust that blows. They had left it to chance, because they were pretty well persuaded of its advantages, and strongly inclined to remain here; so at the moment that the old copper cent touched the ground, the city of Cincinnati was born; it being just half-past ten in the evening of the fifteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord 1788."

Charles listened attentively to the story which the old gentleman told of the early settlement of the place; and although he affirmed that his account was the only true one, still he thought it smacked somewhat of the ficutious, and had the color of the fabulous on its outside. Notwithstanding this, however, he took the first opportunity that he had of transferring it to his note book. And it is from that we have obtained our account of it.

Charles had now spent the time he had allotted to a visit, in this place; and the next day proposed to leave by steamboat for St. Louis.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a bright glowing afternoon.—The heated atmosphere which rose in trembling currents from the hot roofs of the city, and from the stone pavements from which it was reflected, drove all who were not impelled by absolute necessity, to seek the shelter of their dwellings, or the cool, shaded spots that were protected from the sun's rays; and here and there, around the portals of the different hotels, might be seen groups of men, mostly travelers, who were lounging in idle leisure and ease, beneath the spreading awnings that were stretched over the sidewalks in front of the inns, completely screening them from the sun's rays.

It was just three o'clock on this afternoon, and the sun had declined from the zenith, till his rays fell more obliquely, with less power upon the earth, and the heat was beginning to lessen, when Charles was called by the hackman, whose carriage was waiting at the door, to take him to the steamer Daniel Boone, which was all ready to leave for St. Louis. He had bespoken a passage on board of her, and was therefore ready to leave.—On reaching the boat he found (as pas-

sengers but rarely find on western boats) that her freight was all taken in, the passengers all, with the exception of himself, for whom they were waiting, already on the decks; and soon as he was fairly aboard of her, she blew off a puff of steam and started. At the same time, and simultaneously with her, a rival boat, and one which had but just been placed upon the route, for the purpose of surpassing and running off the route the elegantly finished, and indeed, swift but unfortunate Daniel Boone, started by her side. This movement was in accordance with previous arrangements, made between the different proprietors and separate masters of the two boats, each feeling the fullest confidence in the speed of their boat, and bent upon a trial of their powers on this trip, which was to be a race between their boats. The Daniel Boone was the acknowledged leader on these waters, and had never yet met her equal for speed. The Ben Franklin was a new boat, built expressly for this route, and also with a view to render her faster than any other boat afloat on this river. Her machinery was superior in size and power to that of her rival. Her hull was shaped after the most approved style for sailing, was sharp and quite long at the bow, with a smooth, clear run, sitting lightly in the water, with a draught not over four feet.

On the present occasion both of these boats were but slightly burdened with either freight or passengers—each prepared and resolved to do their utmost.—The Daniel Boone was a great favorite with the public, and had attained a fame not less for her swiftness and speed than for her comfortable and inviting accommodations. The captains of the rival boats had made every preparation in their power for a hard, tough race.—Large quantities of the most combustible fuel were laid in store, all was made trim and close, everything placed in perfect order, two new firemen added to each crew, and whatever they had thought of as calculated to assist them in driving their boat to the utmost of her speed was done. The passengers had, most of them at least, been informed before the boats left of the intention of the masters to race, that they might have an opportunity to leave, if they chose to do so on this account. But the most of them entered into the arrangements with youthful and excited spirits.

As they ran along side by side, the parties on board the rival boats, standing by the rails on the sides of the boats that were separated scarcely a single yard from each other, interchanged bets with each other on the result, and the loud tones and exciting gestures of all parties, showed that their feelings were wrought up to a fearful degree of excitement, which would both blind their judgment and lead to the commission of rash acts, in gratifying their desire to push their respective boats to their tallest speed, and even beyond their capacity, in order to obtain the victory.

They made the passage to Louisville, running along close together at a very pretty rate, though they did not drive their boats yet up to their greatest speed.

The test of their sailing was reserved for the latter part of the journey. They had overtaken and passed several fine steamers on their passage to Louisville—quickly leaving them behind in their rapid flight; while the cloud of black smoke that arose from their chimneys in the air, was left instantly in their rear as if caught by swift winged winds, and borne along their track. The pent up steam that escaped through the steam-pipes, with each returning stroke of the quick moving piston, gave forth a loud hoarse sound, that reverberated along the river's green banks, and re-echoed from the distant hills, filling the air with its wide spreading mutterings. Each passing moment, every observed movement on the part of either boat to accelerate its speed, increased the excitement already burning in the breasts of the two parties; and when they left Louisville, all on board, even the few who had heretofore kept comparatively cool and calm, and were more than half inclined to remonstrate with the masters of the boats at the outset, now joined the general shout that went up from either boat.

"Put her to it now, Captain! Crack on the steam! Show them what you can do with your racer when her blood

it up! That's the way to do it! now she feels her old iron heart beat! Ah, how prettily she leaps along, now!"—Such were the exclamations and expressions that came from the lips of the excited company, as a few miles below the city of Louisville the real struggle commenced.

The Daniel Boone had obtained a little the advantage of her rival, which she continued to hold, leading her about two hundred yards. When about noon, the word passed through her company from one to another, that the Ben Franklin was gaining upon them; all instantly rushed for the deck, and running to the stern of the boat, turned their eyes in the direction of the Ben Franklin eagerly, to watch her progress with the closest scrutiny. It was a beautiful steamer that bore the honored and patriotic name of our great Franklin. And now as she flies over the waters with a soft, graceful, gliding motion, swifter than the wild swan as he skims along the surface of the deep blue, or than the quiet winged sea-gull that darts like shooting beams of light from billow to billow, or sweeps on extended wings along the boiling deep—her highly finished and brightly painted hulk gleams and shines in the glowing rays of the dazzling sun, like the splendors of a floating palace or like a sparkling jewel of the wave. With breathless interest did the company of the Boone stand still and motionless upon the promenade deck on the after part of the boat, where they had run at the first word; and watch her flight as on she came right after their own noble and fast-flying courser of the deep. Her sharp bow cut the water like a knife around her ornamented and bright prow, the white foam leaped, and whirled and seemed to fly past her, as fly the fleecy clouds across the blue plains of heaven, when chased by furious winds: while on, right on she sped, and left it dancing on the waves that tossed and leaped in her broad wake. Ah! it was indeed a grand spectacle to behold such a gigantic and splendid structure come bounding along her watery way after you in all the pride and glory of her matchless beauty. The houses, the trees, the land on either side, seeming to scud away behind her as she dashed on, and tired not, nor slackened in her course. On, on she came, with quicker and quicker stroke.

For a few moments, the most perfect quiet reigned on board the Daniel Boone, as all on board stood gazing at her with admiration. The captain of the latter boat was standing on the upper deck close by the wheel-house, from whence he had watched the quickened speed of his rival, with an anxious brow and paling cheek, with his lips closely compressed, as motionless as a statue, there he remained, his eyes riveted in fixed gaze upon the advancing bow of his terrible rival. Close by his side stood a group of three or four men, passengers on his boat, watching with an interest not less than what he felt, the sailing of their opponent. Suddenly, while all on board were yet absorbed in watching the Franklin, and stirred not, the man nearest to him touched him lightly on the shoulder. Although his touch was very slight, the captain started as though a thunder-bolt had struck him, and turning round face to face with the intruder, his eyes glaring wildly as if he had been looking upon some frightful scene, he stared at him without saying a word.

"Captain," said the Kentuckian to him in a low but determined tone, "the Ben Franklin is beating us: do you see it? look how fast she nears us." These few words broke the charm that had held the captain as it were spell bound and paralyzed for the last few minutes.—Springing away from them, he rushed down the gangway, shouting as he went:

"No, never! she shan't do it, by——."

Reaching the place where the firemen were at work, tending the furnaces, he cried to them—

"Fire up, fire up, boys! Pitch in the tar, crowd it into her, boys, I tell you the Ben Franklin is sailing like a runaway devil, and is fast overhauling us: work away with a hearty will, boys: cram, cram her full to the very mouth!"

And away they work again to obey his orders. Large lumps of tar, pots of pitch, shoulders of bacon, kegs of lard which lay piled up on the lower deck, and whatever else of the most combusti-

ble fuel they can lay their hands upon, are thrust into the blazing furnaces, that glow and sparkle with a hotter flame.—The sweat pours in streams down their faces and necks; their shirts are dripping with the streaming perspiration. And now the hot breath from the mouth of the furnaces, flows out and around them with scorching power, and forces them to quit its blazing front. They sink down exhausted and overcome with the heat and toil, to gather strength and cool themselves, while they wipe away the sweat that trickles down their cheeks. And now see, again they spring forward; again they feed the devouring elements; and quickly the good steamer feels the spur, and obedient to the call, she leaps with renewed and fresh strength along her smooth course. The loud roaring of the escaping steam, the clank and noise, and jarring of her machinery, break upon the ear like pealing thunder, and drown the voices of the excited crew, who shout, and scream, and halloo like mad men, as they feel the quickened impulse of their boat, and know that she is flying faster and faster on her way, while at the same time they behold their rival falling behind again, and the distance between them stretching out, little by little, becoming every passing minute greater.

She had already recovered what she had lost for the few minutes previous, and was still increasing the distance between herself and the Ben Franklin, when the captain of that boat, who was a close observer of all that transpired on board of his rival as well as his own boat, perceived that he was falling behind again, and his quick eye caught sight of the dense, black, smoky, and hot curling flames that rose above the pipes of the Daniel Boone, which streamed out as soon as the captain's orders to throw in tar and other quick consuming and more intensely heating fuel had been obeyed by his men; and quick as thought he repeated similar orders to his own firemen, who stood ready with begrimed and blackened faces, covered with smoke and dust, and sweat, looking more like dwellers in the dark abodes of Tartarus than mortal men, to execute his bidding. And now, too, his own strong and powerful boat feels the scorching flames that burn within her sides, and, as if maddened with the pains they bring, she rushes with furious speed after her flying adversary; and soon up she comes again in all her pride and glory. "Hurra! hurra! hurra!" shouted her exulting crew; and on, still ever onward they flew, roaring, and thundering, and foaming, and spouting fire, like a bursting volcano when the hot fires hidden within its sides are kindled to a flame. She now, indeed, presented a magnificent spectacle, as in hot haste pursuing her flying enemy she scud away over the smooth waters of the Ohio, dashing aside the foam-flakes that curled around her head, and leaving them dancing on the waves that marked her retreating course with a broad wake far astern.

Again all the shouts and exultations of those on board the Daniel Boone were hushed; and, standing mute and motionless, they looked after her, and as they looked, their hearts beat stronger and stronger, and deeper and deeper grew the cloud of doubt and dismay that settled down upon their anxious faces; for to all it was plainly evident that the Ben Franklin was nearing them again. The Kentuckian who had before spoken to the Captain when they seemed about to be beaten, and had succeeded in arousing him to action, again approached him.

"Captain," cried he in a voice loud and hoarse with excitement, "we cannot, we will not let that boat pass us. No, I tell you she shall not do it, by—" (and he uttered a round oath in the captain's ear,) "if fire and water can prevent her. The name and honor of your boat is the stake you run for, and if you are a true man, and no craven, then you will rather even sacrifice your life than lose them both at a throw. Your own fame and reputation goes with that of your boat: lose that of the latter and the former sinks with it. And one word more: should you suffer that boat to pass us, you are a ruined man—irretrievably ruined. But come, up and show them your mettle, your boat is hardly warm yet; let her be hot, let her sweat for it. She is the finest boat in the West, and never has been beaten by

any boat that has run against her, and it would be a pity, indeed, if this upstart craft should dowse her colors without a single blow for it."

"Mr. Clay," said the captain, who was almost insane with excitement, and driven to desperation by such unlooked for and amazing speed on the part of the Ben Franklin, and who was stung to the quick by the words of Mr. Clay, "it is no use to contend any longer, that boat can beat us; the power of the machinery is nearly a third greater than that of this boat, and she works it admirably. We must give it up."

"Give it up," said Clay, in a tone of derision and scorn, "and is it for this you have induced us to come on board your boat: for this you have influenced us to stake our money on her sailing: that the moment when you should be most active, and exert yourself to the utmost, you, like a coward, turn to us and have the impudence to say, 'we must give it up: that it is no use to contend longer.' Now my old fellow I shall say but a word to you, and that quick too.—You are in for it and cannot escape by such trash and nonsense: we too are in for this race, and the best this boat can do, shall come out of her now. If you are afraid and refuse to push her, we will do it for you; but mind, if you compel us to that, keep out of the way, don't interfere, or I'll throw you overboard quicker than you can wink."

Charles, who had come to the spot where this conversation took place, with the other passengers, would have interfered in behalf of the captain, but he saw from the looks and gestures of the others that it would be in vain. They were bent on their reckless purpose. As the captain listened to Mr. Clay it could be seen that his feelings grew more and more intense, and as he from time to time turned his eyes from the speaker to the rival boat which was fast coming up to them, mingled feelings of pride in his boat, and desperation at the chances against him, were striving in his mind to overcome his better judgment; they succeeded, and he yielded to the excitement around him. Suddenly his countenance changed; the blood rushed to his face and head; and shutting his teeth hard, and grinding them together, he bit his lips till the blood spouted from them and ran down his chin; and all the while nearer and still nearer thundered the Ben Franklin, and thicker and thicker rolled up the clouds of smoke from her great iron chimneys, and still closer came the sound of the hissing steam, as it forced its way through the chinks in the valves. And now the loud and boastful cheers of the party on board that fast approaching steamer came with dread distinctness to the ears of the crew of their rival, almost driving them to madness.

At this moment Clay again addressed the captain in a calm, distinct tone, that amazed him.

"That, captain," said he, "that boat (pointing with his upraised hand at the same time to the Ben Franklin) is close upon our heels; do you intend to act like a man, as we requested you to do, and save your own reputation, and that of your boat too, while you gratify us, or shall we act for you? quick! let us have your answer, there is not a second to be lost."

"I will do as you say, gentlemen, if you persist in it, but let me tell you there is the greatest danger in endeavoring to crowd on our boat a further press of steam than she now has, and I will not be answerable for the consequences if we do so."

"We will take the responsibility upon ourselves," shouted the gentlemen around him; "only do your best to quicken her speed, and beat that cursed boat. We must now be close upon Trinity, where you know we stop to wood up. Quick, press her a little harder, and we shall be sure to reach the landing first; and this will be of great service to us; for it will enable us to get the start anew of them, and then let them catch us if they can.—Come rouse yourself my good man, there is not a second to be lost about it;" and the Captain waited to hear no more.

The space between his boat and that of his rival, had been gradually lessening for the last half hour; and now at the moment the Captain left the party on deck, she was not more than a third of the distance in advance of her that she had been

before. And although she was running at a tremendous rate, still the Franklin was slowly, but gradually and surely overtaking her

"Fan the flames, boys," cried the Captain, as he approached the firemen, "don't spare the wood nor the pitch or tar; but crowd it, cram it into her, we need it all now, the very best you can do."

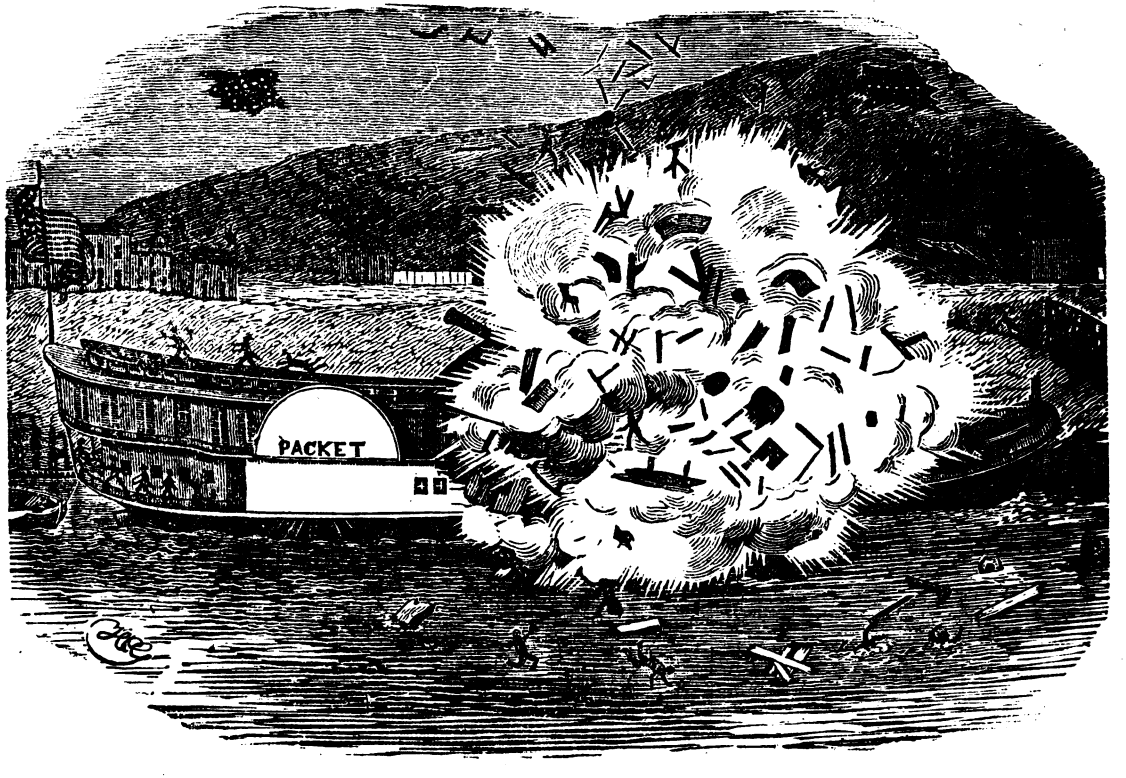
"And I promise you an extra X apiece if you will make us beat that infernal boat," said Mr. Clay, who had followed the Captain and now stood at his side.

"This is truly hot work here Captain," said Clay, as he drew back a little from the furnace, which licked up with its forked tongue of flame, the fat repast that was offered it. "But we must not stop or tire, for that Ben Franklin is a most troublesome customer."

"She is indeed," replied the Captain, "I would give all I am worth to be safe out of this scrape; for I assure you Mr. Clay, that I never saw her equal for speed on these or any other waters; and I have seen some fast boats in my time. I think she could hardly do better if old Franklin himself should put his real lightening into her."

"Just stand here," said he, moving to the outer edge of the boat and looking at her. "Did you ever before since you were born, see paddle wheels work like that? I shall almost begin to believe I never saw a boat go before. But we will beat her yet, for all that. The Dan Boone never yet has found her equal, or doffed her colors to any thing that floats the wave. And she shan't do it this time; tough as the struggle is, she can hold out as long as any other boat, be that other whatsoever one you please;" and turning to the firemen, he gave them a strict charge to exert themselves to the utmost, and keep every crevice of the furnace filled up; then muttering an oath at his rival's sailing, he went again on deck.

The firemen, who felt as if they had the whole, sole responsibility of the boat on their single and particular backs, and were determined to discharge it in the best manner, sprang anew to their hot work. And now the flames crackled and flared, and roared, with redoubled fury under their increased exertions, and faster and faster flew the piston rods at their task, and swifter rolled the great iron shaft around on its axis. Again the Ben Franklin is gaining on her rival. The struggle was fearful. The Boone trembled beneath the mighty pressure of condensed steam that was bound in her iron prison, while the planks and timbers groaned and cracked with the strain which they endured. This could last but little longer; it was too much for the steam chest vessel to hold out long against such multiplied, and enormous pressure. The safety valves had already opened, and were giving vent to the overcharged steam pipes, while she was running at the top of her speed. She could bear no more; her utmost capacity was put to the stretch. At this point of time, old Trinity hove in sight, and like a swift arrow from the hunter's bow, she sped onward to reach that landing. Houses, trees, and farms that lay along the river's banks, seemed to fly past, and glimmered and trembled before the eyes of the passengers, who looked towards the shore, and who now cheered and shouted as they found themselves approaching the landing place ahead of their rival. And here indeed was the most favorable and beautiful stretch in the whole length of the river for a race; the waters of the Ohio, as they approach the point where the river forms a junction with the great Mississippi grow deeper, and the bed of the river widens, and in a broad deep sheet empties itself into the great father of rivers. They reached Trinity more than a hundred rods in advance of the Ben Franklin, and all was exultation and joy, and excited hope on that fated steamer. The Captain, standing on the upper deck, shouted to the passengers on shore, to be ready to jump aboard, as the boat came up to the landing; and snatching hastily a scanty supply of fuel, and refusing to take freight, he hurried her departure. The few passengers at this landing, bound for St. Louis, had watched the Dan Boone as she came up to the wharf, and witnessed the tremendous speed with which she flew over the waters; for she absolutely seemed to fly, as fly the scudding clouds, that speed their flight across the sky, chased by the driving whirlwinds.


PACKET

And they, more cool and reasonable than the excited company on board of her hesitated; they trembled to think of the consequences they feared would result from such a tremendous pressure of steam upon her, and all but one refused to embark on her. He was a Kentuckian, and entered at once, as soon as she came in sight, into the spirit of the occasion, and shouted and hallooed with all his might, as she came along side of the landing. Two or three minutes only were lost in effecting this landing. Whilst the boat stood still, she trembled with the swelling heat and imprisoned steam that was confined within her pipes. The Captain ordered the engineer to keep on all her head of steam, and not for a minute even blow off to ease her of the tremendous pressure that made her shake and tremble. The steam from the safety valves hissed and screeched in vain warnings—the heat rose from off the deck in heavy trembling currents; the fire crackled and blazed and burned with increasing fury; and the dense clouds of black smoke continued to roll up in the sky, from the tops of her tall chimneys.

"Hurra, hurra, hurra," shouted the company of the boat, and the men on shore repeated their cheers as the Captain gave the word to leave, which he did just as the Ben Franklin passed up by her stern. The engineer loosed his reins, and quick as thought, the piston rods leaped to their work; the wheels made one or two revolutions swift as lightning, then suddenly a noise like the discharge of a thousand cannon on the battle field, when the covered battery of huge extent is unmasked, and opens its thundering fire upon the advancing enemy. The solid ground shook and trembled at the shock, as it broke in deafening thunders upon the ear, and rent the air with its terrific explosion; thick clouds of smoke and vapor, and the hissing of suddenly quenched fires, at the same time wrapped the Dan Boone. It was an awful—a terrible moment! for instantly succeeding this terrible explosion, all sounds are hushed; the stillness of death reigns on all around; men scarce dare to draw their breath; a feeling of despair—a shock of some sudden and terrible calamity possessed them and held them mute and motionless; while all is thus still, a voice is heard from the midst of the crowd on shore, how fearfully distinct it sounds, where a moment ago, it could not have been heard, in the haste and wild confusion and din that raged there; it was the voice of one of the passengers who had refused to go of board of that boat.

"God save us!" said he, "she has burst her boiler."

As he spoke, a shudder of awe and pity—a mysterious feeling—an indescribable emotion passed through the crowd. Then arose upon the ear, the piercing shrieks and agonizing cries of distress and suffering, mingled with the dying groans and wailings of wounded and dying men, that had been hurried from the Daniel Boone, as if thrown from the mouth of a cannon, or from the burning top of a volcano, all around the spot where she blew up. Most of the party on board the ill fated steamer, perished instantaneously at the moment the boiler burst. Some were thrown covered with scalding steam into the waters of the Ohio, while others were struck by the flying masses of the broken boiler, losing an arm or a leg, ere they fell multilated and bleeding into the surging river, where they mingled with the scalded, screeching and shrieking with pain, the wounded shouting for help and assistance, and all struggling to keep themselves from being engulfed in the waves, and sinking to a watery grave. Oh! it was an awful spectacle, to witness so many wretched and suffering beings, struggling in the last agony of death, writhing and quivering with mortal pain, their groans falling upon the ear like a death knell, to see them mutilated and bleeding, and hear them in faint, dying tones, imploring and beseeching to be saved from a drowning death, as they are sinking beneath the waves, ere assistance can possibly reach them. But the men who stood upon the shore, and the party on board the Franklin, remained not idle spectators of such a scene of suffering. Tis true, they were so amazed and shocked at first, from the awful explosion, they remained as if rooted to the spot where they were standing for some minutes; but immediately upon recovering

from the paralysis, so great and so terrible and sudden a calamity had thrown them into, they hastened to shove off in boats from the shore, and rescue the survivors who maintained themselves by swimming above the waves. They succeeded in saving more than thirty of the sufferers, who had all received more or less injury from the accident,—the fatal accident that had in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, wrecked their proud vessel and involved them in its ruin, covering them with pain and anguish, and overwhelming with despair and agony of grief and suffering. Some in the extremity of their sufferings, scalded and mutilated by many and terrible wounds, cried out to those around them, asking that they would kill them at once, and thus put an end to pains more dreadful than death itself. A few who were standing near the stern of the boat at the time her boiler burst, escaped unharmed amidst the general ruin and confusion, and flinging themselves into the river, swam to the shore, or else were picked up by the boats that came out to their assistance. Amongst this number was Charles: stunned and losing himself for an instant, he clung to the railings for support; his two faithful hounds came close to his side, as if knowing the danger that threatened him, and resolved to save him. Quickly recovering his presence of mind, he saw at a glance the full extent of the overwhelming ruin that had come upon them, and without waiting a moment, he sprung from the sinking wreck into the water, and swimming directly to one of his suffering and wounded companions, he saved him from a watery grave, which yawned to receive him, his two dogs following closely after him. They reached the shore with him; all that could be done to recover and save the lives of the unfortunate passengers, was done. The Ben Franklin remained here all day, using every effort in their power, for their unfortunate companions, and assisted in saving all that could be saved from destruction out of the wreck. The boat sunk immediately, filling with water instantly upon the bursting of the boiler, which had shattered and shivered her hull almost to splinters; but as the river was quite shallow at the spot where she sunk, this circumstance enabled them easily to fish up much of the freight that was in her at the time. Charles recovered his trunk and the most of his baggage, though it was drenched through and through with water. Placing his stock on board the Ben Franklin, he left in her the next morning for St. Louis.

CHAPTER V.

Charles arrived at St. Louis without meeting with any other accidents or incidents worthy of notice. This city has come into existence within a few years past. It is now only in its infancy in years, but is already large and populous, and embraces much wealth. It is occupying a singularly interesting position at present—standing as it does, at the extremest western bound of civilization, as it were on the dividing point or line which divides the domains of the red man, from those occupied by his white brother.

On the east, stretching away for hundreds and hundreds of miles to the great Atlantic coast, and covered over with cities, towns, and growing villages, that have sprung up fresh and beautiful on the ruins of the old forests, that have for ages unknown, been slumbering in undisturbed repose and solitude in this fair land, lay the possessions of civilized and enlightened man. Turn now to the opposite direction:—there, extended in one wild, unpeopled, uncultivated tract meets you—the red man's home. In those close and grand old woods, the Indian loves, in wild native freedom, to pursue the careless, easy habits of his roving life, hunting and fishing for pastime and subsistence, and warring with a spirit and show of chivalry and daring, not unequal to that of the knight of olden times, for his mistress, fame and glory.

In these pathless, solemn woods, was Charles to spend his time. Here lay the theatre of his labors and pleasures; here he was anxious to penetrate and

mingle with the nomadic tribes that were masters of this fair land, which they held like princely lords, for their hunting grounds.

But obstacles which Charles had not foreseen, which in his preparation were entirely forgotten, now unexpectedly presented themselves to him on the very threshhold of the forest. He must of necessity have a guide, to point out and show him his way; for it would hardly be possible for him to strike out alone, by himself, into the woods even for a single day, without being entangled in its labyrinths, and losing his path, or direction rather, for these woods are pathless save only the ways that are marked by the wild bison, as he traverses its long extent in search of food, in herds of thousands and tens of thousands; or else, perhaps, the narrow path that the light footed deer might have traced on the grassy turf, as they bounded in exulting leaps upon the prairies.

In this city Charles was to provide himself with everything necessary for his equipment during the campaign.—As he revolved these thoughts in his mind, he could not but perceive how pleasant and welcome a companion for his wanderings through the forest would be, and he resolved to make every effort in his power to provide himself with such an one.

While making inquiries the day after his arrival in the city in a furnishing store, with regard to the articles it would be necessary for him to take with him, he observed a young man of very interesting appearance, who seemed like a stranger in the store, regarding him attentively, and listening very closely to what he was saying, as if he was deeply interested in his personal welfare. Observing this conduct on the part of the young man, who was an entire stranger to him, he was induced to turn his attention more closely to him; and looking attentively at him, he very soon made up his mind as to the birthplace and origin of the stranger. There was in his looks, and in all his manners and appearance, that peculiar physiognomy, that deep, shrewd expression, that restless prying curiosity which make it so easy to detect the Yankee wherever you may find him. He had met with Yankees everywhere on his route, since leaving home; they seemed to be omnipresent almost, and were sure to be discovered in some way or other. Charles was pretty well versed in physiognomy, and was quite proficient in reading characters, and he had risked his reputation for this skill often on his journey; and whenever the subject upon which it was exercised happened to be a genuine Yankee, he had not failed in his suspicions. There is such an air of energy, activity, and intelligence about them, that they cannot easily be mistaken or passed by in neglect. They are great on interrogatories, and famous for their skill in extracting. Questions come from their lips as naturally and readily as sparks from a fire, or drops from a cloud. The topic of discussion is not of the slightest consequence—they are up to everything. Charles finished his business and left the store, but scarcely had he left the door-step, ere he was accosted by the stranger we have spoken of, who followed close after him:

"Good day, sir," said he, "a fine day, sir—excellent weather this."

Charles, though not altogether unprepared for such a salutation from him, was yet a little surprised by the ease and familiarity of tone and manner in which it was uttered. He however returned his greeting in the usual manner, with rather a cool tone, and was in the act of proceeding on, when the stranger again interrupted him, saying:

"I guess you are right from New York, sir—you sorter look that way, sir?"

Charles good naturedly heard him, and slackened his pace. He was a good deal amused at the pertinacity of the fellow, and his curiosity was awakened to know who he was, and what business he had with him; for it was evident that he was anxious to communicate something to Charles, and was driving to the point as he best knew how. Therefore, Charles said to him in a more familiar free tone than he had used before:

"You have guessed right, my friend, I came from New York, and arrived here

only the day before yesterday. He replied: "Well, I really thought I could'nt be much out of the way, anyhow. Do you wanter know why I set you down, as soon as I set my eyes on you, for a Yorker, hey?"

Charles replied that he should indeed be glad to know what there was so peculiar about his appearance, as to have caused his attention, and led him to suppose that he came from New York.

"Well, sir, I can tell a Yorker as quick as I can tell an Indian, anywhere; I don't care where you put him. In the first place, he don't look, nor he don't dress like anybody else; and then the moment he opens his mouth, and begins to make a bargain, he shows himself right out. He talks right up and down, and don't banter and beat down, as other people do; and he has the queerest way of sayin' *shillin'*, too, in the whole world. He bites it clean off, before he comes to the eend of it, as if he was in such a hurry he could'nt spare time for the whole on't. That are, sir, is why I guessed you was one of 'em.—But, sir, may I be so bold as to ask if you are bound any further west? This ere St. Louis is a terrible smart place, but it are most a mighty hot place in summer, and 'taint none of the dryest neither, in winter time; and I tell you, I guess you don't catch me staying here much longer, any how you can fix it.—But maybe, sir, we are goin' the same way—where did you say you was goin', eh?"

Charles could hardly restrain the laugh which rose to his lips, as the Yankee concluded. He was amused and pleased with the shrewdness he possessed and displayed, and his method for discovering who he was, and where he was going. All he said was so cool, so perfectly easy and friendly that it seemed ludicrous and comic in the extreme.—Charles thanked him for the explanation he had given him, and replied to him that he doubted not but what his remarks upon St. Louis were perfectly correct; as to his last inquiry, he said that it would require more time than he could spare, to answer it fully, but said he would be pleased to have an interview with him at a suitable place, and when he had more time on his hands. He concluded by inviting him to dine with him that day, at the Planter's Hotel: but said in a laughing tone, "as to whether we may, or may not be going the same route depends very much on the direction you shall take, and that is a profound mystery, unless I shall or may possess your skill in guessing, which I entirely disclaim; but come to my hotel, and we, together, may perhaps find out where we are travelling to. Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, sir," replied the Yankee, "I will be sure and meet you, sir."

The Yankee slowly went his way, appearing not hardly satisfied with what he had done.

"Well, I declare now, that is a pretty smart sort of a chap, to slip me in this way before I'd half found out what I desired to; but he is a real gentleman, I saw that at once. But what on earth has brought him, all alone, away out here? Some love-scrape, I guess; for there is not a particle of the rogue written in his face. No matter; I'll find it all out at dinner time. I think I shall go with him—he's just such a one as would suit me, I think. I can help myself, and not injure him at the same time. I really like his looks much."

Such were the thoughts of the Yankee, as he went on his way, after parting with Charles. Charles, rashly perhaps, certainly suddenly, resolved to persuade this new acquaintance to accompany him, on his wandering and roving expedition; he thought his meeting with him, just at the nick of time, when he was wishing for a companion, exceedingly fortunate, if not providential. As for the Yankee, he was firmly resolved, on reflection, to accompany him. He rather guessed, from the questions he heard him put to the storekeeper, that he was bound off west, on a hunting trip; if so, it would suit him very well—it would turn out all right, he concluded, and he settled it without further difficulty, in his own mind, that they were to go together.

At the dinner hour, true to his word, the Yankee presented himself at our friend's table. They conversed during

the dinner hour upon a variety of topics; avoiding, however, the plan which each had laid respecting the other, and which had brought them together. The Yankee, as we have already said, was a young man, not more than twenty-five years of age; and was as stout, well built, athletic looking a person as you would wish to see. His features, though not regular and handsome, were yet good and manly; and there was about him, an air of mingled intelligence and amiability joined to a bold, free bearing, which could not fail both to attract and please. Honesty and integrity beamed in his face and shone in his eye, inviting confidence, and giving assurance of his good faith. In manners he was polite and kind, treating all about him with respect and kindness. He conversed with great ease and was remarkably social; rather disposed to enter into discussion and debate. He seemed to enjoy this much, and was ready to enter the lists with any one, upon any topic. His remarks were full of good sense and practical reason; and showed that he possessed a shrewd and observing mind; and that, young as he was, he had been a keen, close observer of men and manners, and was well versed in the knowledge of the busy world. He discussed the affairs of the nation like a sage old politician; and while he pitied the ignorance of his opponents, he was ready and willing at the same time to instruct and enlighten them if they would but listen to him. He was a religious man, too, in his way; and considered himself a pretty good expounder of the truth. His habits, if not graduated after the strictest code of morals, were such as prevented in him a breach of the laws of society, and entitled him to the esteem and respect of good citizens. Such, in brief, was the character of the man Charles had fixed upon as a companion, in his wanderings.

And a very good choice he made, too. Where he would have done better once, he would have done worse a hundred times. The more Charles saw of him, the better he liked him. He discovered that he was not only a man of good sound sense, but he also mingled in his conversation much original wit and humor, and proved himself a very amusing companion for his leisure hours.

After they had finished their dinner, they withdrew to a part of the room, where they could converse without interruption; and Charles gave his new friend at once a detailed account of his plan, and declared what his intentions were in making the expedition; and then warmly urged his companion to join him. It would, at least, be a pleasant trip, and he thought his Yankee friend, with his ready wit, and quick invention, might make it turn to his account. He concluded by offering him whatever assistance he needed, in preparing or procuring an outfit.

Our Yankee friend heard him through; not, however, without interrupting him occasionally, and wedging in sundry suggestions of his own, as Charles went on speaking of his intentions. As soon as he finished, the Yankee, with but few remarks, agreed to accompany him, already as we have said before, having made up his mind to this end. Our two young friends parted after their sociable dinner mutually pleased; and their plans, as we have seen, all pleasantly settled.

CHAPTER VI.

But as yet we have not discovered from anything which has been said or done, the name, or even anything certain, with regard to the Yankee. It is, in fact, altogether a matter of guessing that he is even a Yankee; and I cannot positively say that this important item of information was as yet in the possession of Charles himself. One would suppose that such a circumstance would, of itself, naturally, and necessarily, prove rather embarrassing, and stand somewhat in the way of their close, familiar conference and confidence; and we in pity for the excited curiosity of the reader will endeavor to enlighten him on this interesting point, and declare the name which our supposed Yankee friend bore, and

some of the particulars of his happy existence and famous birth.

His name was simply Jonathan Leslie, a pretty good Yankee cognomen certainly, and not very new in Yankee line. He was born in a small town in the upper part of the State of Vermont, and was the son of respectable and christian parents. The parson of the town had laid his hand upon his infant head many a year ago and christened him Jonathan; and Jonathan he had been called ever since, and probably, unless something very singular should occur, will ever continue to be called. His parents were both living, and had a large family of children growing up about them, who were perfectly contented to remain on the old farm where they were born and schooled. But Jonathan, the oldest, took a more extensive view of men and things, and came to the conclusion that he, individually and particularly, could do better, and faster, somewhere else. The fact was, he had become tired of sticking close at home, and wished to see the world; and, as he said when about quitting home, "the old nest is overstocked, and a little thinning out will make it more comfortable on all sides." But it was not so easy a thing at last, as Mr. Jonathan had affirmed it to be, to leave home, parents and friends behind him, and go out to carve for himself amongst strangers; and besides, was'nt he accounted by all who knew him, and that was all the village at least, the cleverest fellow in the town? and was he not, moreover, a great favorite with the most blooming, the most rosy cheeked, the plumpest, liveliest, most fascinating young gal in those parts; she the sole daughter and heir to one of the most fore-handed farmers in the place? And I can assure you that beauty is not mean and niggard in her gifts to her favorite sex in that land. Their sparkling eyes outshine the stars in brightness. The rose that blooms upon their cheeks is fresher, fairer far than aught that opes its shining leaves to catch the sunbeams on Arabia's fair gardens; and whiter, purer, warmer far, than Parian marble that grows to human likenesses and ideal forms most moving to the eye, beneath the artist's genius-gifted hand, are the clear, snowy skins of the fair girls of the North.

But all could not alter or change the resolution which held the mind of Jonathan firm to his avowed purpose: and with his scanty stock of worldly gear that he could call his own, packed snugly away in a bundle, and hung over his back on the stout walking stick which he carried, that should serve by turns as staff, or weapon, as the case might require, he bid good bye to his parents and friends, and early upon a fine June morning he quitted his home. He had not definitely fixed upon the place which should be illumined by the light of his sunshine. The course he was to take was West; how far he would go, and when he should stop, were matters that he would attend to when he thought proper; but he rather guessed he had better go over to Ohio or Michigan first, perhaps he would there find a good spot to hold him, if he should meet first rate employment. He was going to seek his fortune in the world, and guessed he'd follow his own judgment about this, as well as about everything else; he had'nt been to school for nothing.

As he left his father's house he took a path which led him not far from the dwelling of that sweet, blooming girl, we mentioned a little while ago, not that we pretend to say he had any expectation of seeing her on this path at that time in the morning, for it was very early, and it was so late the evening before when he left her, and he then bid her farewell; but he had so often gone that way before, and it was so natural for him to take it, that he almost unconsciously found himself treading its dewy course; and if he wanted an excuse, was there not a good one on hand, to wit: did this not lead him straight on his desired and chosen route. Be this as it may, Jonathan took this path, and after looking back for the last time upon the old homestead where he had been born, and where all the happy days of his innocent, careless youth had been spent, with a swelling heart and saddened mind to keep him company, for he loved his home for all that he was leaving it, perhaps never to return: but he did'nt believe that he

walked forward at a rapid pace, while sad reflections and lonely visions kept rising o'er his mind. He walked perhaps a quarter of an hour in this manner, absorbed in his own reflections, and giving no heed to anything around him, forgetting himself completely, when the sound of a light footstep coming after him, and the remembered tones of a sweet voice meeting his ear, aroused him from his revery.

"Jonathan," said the dear voice, "are you going so far away without ever bidding me a last farewell."

Turning quickly around in the direction of the sound, the lovely Nancy, the farmer's fair daughter, stood before him. His heart beat quicker as he looked into her face and saw the tear drops gathering in her eye, and he scarcely knew how to act or what to say, so confused was he at her sudden appearance. But quickly recovering himself he advanced towards her and seizing her hand in his own—

"Nancy," said he, "I am indeed glad, *very* glad, that I can see you once again before I go. This is very kind of you, and I give you my warmest thanks for thus meeting me."

But Nancy, who from being acknowledged the reigning belle of the place, had acquired so much of the coquette as a girl of her excellent disposition and careful education could gain, had recovered from the feelings which pained her and led her in such sad tones to address our friend as he passed by the grassy knoll where she had been seated for more than half an hour, waiting his approach, while the time seemed slowly to pass, making it to her the longest half hour of her life, constantly grieving herself with fear and doubts, lest she had come too late and he had already passed, and she should not again see him. She was sadly pained, as I have said, when her lover passed by without noticing her, and hurrying after him she overtook and arrested his steps in the manner which we have just related. But not thinking that perhaps he would guess the truth that she really had risen and come out to that spot where they were accustomed in past days to sit and sport the time away, for no other reason than again to see him, and feeling ashamed that she had thus exposed her feelings, she took an air of indifference and pleasantry to deceive him; and in a tone of studied raillery she replied:

"Do you really believe me capable of doing so foolish an action as you have affirmed you do, Mr. Leslie?"

Jonathan, whose feelings were kindled into tenderness from the scene he had just gone through in parting with his parents and friends, and had replied to her salutation in his kindest tones, the more as he saw her reproachful and sorrowful look as she spoke, was both surprised and angry at the indifferent, cold manner, which she used, and at the jesting, frivolous question she put to him; all ill suited his feelings at such a moment, and as he loved, it grieved him to the heart as the conviction seized him that she loved him not, but came to sport with his dearest feelings. He looked steadily into her face for a moment with a searching gaze, to see if he could read her real feelings. There she stood, as beautiful as a fresh blown rose, or as the first beam of morning light; but in her face he saw only an expression of levity, a smile of pleasure breaking over her fair features as if her merriment were hard to conceal and sought expression. The tears had fled from her eyes' sorrowful look—you could not have supposed that so short time it had clouded her careless brow. As he saw at a glance what we have written, he instantly resolved to hasten away from her presence without delay, or allowing her to perceive how much her manner had wounded him. To this end he called up all the energy he possessed, and using the utmost politeness he was master of, he drew himself up to his full height, and bowing to her at the same time said in his blandest tone, in which was mingled much of sarcasm,—

"I ask your pardon, Miss Haywood, for supposing anything so foolish as what I just uttered; I see that I was wrong—that I made a great mistake. I spoke hastily; my thoughts were engaged in pondering upon the past, and I was thinking of the kind and dear friends I leave at my home, and from whom I am now departing for a long, long time, and

knowing that I shall ever return: you must excuse me therefore if I said something which appeared foolish to you, and as I am in haste to prosecute my journey, allow me to wish you a gay good bye:" and bowing at the same time politely to her, he was on the point of turning from her, when Nancy seeing that she had hurt his feelings, and that he really was about to leave her in anger, bursting into tears threw herself into his arms, saying at the same time,—

"You'll break my heart, dear Jonathan, if you part from me so," and then in a voice choked with sobs, she added, "forgive me dearest Jonathan, I am sorry that I displeased you,—I meant only to jest with you. Oh! you will not leave me in anger, and despise me as a heartless creature. Oh! if you only knew how I suffered after you left me last night, as I thought that this morning you were going to leave us all, and I knew not when I should see you again, I could not close my eyes to sleep, but could only weep as I thought that it was all true, that with the light of this morning you would depart. I feared I might not wake in time to see you once more. I have long been waiting, expecting you, and when at last you did come, and passed by the spot where I was sitting, awaiting you, and then you did not notice me, I was ready to burst into tears, but when I overtook you, and you spoke to me so kindly, all my grief fled in an instant, and I was tempted to punish you for your neglect of me, by answering in the manner I did, and uttering what I did not feel, and now, dear Jonathan, that I have told you all my heart, you surely will forgive me, and before you leave me, for I fear it will be a long, long time before we see each other again."

She spoke these last words in a sad tone, her voice quivering with the deep emotions which filled her heart, and while she uttered them she raised her head from his breast, where she had hid it when she sprang forward to detain him, and turned her beautiful blue eyes, beaming tenderly with the soft light of love, whilst yet the tear drops hung upon the silken fringes that shaded like dew drops on the rose her face. More beautiful did they seem to him who gazed enraptured upon her from the tender expression which her sorrow imparted to them. And do you doubt for an instant what Jonathan said or did; what could he do? The loveliest girl he ever beheld clinging to him and passionately sighing forth her deep, deep grief at his departure. The sudden feeling of anger which a moment before had occupied his mind, fled as flies the dark shadows of night before the sun's bright rays, or as the lightning's flash that darts from sky to earth; and startled love, that stood at the door of his heart, at a bound regained its home and possessed his whole soul, and folding his arms more closely around her, he strained her to his bosom in a warm embrace of devoted, ardent love, and stooping over her tenderly, he kissed away the tears that hung like pearl drops from her long eye lashes.

"Oh! I am a wretch indeed, to grieve you thus cruelly, dearest girl. I can never forgive myself that I have caused such pain, and made those soft eyes swim in tears. Forgive you? 'Tis I who need forgiveness at your hands; and can you, will you pardon me, dearest Nancy. It will lift a mighty load from my heart, and I promise never to grieve you thus again. Indeed, dear girl, I knew not what I said; I was buried in sorrow at leaving home, and all the friends of my youth, and most did I sorrow that I must separate from you, and it was in the fond hope that I might meet you at our loved spot along this path, if only to catch a glimpse of you and say one parting word, that I have come this way; but my heart, alive to all that concerns its dearest treasure, was pained at your reply. I thought you spoke coldly to me, and that you were ready to sport with my feelings; and it was this that caused me to speak as I did. I wished to hurry away from you, that you might not see what grief your words caused me, what a pang they inflicted. But I implore your pardon, I ought indeed to have known you better, dearest girl; and you do indeed grieve at my departure? and wi l not forget me when I am absent, my dear Nancy?"—And again he kissed passionately those rosy lips that now hung upon his words.

and again did he press her fondly to his heart. It was a moment of inexpressible happiness, and sweet love to them. Pure, deep, devoted affection, reigned in their hearts; and if Jonathan forgot for a time that he was leaving home and his loved friends, while he yielded himself up wholly to his fond love and gazed tenderly upon the fair girl that still clung to him as if she feared she might lose him, should she loose her hold of him, and as if she could not bear to part from him; none can blame him, or say that he erred. 'Tis true they had never exchanged their mutual vows, or plighted their formal troth: but long had they loved each other; and notwithstanding the occasional flirtations of Nancy with other young men of the village—often entered into on her part, simply for a love of mischief, or to pique her lover: or from the pleasure she received from the fresh proofs they afforded her that he was really attached to her; but from all such tests, and by all her vexatious trials, his love had lost nothing of its ardor or depth.

It was from a high and honorable motive which cannot often be found at this day in any circle or grade in society, and when found even then not appreciated by the many, that he shrunk from uniting with his uncertain fortune the fate of that dear girl whom he loved above all else in the wide world. He would not, he indeed could not, suffer himself to persuade her to leave her happy home, where she was surrounded with every comfort, every luxury, she could desire; where her doating parents anticipated her every want, and eagerly sought for her all that might contribute to her happiness. No, said he often to himself, when his love urged him to secure this priceless treasure by her vows, I will wait patiently if I can, impatiently if I must, until I can offer her a home where she shall miss none of the comforts of her father's house.—It would be indeed but a base requital of all her priceless love, to take her from such a home, simply to gratify myself, while I have naught to offer her in exchange but the love of a devoted heart, and the prospects of a strong arm. No. no; in a few years, by hard, constant, honest toil, if I should be successful, I shall gain a competence, and more than a bare sufficiency, I shall accumulate wealth, which will enable me to welcome her to a home of my own, and how sweet thus to share with her my treasures sought for her, and see her not only simply contented in her home, but happy, more happy than ever before. Well will it repay me, even for the great sacrifice it demands.

Such was the motive, and such were the feelings which ruled the conduct of this young man. A plain, simple, unpretending farmer's son, who had never hardly ventured out of sight of his native village. It was a noble, lofty, generous principle, and no good man but what will admire the conduct of that young man, in all the ardor and freshness of youth, with feelings as warm as ever kindled in the bosom of opening manhood; thus acting from a noble sentiment, restraining and subduing his most powerful passion.—Often did this sentiment rise in his mind and check the words that rose to his lips, prompted by the deep feelings of his heart. And when alone with the object of his love he wandered along the sequestered and shady walks of their native village, and opportunities than which none better could be desired, almost innumerable, had presented themselves to him and tempted him to forget himself—had the fair girl that hung upon his arm felt his manly form tremble, and heard his voice sink into low and tender tones, falter, as the avowal of his love was ready to burst from his lips; and she divining with true woman's tact the causes that changed him thus in his bearing, and rendered him more tender and delicate in his attentions, and catching from him through the cords of sympathy that bound them together, the same feelings which filled his mind, she would often become suddenly silent, while the color came and went in her cheek like the flickering shades of the sun when flying clouds are chased across his path.

And often at such times did she listen almost breathlessly, to catch from his lips the words which should assure her of that love which she knew he felt for her; and as often was she disappointed, not

knowing the motive that held him silent. And then sad doubt and unhappy suspicions would arise to perplex and disturb her peace of mind. In vain she sought to solve the mystery. She could not imagine what there could be so powerful, so constant, yet so mysterious and unsearchable, that even at the very moment when she knew he was struggling to declare his passion, held him mute and trembling in its cruel grasp. As far as external and apparent circumstances went, nothing could be more propitious or encouraging to his suit. Her parents, who exercised a most watchful vigilance for her happiness, scrutinized all who approached her, with great exactness, regarded him with more favor than any other young man of their acquaintance; and she believed they would gladly have welcomed him into their family, by the dearest of all ties. Then, too, his own parents and the other members of his father's family, she well knew would have sanctioned and congratulated him on such a choice. What then, is it, she often asked herself, that keeps him silent as it were, in spite of himself.

And now he was leaving her with this mystery, all unexplained; a source of pain and perplexity to her—a canker-worm at her heart. And as often as these doubts and fears oppressed her, with heavy grief would she ask herself, did he really love her, and had she not deceived herself? But always the same answer came back to her, assuring her of his love; she did not—she could not doubt it. His acts, his words, all showed she was truly the chosen object of his affections. Why then did he not secure her happiness as well as his own, by confiding in her?

He was now about leaving her for a long period, and was going a long distance from home. This had revived all her doubts; and she feared lest absence, the bitterest bane of lovers, should weaken his love, or even cause him to forget her. She feared too, lest some other one more fortunate than herself should gain his heart, and steal away his affection for her, and hear him breathe those vows of eternal constancy and unchanging love, which she would have given worlds, had she possessed them, to have heard his lips declare to her. How would such an avowal comfort and support her during his long absence, and render more sufferable her long separation from him who alone possessed her heart? How would it scatter and dispel those cruel doubts and bitter suspicions, that had often caused her when alone to weep? It was with such thoughts as these in her mind, that she, that morning met her lover; and as we have seen, had given way to her over-burdened heart, in such a manner as Jonathan had never before witnessed in her. It was such an exhibition of love and tenderness on her part for him, that his heart could not withstand, softened as he already was by the scene he had just passed through. He could check no longer the burning words which sprung to his lips; the deep strong feelings of his soul were called forth in all their overwhelming power, and his long cherished passion, like the pent up fire of a volcano that burns in the mountain's bosom, found vent through his lips. And now pressing her close to his heart, and folding his arms around her loved form, he poured forth in earnest, passionate tones and burning words, the story of his love; he said he knew how unworthy he was of her love; she was the idol of his soul—the sweet realization of his ideal adored. But, said he, if years of toil, if labors, however great and difficult, could render him worthy of her dear love, how gladly would he accomplish them, and how inexpressibly dear would her fond assurance render him.

"Dearest girl," said he, "life with you is perfect bliss and unbounded happiness; without you, at the thought is despair and madness; all my future happiness—all my hopes hang suspended upon your answer: say, will you dearest, be mine?"

Trembling and pale she listened to those dear words, that sealed her happiness; so deep—so profound was the joy that filled her, she scarce heeded anything save the sound of his loved voice; in breathless silence she listened while he spoke, as if entranced at the sound. And when he ceased and looked into her face for an answer to his hopes, he caught one glance of her eye—a look into which

his heart seemed thrown, as she raised it to his, that told him far better and more surely than words could have done, that his love was returned—that her heart was all his own. while at the same time, he felt a thrill of joy run through his frame, from the gentle pressure of the soft hand he held within his own, and which he had taken while breathing forth his love for her, and bending over her till his face touched her cheek, he strained her to his heart, while their lips met in a long sweet kiss of love. Oh, who can tell the bliss, the ecstacy of such a kiss—a first fond kiss of love? it seemed as if their hearts had leaped to their lips, and joining in that warm, that sweet embrace would never more part. Oh, there is something so deep, so touching, so indescribably blissful and enrapturing in the first kiss of devoted, true hearted lovers, when the sweet assurance of returned love breaks upon them, and the deep passions which has struggled for this blessed light, leaps rejoicing into the burning, dazzling rays, that we feel as if heaven itself could give no greater blessedness, no dearer boon.

Such a blissful time our lovers now enjoyed, absorbed, delighted, entranced in their perfect felicity. Once, and once only in life, can it be tasted, by mortals; 'tis too mighty, too overwhelming, too rapturous for us weak mortals, and in its oft-repeated joyance, we should breathe away our life. And will the reader deem it strange when we say that Jonathan, stoic as he was, and schooled as his feelings had been by repeated severe trials, and resisted almost resistless temptation, forgot at this moment his stoicism—forgot all else, save the perfect felicity and soul absorbing joy of his happy avowed lover. For a short time he held her closely to his beating heart, while tenderest emotions, and fondest feelings took possession of his whole soul; and now gently encircling her slender waist with his supporting arm, he led her to the grassy mound, where oft in days past, they had sat and nursed by sweet discourse, the love that had grown so large, and taken so deep root in their hearts, and placing her on this soft rustic seat, he drew close by her side, fondly holding her in his arms, while she confidingly rested her head up on his breast.

We will not attempt to relate the conversation which they carried on, and which so absorbed them, that they took no heed of the flight of long, tireless time. Indeed we could not invest it with even a shadow of the charm it possessed for them; love's tête à tête's are eminently private, and although of the most interest to the parties themselves, are yet often times, dull and unmeaning to all others; they operate by feelings and sympathy, and never carry double. Suffice to say, they sat for more than an hour, perfectly happy, and unconscious of all without themselves. How short an hour it seemed to them. During the time Jonathan had told her of his struggle to keep to himself the avowal that he had just made, and his motive for keeping silence, and how difficult it had been for him to do so, and how often it had almost escaped him, in spite of his best efforts to the contrary; and although she did chide him gently for thus smothering his feelings and distressing her, yet how sweet the pleasure that filled her heart, as she listened to him; all the cruel doubts and saddening fears that had so often, and so bitterly oppressed her, were thus forever dispelled. How eagerly she drank in his words, and how fondly she smiled upon him; she could have sat thus listening to his dear voice forever.

But now they were awakened from their extatic bliss and profound pleasure, by the noise and voices of the busy farmers, who came forth into the fresh, green fields with the light of the rising sun, to begin their daily task. Our fond couple had again and again repeated their vows of constancy and unchanging love, and now they must part. What a chill of sadness the thought brought to their hearts. It now seemed as if it was the first real grief they had ever known.—And must she indeed lose him in the first happy hour of confiding love! The tears came again to her eyes, as drawing her to his heart, he imprinted a kiss upon her lips, and murmured his last farewell. She could not speak or move; grief was too busy at her heart; she sobbed aloud, clinging around him with her

arms, and at the same time burying her face in his bosom. All the dangers he must encounter as he went forth, alone into the world, came rapidly before her mind; the sad, lonely hours that she must pass alone while he was far away, pressed upon her mind, and overwhelmed her with mingled feelings of fear and grief, tenderness and love. But she was indeed a noble girl; and seeing at once the necessity there was for her to summon up all her resolution and courage, she strove to master the feelings which swelled within her; and making him promise to write to her often—every day if he could—and tell her everything that happened to him; promising voluntarily on her part, to answer all his correspondence; she endeavored to impress upon his mind the fact that this would be her only pleasure, and she should so love to read his letters and write to him—he must not forget it. And now indeed you must go, said she, we cannot longer remain here unobserved. Oh, how it pains me to part from you! and the tears started afresh to her sorrowful eyes. She pressed her lips to his once more; then pressing her hand, he murmured, God bless you, dearest girl: and with bursting hearts they parted.

Such were some of the facts connected with the biography of our hero's companion; and now more than two years had elapsed since he left his home and parted from his Nancy. And had he forgotten her? you perhaps ask. No, we answer, never; not for an hour, for a moment even, had his faithful heart ceased to adore her. It was his greatest delight, his dearest pleasure, to think of her; and manfully, nobly had he struggled on, to secure the means which should enable him to return, and make her his own happy wife. His promises of writing to her, had they been kept? Yes, we answer to his credit, they had been more fully, more punctually, more promptly remembered and fulfilled, than are such promises, often, even by those whose opportunities and facilities, and all attending circumstances should warrant with the greatest certainty the accomplishment of their engagements of this nature: and much benefit had he derived from such a course. True to her word, and in answer to the promptings of her doating heart, she had answered all his letters promptly, and often had she done more; and thus had she kept alive and vigorous her influence over him, while at the same time it restrained and checked his lower and debasing desires. The last letter had been written but a few days before the meeting which took place between himself and our hero, and in it he informed her that he was just about leaving for St. Louis; and that his design was to go from that city still farther west, for the purpose of trading with the Indians for furs.

How far his plans had been facilitated by Charles, without his knowledge, however, we have already seen. During his absence from home, he had been engaged in a variety of employments, and had visited many places in the west.

He had, moreover, been remarkably successful in accumulating property, and was now able to do business in the manner he proposed, from his own funds.—We think we have now said sufficient concerning him, to satisfy the curiosity of the reader; but we have chiefly made this digression for the reason, that hereafter, his fortunes and interests were to become so completely identified and blended with those of our hero; and we will now, most patient and weary peruser, resume the thread of our discourse.

We left our young friends after their conference, highly satisfied with each other; and also fully agreed as to the plan they would pursue. And now they lost no time in entering upon their preparation for their long campaign. They expected not to return, for several months at least; and all that was necessary for their outfit in this long journey in the wilderness, was to be procured here, as there is no place beyond this on their route, where they could so well accommodate themselves, even if they should be able to obtain what was necessary for them, at all. Charles knew very little what would be necessary for them to take with them; and therefore yielded very readily to the advice and suggestions of Jonathan, who seemed to be perfectly at home and familiar with the business

By his advice they laid in a plentiful supply of powder and shot, bullets and caps for their guns; they also provided themselves with fishing tackle, intending to follow this sport, of which they were both very fond, whenever occasion offered.—Then there was their blankets, and bedding, their cooking utensils, &c., &c., all of which Jonathan looked after, and acquitted himself with great credit. Their supply of clothing was a separate and individual matter; though upon this point Jonathan took the liberty to give his opinion and counsel, which Charles willingly followed, and had great reason thereafter to be thankful for. Charles was surprised at the skill and celerity with which all these arrangements were made and carried into effect; without bustle or delay, Jonathan went forward, and in less than half the time he had allotted to this duty, and which he really and fully expected it would occupy him, they were all accomplished, everything packed, and ready to be sent on. Beside all these, there was the stock of fancy goods Jonathan had to supply for himself, and which he was to exchange with the Indians for their furs. With equal dispatch and celerity these were attended to, and in less than a week from the date of their acquaintance, they were ready to leave. During this time as a matter of course, the young men had been much together, and their mutual regard for each other, had much increased.—They had laid the basis for a strong and lasting friendship. Jonathan was no more amazed at the noble and elevated sentiments which fell from our friend Charles' lips in their conversation, and by the learning he displayed, and the strong arguments with which he supported his opinions and principles of action, as well as his belief upon all subjects which were presented to him, than he was attached and attracted towards him for his generosity and kindness, which he every day had occasion to notice. And Charles, on his part, could but admire the ready address and skill which his companion displayed on all occasions; the sound, practical, common sense which he used on all subjects, and the bold, manly course he pursued. His views, too, were expressed, when in conversation with Charles, in a clear and distinct form, and oftentimes with an elegance of style and eloquence of manner, that surprised as much as it delighted him, and caused him to look upon him as altogether a different person from what he had supposed him to be at first. New traits of character every day appeared to the observing minds of these young men in each other, which served to cement closer and strengthen the ties of friendship and intimacy which had so suddenly arisen between them, and which now bound them to each other. During the time they had spent together, they had each related some of the facts pertaining to their past lives, and given some account of their families. In this way they came to the discovery of a fact interesting to both; but of this we will speak in the following chapter

CHAPTER VII.

The important and interesting discovery which we referred to in the last chapter, was one which came to light from the account of their families. It revealed to them the fact that they were related to each other by dearer ties than they had dreamed of. The reader will recollect that we mentioned, in the early part of our history, that the mother of our hero was the daughter of Mr. Leslie, of New York; and, also, that Jonathan's family name was Leslie. The fact escaped the notice of Charles when it was first mentioned, but afterwards, when he became better acquainted, he called the attention of his companion to it. Jonathan at once said to him,

"I guess you are my cousin, Charles, for my father has a cousin in New York that answers to your account of your mother's father, whose name is Leslie, and who is a man of great wealth, and has been a merchant."

After several farther inquiries on both sides, and answers by each, they both came to the conclusion that it was indeed

so, and that they were cousins. They both found new cause to congratulate each other on this discovery, and it tended to strengthen and confirm the friendship they already felt for each other.

Their arrangements completed, without delay, they hastened onward on their journey. It was at an early hour in the morning they left their hotel, and embarked on board the boat which was to take them up the Missouri river. It was their purpose to continue up the river as far as its western fork, where they designed to leave the boat, and continue along this fork of the river. They made their journey on the boat pleasantly and speedily, and, leaving her at the designated spot, pushed their way west, to a small place which had become a famous rendezvous for trappers and hunters. Here, in the fall of the year, was their head quarters, and here they formed into parties, and here, too, they purchased the little articles they might want, and which they had forgotten to take elsewhere. When they first arrived, the most important business was to find and secure a guide, who should direct their route and remain with them during their winter's campaign. These were usually found among the half-breeds, who were well fitted for the office. Having acquired both the language of the white man and also the Indian, they could serve as interpreters between the two parties; but more especially were they desirable on account of their thorough and complete knowledge of the pathless wilderness through which our bold hunters roam in search of game.

When our two young friends arrived here, their first object was, I say, to find such a guide; and here Charles depended much on the skill, and address, and acuteness of his Yankee cousin, for success in their choice and efforts. There were but few at the haunt when they arrived, it being yet rather early for hunting parties to assemble; but, nevertheless, Jonathan was not long before he saw the man upon whom his choice fell, and who would be the man if he could be persuaded, induced, or hired to accompany them. He was a half-breed—his mother was a Delaware, and his father a Frenchman, who, abandoning his people, lived with the tribe, and adopted their wild, roving habits of life. This half-breed, who had attracted the attention of Jonathan, was a noble specimen of man, physically at least, and no one who saw could but notice him. More than six feet in height, he was straight as the arrow that he formed to his woodland bow; in proportions he was exceedingly graceful and beautiful; his symmetrical and well-formed limbs were well and closely knit together, and indicative of great strength. He plainly showed the features and characteristics of both races, which were harmoniously blended in him. There were, however, two features of the red skin which no Indian ever possessed more marked than did this half-breed, namely, his eye and hair. His eye had all that piercing keenness and dazzling brightness for which the North American Indian is remarkable; when aroused, it seemed to glow like liquid fire, and you could see the lightning sparks in its flash, and sharp and searching as the eagle's was the gaze with which he scrutinized all who approached him. The other peculiarly Indian feature was his long, glossy black hair, which hung in thick, luxuriant locks, straight as a gun, down the sides of his face, and fell over his neck and shoulders. Both his hair and eyes were black as the raven's wing, or like the polished jet. But with all this, in moments of social converse, or in his hours of quiet repose, no face could wear a milder or more winning aspect than did his. It at once challenged your confidence and invited trust; you would, without hesitation, pronounce him a generous, kind, true man; but, at the same time, one not to be trifled with or provoked. There was that lurking in his eye which cautioned you to beware and anger him not. In his habits and manners he followed his free born savage ancestors: usually he seemed thoughtful, and appeared wrapt in his own reflections and communings: sitting by himself alone, he remained long motionless, and regardless of all that passed around him; and when mingling with

men, and engaged in exciting pursuits, he ever preserved that stoicism and calmness for which the Indian is so remarkable; he manifested no surprise at those events or spectacles which would cause his white companions to burst forth in some external show of feeling; but seemed ever ready, ever prepared for what might come, never taken unexpectedly or by surprise

Charles and Jonathan observed him very closely the first day after their arrival there, and had some conversation with him. He appeared to be struck with their appearance, and showed an interest in them; and, on their part, they were both much surprised and pleased with the intelligence he manifested, the knowledge which he showed himself possessed of upon all the subjects they spoke of, and the noble, generous sentiments he uttered, in simple but attractive language. He was a man in years, past the prime of life; being, as he told them, upwards of forty years of age; yet did he display in his motions, in his ways, and there appeared, also, in his form, all the vigor and sprightliness of active youth and strong manhood. At night, when they retired alone to their sleeping apartment, he formed the subject of their consultation. They both acknowledged themselves favorably impressed in regard to him; and it was their spontaneous, quick resolution, the next morning, to endeavor to find out what was possible to be known concerning him from the owner of the hut where they were, and, in every way within their reach, to become informed concerning him; and, if what they could gather respecting him should be favorable, to make their proposals to him at once. Accordingly, the next morning, they took the first opportunity, when he was absent, to question their host about him. In reply to their interrogatories, he told them that he was the boldest and most expert hunter in that region. "His aim with that long rifle you see by his side is deadly—sure as a thunderbolt," said he. "Old Le Beaux can hit the eye of a squirrel at the distance of a hundred yards, time after time, so long as he will fire, and never miss nor vary from the spot he aims at. But," said he, "that is not the most remarkable thing about him: he was wonderful knowing, he said, and could tell the wide forest as well as the white man could the streets of his city; and he could read the sky and the signs of the weather, as the white man reads his book; and besides," said he, "old Le Beaux is a christian after his fashion, and a very good fashion it is too," said he, "and many of your talkative, clamorous christians, that live in your christian land, would be all the better for learning of him how to do like a christian. I wish, indeed, there were many more like him. When the poor are suffering, and in trouble, he comes to them with assistance; supplies their wants, and only stays with them until they can help themselves, then leaves them. It matters not to him whether they be white men, or red skins, they all alike find a friend in him; and all the hunters that dwell in the trackless region that lies West of here, know him, and love to have in him a friend. Often has he saved the lives of the roving parties that range the woods, when attacked by the savages, either by warning them before hand, and preparing them by putting them on their guard, or else by suddenly appearing in the midst of them at the moment of peril and guiding and protecting them. Ah!" said he, "I could tell you some stories about his deeds that would make your eyes stare, and your mouth gape to hear, and which you would believe impossible for one man alone to accomplish. He is both feared and loved by the red skins; and among all the tribes that roam the hunting grounds, he has warm, fast friends, that are ever ready to assist him; and all those bands of hunters who are known to be his friends are respected by them. Dare any tribe slight the claims those bands have to protection through his influence, and presume to injure them, terrible is the vengeance he takes for such an offence. And often had the various tribes who were smarting under the infliction of recent punishment, endeavored to capture and destroy him, and as often had he baffled their attempts, and mocked at their

cunning; even when all things seemed against him, and seemed as if all chance, all hope of escape were gone, had he in a wonderful, bold, and undaunted way saved himself: extricating himself from the very meshes of their cunning and treachery.

"But," said he, on hearing the object for which they sought him, "I doubt if you can induce him to go with you. He is not one who hires himself out as a guide. All that he does, he does voluntarily, and will receive no reward for his labors. He gives often, always, but never receives, and besides, he is fond of being alone by himself. All alone, save only the company of that shaggy, large dog, you see ever at his heels, or by his side, he goes through the whole range of forest that lies between the white settlements and the Pacific ocean. In the course of the winter he visits the many hunters' camps that are pitched in the midst of the thick, dense forests, or by the side of the running brooks, or on the margin of some crystal lake, and gladdens all and each with the thoughts and feelings of safety which his presence near them and with them always brings. Sometimes you hear of him hundreds of miles at the cold, frozen North, where the hardy hunter pursues his wild game; and soon again he is seen away off at the mouth of the Columbia river, or else without notice or hint of his coming, he walks into my cabin here. If there is any trouble any where he is pretty sure soon to be where it exists, and all is restored to peace as soon as he appears.—The Indians hold him in reverence and awe, as the creature of a higher world; and the hunters, bold as they are, tremble with fear at the thought of angering him. I said he traveled alone. There is one who often accompanies him, and only one. He is a young Indian of a division of the Pawnee tribe, who many years ago separated from the main tribe and lived apart by themselves: some say he is Le Beaux's son, but I don't believe that. But it is true he loves the youngster as much as he could were he his own flesh and blood; and always keeps his eye upon him, and always is at his side when the boy is in peril; but that is not often, for the boy is much like old Le Beaux, and lives after his fashion. And he is, to be sure, the finest Indian I ever saw, and already has he won a name known far and wide, as a brave hunter, and warrior too. His name is Ottahontas."

Here the host was interrupted in his narrative, and being called out, left our friends to form their plans, and determine them as best they might with the information which he had given them. Both were pleased, even delighted, with the character of Le Beaux, as painted by their host; and their determination was concluded, fixed without further delay, to attach him to their party if possible. If possible, I say, for it must be confessed they were not now so sanguine as yesterday, in their expectations of success on this point. A few minutes after the host had left the room, Charles, thinking of his dogs which he had brought with him, and which were left in front of the door, went out to look after them. He valued them very highly for their real worth, as well as from the fact that they were a gift to him from one of his most esteemed and beloved friends. They were indeed noble dogs, being real blood hounds, large and strong, and well trained in the chase. These animals, as it is well known, are of rather savage nature, not sociable and playful like other breeds of dogs: even in early youth they wear long faces, and bear a haughty, stern aspect, which keeps both man and beast at a respectful distance. Their deep-set, blood-shot eyes, have a cross, ferocious look, that speaks a warning to the meddler which he had certainly better receive. Nature seems to have fitted them on purpose for the bloody work they love so well to do. The obstinacy and ardor with which they continue on the chase, is truly wonderful and astonishing; so long as they can run, or even walk, will they follow their prey. But Charles was very much surprised when he came out of the hut to find his two hounds standing at Le Beaux's side, receiving his attentions very gladly, and apparently on the most amicable terms with him. His own dog, too, was with them, and they appeared to have agreed

to keep the peace, although it was evidently hard work for the half-breed favorite to brook the presence of these strangers, and witness his master stroking their smooth coats with his hands, and occasionally a low half-suppressed growl would issue from him, and his opening mouth would display a pair of huge jaws, armed with white strong teeth; but the hounds on seeing their master, instantly quitted Le Beaux and came up to Charles, wagging their tails and testifying their joy at again seeing him.

"Those are two noble dogs of yours, sir," said Le Beaux in a pleasant, lively one, appearing to admire them while he spoke, and looking after them.

"They are very fine dogs, indeed," replied Charles, "and I value them very much, but, sir," said he "you are the first person that has ever attempted to caress them and succeeded. They are not usually, I may say never, much disposed to make friends with strangers, or even to suffer any advances from them; and I must confess that I was a good deal surprised to see them at your side when I came out here."

"Oh," replied Le Beaux, "that is not very strange, sir, for I love a dog very much, and I often think that they know a good deal more than many men do, and they certainly often are a good deal better friends than rational animals. I never saw a dog yet that would not answer my kindness by affection, and unceasing devotion, and I never found one that injured me. These dogs, if I am not much mistaken, are full blooded hounds, and very fine samples of their breed they are too, if I can judge from their looks: may I ask you where you obtained them?"

"Certainly, sir," said Charles, "I brought them from New York; they were a gift to me from an old friend. They are of a famous dam, and pure breed, and I believe cannot be excelled for their qualities as hunters."

"They are truly powerful looking dogs," said Le Beaux, "with limbs as muscular and strong as those of a panther, and a buck would stand but a poor chance with them at his heels."

"Yes," said Charles, "I can, without fear of contradiction, assure you that there are not a pair of better trained hounds to be found in the country.—They will follow the chase from sunrise to sunrise, right sharply too, without resting."

"I like much to follow after such dogs as those," said Le Beaux, "their strength is truly remarkable. I can readily see that, from their deep full chests, and the large strong muscles that hang about their throats, and around their jaws; I think they would be more than a match for a bear, in a fair fight, or even a panther."

Charles thought this a good opportunity for opening his negotiations with him, and Jonathan having joined him, they sat down beside Le Beaux, and replied to his remarks:

"I should indeed be glad to have you hunt with my hounds; and perhaps we may enjoy that pleasure together; I am bound for the hunting grounds West, and wait only to find a friend and companion, who is acquainted with these long forests, to set off. I wish I might persuade you to go with us, sir; it would be a very great obligation you would confer upon us by so doing; but from what I have learned of your occupation and manner of spending your time, I hardly dare to hope that I can induce you to accompany us."

The old hunter watched Charles very closely while he was speaking, but not a muscle of his countenance moved; his clear bright eye was fixed straight upon him, and he lost not a word that was uttered. When Charles stopped speaking, Le Beaux asked him what his plan for his hunt was, and how far he meant to go, and how large a company he proposed to take with him.

Charles, in reply, detailed to him his plan as we have already described it. When he came to speak of his motives and wishes in regard to it, and the interest he felt for the red man, his feelings kindled, his eye beamed with warmth, and truth declared herself present with him in the earnest, deep tones of his voice. Le Beaux at this seemed much moved—his countenance assumed a look of deep interest; his eye sparkled with responsive sentiments, and his whole

bearing changed to that of an absorbed, deeply moved listener; and when Charles ceased, his features were animated, and glowing with excitement, for he was aware that he experienced a strange, thrilling feeling of enthusiasm, in the presence of this man. Something misty, indistinct, indescribable, it is true, but yet powerful and commanding, impressed him when in the presence of this hunter, and seemed to shadow forth in the future, that he was to be much influenced and closely allied to him; he felt as if he had met a being who was born to exercise a powerful or spiritual interest over him. As he was speaking, his great personal beauty shone forth with most impressive power, and excited the admiration of both his listeners. The old hunter gazed upon him with a stedfast look, and undisguised pleasure and delight. He had from the first moment he saw him, felt an unusual and strange interest in him, though he had not manifested it; it had deepened, too, and in spite of himself, Charles would occupy his thoughts; he felt in fact, a secret, spiritual influence upon him—a reciprocal feeling, and knew from a conviction that sprang up spontaneously in his mind that he was to be deeply, intimately connected with his future welfare.

"Yes," said Le Beaux, when Charles finished speaking, "I will willingly, gladly go with you. I knew before you asked me that you would apply to me; and I have thought it all over, and have concluded to be your guide and companion."

He spoke this in a firm, decided tone, like one whose mind is made up.

Charles and his cousin started, and exchanged glances of surprise with each other; there was something so singular in his abrupt address—so unexpected was his sudden acceptance of their offer; so gladly and even delightedly did he appear to grant their request, which they had been led to believe, would be so difficult for them to obtain from him. Besides, his manner and the tone which he used, was that of one who has deliberated, and reflected, and decided carefully and advisedly what he says. All these circumstances surprised them, and struck them with astonishment and wonder.—Something very like fear not unmixed with awe, took possession of the mind of Charles, but he almost instantly recovered from it. His cousin, who, as we have seen, formed a high opinion of Le Beaux at first sight, and had his opinion strengthened by what he had both heard and seen of him since then, and who never feared anything, was only glad that their proposition was so well received; a little surprised perhaps, at the manner in which it was done, but he felt that they had secured an excellent guide, and one entitled to their confidence and esteem. Charles very warmly thanked him for the readiness with which he obliged them. His cousin joined his thanks with them, and then promising to see him again soon, they separated.

Soon after our young friends departed from Le Beaux, and were alone by themselves, their interview with him was brought forward as the subject most interesting to them:

"Well, my shrewd cousin, what do you think of our new companion and guide, now?" said Charles.

"I am even better pleased with him, than before," said Jonathan, "I don't know when I've met with a stranger that has interested me so much on a first acquaintance,—always excepting yourself, my excellent cousin."

"But that was a strange way of accepting our offer, you must confess; and did you mark what he said at the same time? I know that I did however, without waiting your reply; for I recollect just as he uttered it, I caught your eye turned to me; how was it possible that he should have known we were about to ask him to be our guide? It really perplexes and puzzles me, I must confess."

"I did not remark anything very strange about his manner," replied Jonathan, "I thought it a straight forward, honest answer, and felt much obliged to him for not keeping us in doubt and delay; I saw you start a little when he said he knew that we should ask him to accompany us, but I really don't think there was anything very remarkable in that; it proved him, to be sure, to be a keen observer of men, and a bold philosopher in declaring his suspicions; I see noth-

ing more in it. Seeing us here so far from the settlements, and observing I presume the trappings we had with us, he very naturally judged that we were bound on a hunting expedition; and from our appearance, I suppose he conjectured we should want a guide, and he knew enough of himself, to feel assured that he would be the one we should choose, as sensible men; but he is certainly a fine fellow, and very intelligent; I feel perfectly satisfied with our success in this respect, I assure you, and hope that we may meet with equal good fortune in other things. But you are not afraid of him, Charles, because he guessed right about us, are you? There's nothing to fear about that man, I'll answer for it; and besides, I do really believe he has conceived a strong liking for you."

"No," said Charles, "far from having any fear of him, I am inclined to put the greatest confidence in him; and I see by the way in which he is treated here, that he is considered no common personage. I am equally pleased and well satisfied as yourself on this point; although I may not think about him in all respects as you do, I anticipate with such a guide, we shall have some rare sport this winter. Certainly, if he is so well acquainted with the forests as our host would have us believe, we shall find hunting ground at least, and the rest depends upon ourselves. Are you a good shot, Jonathan?"

"Well done, Charles," said Jonathan, "that's what I call a plumper. If I say yea, and hereafter miss my aim, then I shall be laughed at as a vain boaster; and serve me right, too; but if, on the other hand, I answer nay, then do I belie my very kind and much esteemed friends, who were wont to assure me I was a great marksman; and, moreover, I shall lose my chance of showing my skill, or betraying my lack of it. I trust we shall soon have a chance of showing how true an eye and steady a nerve we possess; and if I am not much mistaken we shall need all the sharpness we possess to preserve the good opinion of our guide as sportsmen. But I have a rifle, Charles, I am not ashamed of, at any time, or in any place; all I hope is, that my rifle is as well pleased with me as I am with it. A better piece I believe never was made. It will carry five hundred yards without dropping a hair's breadth; with force sufficient, too, to drive it through a two inch plank."

"Well," said Charles, we shall soon have an opportunity to display our skill; for we shall leave immediately, if our good friend Le Beaux is prepared and willing to do so. I am not much in the habit of boasting, but I have a rifle that I will put against any other you can find. It throws its balls true as a die, and will hit wherever it is aimed at.—But this reminds me of one thing; you have no shot-gun with you, my excellent cousin; I have two double barreled, and as we may meet with opportunities for using them on our journey to the camping ground, I shall insist upon you taking one of them; I cannot possibly want or use them both, and it will be quite a relief to me if you will take one. I will bring it out to-night before we retire."

Jonathan, though reluctant to accept of this generous offer, thought, still, that he would best please his cousin by doing so; that his feelings would indeed be hurt if he did not; and it was therefore settled without any opposition on his part, that he was to receive and carry off the gun. He was the more reluctant to do so, as he had seen the guns, and knew them to be of the most expensive workmanship, and most highly finished, richly ornamented guns.

"And now," said Jonathan, "these things being settled, what do you say to our starting off immediately? The sooner the better, I think; you know the old adage, 'first come, first served.'—If we are first on the ground, we stand the best chance of a favorable choice.—Suppose we mention this to old Le Beaux, in the morning."

"Very well," said Charles, "I am as anxious to leave as yourself, and there is no reason I know of, why we should remain here longer, now that we have obtained a guide, and unless Le Beaux has something to keep him, we will start at once. I will follow your suggestion and speak to him in the morning."

This ended their conversation upon

this subject and the rest of the day they devoted to their own individual affairs; and in the afternoon they took a walk together in the woods near the cabin, conversing about their plans for the winter, and picturing in their imagination the scenes which a forest life would open to them.

On returning in the evening they found an addition to their party, of two Indian warriors and hunters; they were on their way from the lakes, where they had been with a large party of their tribe on their annual fishing and hunting and trading expedition. The rest of the party had gone on several days before, and they were now endeavoring to overtake them. They were dressed in loose deer skin breeches, a cotton shirt, and a slouched cap. They wore on their feet deer skin moccasins, that were richly ornamented with stained porcupine quills, and beads wrought into them. They carried in the girdle that they wore about their loins, a long hunting knife and a tomahawk, the true Indian weapon.—Both were also armed with short rifles. They took no notice whatever of our young friends when entering the room; although they both continued to watch them closely, all the while supper was preparing; and Jonathan made two or three ineffectual attempts to enter into conversation with them. The only reply he received from them being a sound coming from the lowest depths of their throats, and sounding more like a low grunt than anything else. When supper was ready, all sat down together; the new comers showed their free and easy manners by helping very abundantly at once, without word or sign, to whatever they fancied, using their fingers in a way that showed how much superior hands and fingers are to knives and forks, for such purposes. They ate a great deal and ate very fast. As soon as they had finished, a few satisfied grunts attested that fact; then without further social discourse they moved away from the table, and drawing near the fire-place, stretched upon the floor, and were soon lost in sleep.

Our friends who had remained in the room to watch their proceedings, and who were much amused at their manner of doing things, now lighting their cigars repaired to the grass plot in front of the cabin, where Le Beaux was sitting quietly smoking his pipe, and taking their seat beside him, entered into conversation with him.

In reply to the questions they asked concerning the Indians they left in the cabin, he told them what we have already said about them; and further added "they belong to the Sioux nation, and are very bad Indians; the lie is always first on their tongue, and cunning in their hearts; they are dogs, and bitter enemies to the white man."

Jonathan then asked him who Ottahontas was, and what tribe he belonged to? He said from what he had heard of him, he felt much interested in him, and desired to see him.

The question seemed to pain Le Beaux, for he at once suffered his head to sink down upon his chest. He made no answer. He seemed at once to have sunk into profound reflection, and to be lost in the absorbing thoughts which Jonathan's question excited. For some minutes he preserved this attitude, during which not a word was spoken; and Jonathan began to fear he had said something that had wounded his feelings; when suddenly he raised his head, and regarding them for a few moments with a sad look, thus commenced speaking in a low, earnest tone:

"It is now more than eighteen years since I saw the boy of whom you spoke, but it seems as fresh to my mind as if it were but yesterday, when the sad scenes of which I am about to speak, were before my eyes. I was then but a youngster myself. I was passing through the thick and verdant forests that lay near the sources of the great Columbia river, after having paid a visit to the white settlers, who had established a trading post at the mouth of that river, when I entered a part of the woods that was covered with a dense undergrowth of stunted hemlock and bushes, intermingled with the wild vines, which in those places grow most luxuriantly, forming with their thick tangled masses, impenetrable coverts for the wild beasts, where they

nide themselves when chased by the roving hunters.

"As I cautiously approached this spot I thought I heard a sudden rustling of the leaves, and looking closely in the direction of the sound, which appeared to come from the thicket, I distinguished a slight trembling of the branches—so slight, however, that none but the most watchful eye could possibly have detected it. It ceased almost the instant I looked that way; and from this circumstance I was led to suspect that the voice I had heard, and the moving of leaves I had seen, proceeded from some more cunning and crafty creature, than any of the wild animals that roamed in those wilds. It was indeed very like the skulking, cowardly red skin, when dogging the footsteps of an enemy, whose blood he thirsts after, and whose scalp he covets. Carrying my rifle to my arm, I carefully examined the priming, then tried the lock, and after rubbing my thumb nail across the flint several times, and satisfying myself that all was right, I noiselessly cocked it, and looking out carefully from behind the tree, where I had ensconced myself at the first sound I heard, and which hid me from the thicket, I watched in breathless silence for some further sound or motion, which should enable me to distinguish what sort of an animal I had fallen upon, and how I should act. I knew very well, that if it was any wild animal, by keeping perfectly still, it would soon recover from the surprise and fright my approach had caused it, and again be in motion. But if, on the contrary, it was a red skin as I suspected, and he had only been startled by the noise of my footsteps as I came up, and had not seen me, he would at last come out from his hiding place; though I would, in this case, be obliged to keep my concealment somewhat longer. But if I had been observed, which I thought most probably was the case, then it was a trial of cunning and sharpness between us, and woe to him who should expose himself in any part. I must resort to some trick to baffle his designs upon me, and cheat him, if possible, of his desired victim.—My wish was, if possible, to lure him from his hiding place. While I revolved in my mind the stratagems that were suggested to me, or were before known to me, and endeavored to fix upon some device by which to accomplish my wish, the thought came to me that if I were to take my cap and put it upon the end of a stick, and then slowly move it to one side of the tree, where it would be seen by my enemy, it would perhaps draw his fire, and thus give me an advantage over him. As I was about putting this scheme into execution, still keeping my eye fixed upon the spot where I had heard the rustling of the leaves, and holding my ear attentively to catch the slightest sound that might fall, I saw the branches slowly and gently parting, and soon I beheld a head peeping through this opening: still I did not fire; something whispered to me to forbear. After carefully looking around and listening, my enemy seemed satisfied with his search, nothing being in view; I having withdrawn myself behind my tree in such a manner that I could observe all his motions without exposing myself.

"Slowly he emerged from his concealment. First, after having got his arms and shoulders through the tangled vines and netted underbrush, he raised himself up and took a long, a searching survey of all around him. He then, as if fully assured of his being alone, came boldly out, and began at once picking and eating the wild berries that grew near the thicket. When he came fairly before my view, I was much surprised and pleasantly disappointed on discovering that he was but a small child. He could not have been much upwards of four years old, yet had he practiced all the art and cunning of an old red skin. I still continued concealed from him, behind the tree, having made the resolution to catch him; for, on seeing his face, I at once recognized him as the son of the Valley chief, my much esteemed friend. As I was reflecting, and doubting, and perplexing my brain as to what could have caused the youngster to be here, so far from the camp ground of his father's lodge, I recollected a report that had reached me a few days before, that a large party of warriors of the Blackfeet

nation had been seen lurking in the neighborhood of the Valley chief's lodge; and suddenly the truth flashed upon me: the report which I had deemed idle was true—their enemies had fallen upon them. This explained the conduct of the child, and the fact of his presence where I found him, while it excited my worst fears for my friend and his people. Believing if I spoke to the child, he would run away from me at the sound of my voice, and take to his hiding place, I rested my rifle against the tree behind which I was standing, and watching my opportunity, when he had approached near to where I stood, and his back was turned to me, while he was stooping down to pluck some berries, I crept softly up to him, and, ere he was aware of my approach, put my arms about him. He gave a wild, piercing scream at first, and his little frame trembled in my arms; but it was for a few minutes only; for, turning his head round, he glanced timidly at me: one look was sufficient to reveal to him his father's friend and frequent guest.

"He uttered an exclamation of joy and delight, and turning round, threw his arms about my neck, and clung to me as if I had been his only friend, and he feared he should lose me. I spoke to him in my kindest manner, and asked him how long he had been there, and if he was not cold and hungry? The poor little fellow looked up in my face, while I spoke to him, and the tears came filling his eyes and trickling down his cheeks, then, in a voice so low and sad it made my heart ache to hear it, he said he had been here four dark nights, counting over his fingers to me; that he had called after his father and mother till he fell to crying, and then, he said, he knew not how it was, but he went to sleep, and when he opened his eyes again, the sun was bright, and night had gone. But his father and mother, he could not find them; they were gone, too; and he was hungry, so he came out of the bushes, where he had hid himself when his mother told him to run and hide, because they wanted to kill him, and he plucked those wild berries, pointing to those that grew around the spot where we were, and ate them He said he had found nothing but those to eat since the warriors drove him away, and carried off his father and mother. He was afraid to go away from the bushes, he said, lest those fierce warriors should find him and kill him; and when he ceased, he sobbed as if his little heart were breaking. I soothed him with kind words, and promised I would take care of him and go with him to find his parents. In this way I comforted him. I then took from my pouch some dried venison and maize cakes, and gave them to him to eat. After he had finished his meal, I questioned him as to what happened when he ran away. I gathered from him enough to convince me that my fears, which I have already spoken of, were true; and as I afterwards heard the facts of that fatal attack, I will here relate them to you.

"Ten days before the time when I found Ottahontas, his father's people were sitting around their camp fires, after having returned from a successful hunt, and a general feast was preparing for them, that all the village might join in welcoming back the brave hunters, and share in the bountiful repast their labors had won for them. They were completely off their guard, having thrown aside their arms to enjoy the feast; not the most distant suspicion of danger disturbed their happy breasts; they knew not that the deadliest, bitterest foe of their tribe was lurking close at hand, watching, like blood-thirsty devils, for the most unguarded moment when they could strike their unsuspecting victims. The first warning that awoke them from their dream of pleasure, was the sudden barking and howling of the dogs of the village; but it came too late: the next instant the Blackfeet warriors were upon them: their savage war cries filled the air, and howling like so many devils, more fierce and ferocious than wild beasts, they fell upon their surprised and defenceless victims. The fight was a short one—overpowered by double their own number, and all unprepared, they were mercilessly cut down where they stood—men, women, and children were most inhumanly, most cruelly mur

feted. It was a wholesale butchery, and one only, save little Ottahontas, escaped destruction. He fled, with his mother, at the first onset, and, running with all his speed so long as he could stand, he at last crept into an old hollow log, and hid himself. His mother, to baffle his pursuers, and save her boy, sacrificed herself. She might have escaped; but then her boy would have been in danger; and, like a heroine, she died for him. All night long the Blackfeet hung about the village, destroying all that remained of this once happy people. Towards morning, having burnt the wigwams and plundered all the property they found, they departed. Ottahontas lay still, scarce daring to breathe, in his hiding place: and not till some hours after the murderers had left, did he dare to crawl out: he then crept cautiously back to the village. What sorrow, what grief, what despair, child though he was, seized him as he looked around the wasted and ruined place, and saw the smoking ruins of all that was left of his father's and his tribe's happy home! And here, on either side, scattered around him, lay the dead bodies of his friends mutilated and horribly disfigured—all, all were dead. In silence and motionless he beheld the spectacle for some minutes, then, bursting into tears, he called on his father and mother to come to him—he besought them, with sobs and crying, to hear him; but still no answer: all was cold, still, motionless. He covered his eyes with his little hands, and wept as if he would weep away his life, or bring the dead back again: again he shouted his father's name: he plead, in tones of grief, that might melt the very rocks, for his mother to come once more to him; but there was no answer—still, all still, and lifeless was the solitude. The terrible quiet, the deathlike stillness, that reigned there, brought terror to him. He jumped to his feet—one moment he looked again upon the sad sight—all of anguish that his heart could feel was crowded upon him and depicted in that look—he gave one loud, long, agonizing scream, and then fled away like a wounded, affrighted fawn; hour after hour he kept on, and stopped not till the reached the spot where I found him, and where he hid himself.

"After I had finished questioning him, I took him with me and went back to his father's village, hoping, in spite of what he had told me, in spite of my own fears, that I might still find some of his family or friends alive. But, alas, my fears were all too true! I found them all dead—no voice nor sound broke the mournful silence that hung like a funeral pall above the place. There were the noble warriors whom I had known, with whom I had often smoked the pipe of peace and friendship, and from whom, not many days gone by, I had parted as if they were my brothers; there they all lay, their bodies mutilated and half consumed by the flames that burnt their peaceful homes—at the very side and opening of their wigwams had they died. Oh! how my heart ached at the sight! And even now, long gone as those days are, I cannot think of the scene, or speak of it, without tears," and he brushed away, with his large, rough hand, the tears that filled his eyes.

"But soon another spirit came over me—hot, burning hate for the murderers dried my eyes, and I vowed vengeance for the hellish wrong they had committed. I swore that they should answer me for the murder of my friends and companions; then, digging a grave, I buried them all in one great tomb, and, with little Ottahontas by my side, I said a prayer over them, and departed. The child cried again to his mother, and his grief poured forth afresh; but, taking him in my arms, I soothed him, and carried him from the place. He clung to me as if all his hopes, his very life, depended upon being with me. From that time up to this, he has been my companion, my son. I love him as if he were my own boy indeed; and he returns my love with all the ardor of his noble nature. And he is indeed worthy of all that I can do for him—of all the love I bear him. He is brave as a lion; at the same time full of generosity and benevolence, ever ready, and more than ready, to help and succor the needy and distressed. In daring and

address, he is a son worthy of his great sire. In the chase, none so swift of foot as he: fleet as the mountain deer he follows the chase. In him his father's and his people's murderers have found a mighty and terrible avenger. Often have I stood by his side, when warring against the Blackfeet, and been filled with wonder and astonishment at his unrivaled prowess and supernatural strength. But he is, with all these traits, modest and unostentatious; his heart is a Christian heart, and full of love and pity towards his fellows; all who know him respect and love him. Of his person I need not speak, as you will soon have an opportunity to judge for yourselves."

With this Le Beaux ceased speaking, and again, as suddenly as before, withdrew into himself, at once yielding to the reflections and sentiments which were awakened afresh in his bosom. Charles and his companion did not disturb him; but, as the evening was quite spent, they soon bade him good evening, and left him.

CHAPTER VIII.

The next morning when they came to the breakfast table they missed the two guests of the previous evening; and inquiring of their host after them, he told them they had been gone many hours, and ere this time were many miles distant on their journey. After breakfast Charles said to Le Beaux that he was anxious, as soon as possible, to be on his way, and asked him when he should be ready to leave. Le Beaux replied that a very short time would be sufficient for him to prepare himself; that he only wished to make some slight, trifling repairs on his rifle, for damage which it sustained on his last scout, and then, said he, I am at your service. He could be ready at noon, he further said, if it would accommodate them. Charles thanked him for his kindness, and after a little further consideration about the baggage they were to take, and the route they were to pursue, they concluded to be all ready, if possible, to leave the following day.

By the advice of Le Beaux, our friends supplied themselves with Indian leggins and moccasins, which they purchased from the owner of the cabin. Le Beaux immediately set about repairing his rifle. He loved it with a love strong and lasting as that he bore his favorite dog; it was indeed his most cherished friend, and he always carried it with him wherever he went. He allowed no one but himself to handle it. It was a remarkable piece, not from its beauty, though the barrel was one of the finest I ever saw. It was very long—more than six feet—and very heavy. It carried a large ball, and in his hands was a most dangerous weapon to encounter. It may seem almost incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that he could hit within the size of a dollar at five hundred yards distance, and thought it no remarkable performance either.—He had popped off many a red skin in his day who had rashly exposed himself, at more than that distance, deeming himself safe and out of the reach of mortal power.

His repairs were soon finished, and in a neat, skillful style, too. The rifle polished and cleansed, a labor which even a nice sportsman would have deemed unnecessary, for it looked as trim when he began as if just from the hands of the maker; but he suffered not even a spark of dust or powder stain to remain upon it: always saying when addressed with regard to it, "one cannot do too much for so old, so good a friend, if he has a spark of gratitude about him." After he had finished his own matters, at the request of our friends he inspected their preparations. He found it necessary for them to throw aside many superfluous articles which they had stored away with their baggage, and reduce their package to the smallest possible size, embracing all that was necessary and that even would be desirable for them to carry with them; saying that the less they took with them the better, as often in changing their hunting grounds and going from one place to another, they would

be obliged to carry their own baggage along with them; and perhaps for a considerable distance. In addition to their present list of articles, he procured for each a leathern bag, or pouch, in which they should carry their food and beverage; such an one as it is usual for hunters to take with them on similar expeditions. All these things were attended to during the day. The remaining baggage they were not to take with them, was carefully stowed into their trunks, and by the advice of Le Beaux sent a short distance down the river, to be kept by one of his friends until they returned.—There was a bale or two, however, which contained Jonathan's stock and assortment of goods for Indian traffic, a part of which was at present to be left at the cabin, the remainder was to be carried upon pack horses along with our little party, and Le Beaux promised to see that the rest should be forwarded in season to him, after they were established in good quarters. These arrangements occupied the whole day, and they were fairly through and everything ready for a start. Supper hour had come.

"Beef for half a dozen," said the Yankee, when he took his chair at the board, "I feel as hungry as a half-starved bear."

"I reckon we can satisfy your cravings, young man. Just cut away at that venison there," pointing to a large dish of steak that would have fed a regiment—if there were not too many in it, always understood of course.

Jonathan did his best, and then was laughed at by his host as a man of a weak stomach, and a mighty small eater.

"Why," said he, after having devoured about four times the amount Jonathan had stowed away, "I don't kinder feel like eatin' much of anything to-night. I have been kinder out o' sorts for two or three days."

Jonathan said nothing, but opened his eyes an inch or an inch and a half wider than usual, and then adjourned. Charles soon followed him; and, as on the preceding evening, they took their seats in front of the cabin, having first lighted their cigars, and again entered into conversation with Le Beaux. In answer to one question put to him by Jonathan, whose curiosity had been much excited by the story of Ottahontas, and his interest in him being alive, he wished to know something more of his family. In answer to his questions, I say then, Le Beaux gave them the following narrative, which is a brief sketch in the life of the Valley Chief, the father of Ottahontas:

"In the rich lands which lay between the Rapid and Platte rivers were located the domains of this great chieftain, and here was the home of his people. Frequent wars with the surrounding fierce and hostile tribes, who made repeated predatory excursions into their peaceful encampment (for they were more than any other tribe of Indians disposed to cultivate the earth, and imitate the whites in their manners and mode of living) had greatly reduced their numbers and much impoverished them during the few years that passed previous to the time when the remnant of this unhappy tribe were so unexpectedly, and so cruelly fallen upon and destroyed, as we have related in the story of Ottahontas. The ruling chief, as I have said, was the father of Ottahontas, and known among the wild tribes of the region as the Valley Chief, having derived his title from the lands he possessed. In his lineal ancestors the tribe had for many generations found their leading and most distinguished chiefs.—They had, from father to son, handed down their family line those striking qualities and marked traits of character in all their shining lustre and brilliancy, which at all times ensure the respect and draw to their possessors the admiration of savage nations: brave and foremost in war; quick to avenge the wrongs of their tribe; distinguished above the boldest and most expert for their daring and skill in the chase; in council, grave, calm, deliberate and dignified in their bearing; wise and prudent in their advice, they swayed the councils of their tribe for many years, with great honor to themselves, and received the grateful approbation, and enjoyed the deep, strong attachment of the nation at large. But in the early life of the Valley Chief a succession of disasters and defeats happened to the tribe, not at all owing to any want of ability, or lack of efforts on the part of their

chief; but from causes as irresistible and fatal in their results, as mysterious and inscrutable in their origin; parts and links in that great chain of circumstances and events by which the mighty Ruler of the world accomplishes his designs.—For the fulfillment of some great purpose, the red man is fast fading away from the land of his fathers, and is destined ere long to be swept from the face of the earth.

The powerful tribes of Black-feet and Sioux, (whose hunting grounds lay north and north-west of this tribe, in the region watered by the Loup Fork river, which runs easterly and empties itself into the Platte near the junction of the latter with the Missouri) were jealous of the growing prosperity and increasing wealth which attended his tribe—or remnant of a tribe rather—from a friendly and constant intercourse with the whites, from which they added to their wealth by traffic.—Besides these foes, on the other side to the south were the hunting grounds and villages of the Pawnees, a fierce, warlike and numerous tribe. All these tribes at various times and on repeated occasions, made war upon their less numerous and more peaceably disposed neighbors for the sake of plunder, and many were the bloody encounters that took place between them. In all these the Valley Chief showed himself worthy of the line of chieftains from whom he had sprung. With coolness and intrepid bravery he led his warriors in the forefront and thickest of the battle. Loudest of all rung his shrill and terrible cry, as he rushed upon his foes in the deadly strife: and last of all was he to retire when borne back by the irresistible force of overpowering numbers. His feats of personal prowess were themes of his nation's praise; the glory of his tribe; the wonder and terror of his enemies: and with pride the young men of the tribe were pointed to their chief as their model in the practice of war.

"Who," said they "can follow the war path with feet as swift and untiring as our great chief? Whose eye like his can trace the lightest foot-print, or bounding steps that have been traced upon the thick grass in the wild woods and pathless forest? Or who can meet his deadliest foe with heart so great, so bold?"—Could the labors of any single hand, or the wisdom of any one great mind have arrested the doom of his people, then had the Valley Chief done it. But fate had destined otherwise. Notwithstanding the losses which his enemies suffered when they encountered this brave chief: notwithstanding the repulses they often met with, from an enemy as far inferior to them in numbers as they were superior to them in bravery, skill, and all the devices of savage warfare; yet did their unconquerable and restless hate inspire them again and again to attack their brave foe; and these struggles were most disastrous to both parties. They fought to the death; hand to hand they grappled with each other, and not until very many had fallen, and the ranks became thinned, or accident had brought an end to them, did these obstinate, desperate fights cease. By these means the tribe of the Valley Chief was greatly weakened, and his ranks much thinned. The warriors that went on the war-path came back no more to council; they heard no longer the exulting, inspiring war-cry of their great chief, and the voices of their desolate squaws was changed into mourning and lamentation.

At last by these oft repeated battles, reduced to a little band, by the counsel of their no less wise than brave chief, they left their homes and sought new lands nearer the friendly abode of the white man, and at the time this last remnant were cut off by the Black-feet, and Ottahontas alone escaped, they were living in their new home, whither after the lapse of a few years their remorseless enemies had followed them, to wreak their vengeance upon them for the death of many of their bravest warriors that had fallen by the hands of this bold tribe, when fighting for their homes and in defence of their families: this, too, after they had stripped them of their wealth, which first awakened their savage envy, and after they had moreover driven them by repeated aggressions from their ancient home. Though eternal hate had been long declared between them; though the most bitter hostility had ever since their

first hostile acts been cherished by them; yet up to the time when the ruin of the Valley Chief and his people was accomplished, during a period of several years immediately following their removal, they had limited their operations to chance encounters, and gratified their feelings of bitter hate by falling upon and killing the straggling members of either party whenever opportunity offered. The destructive and desolating battles among them had ceased; partly because their enemies saw no further hope of plunder, having stolen all they possessed already, and partly because they feared the pale faces, who were the friends of their foes, and they were living under their protection.

"It was in these chance encounters in the wild forests," said Le Beaux, "that the great heart and wonderful powers of the father of Ottahontas were shown, but I will not tax your patience in relating them; this only will I speak of, as one of many which happened to him. It was late in the fall of the year, and the tribe were but poorly supplied with food, when one morning the chief, with a chosen band of his remaining hunters and warriors, armed for war as well as prepared for the chase, a custom which they constantly followed, left their home to seek for buffalo on a small prairie which was distant some fifty miles from their village to the south, in the valley of the river Platte. This section of country is extremely fertile, and here vast herds of buffalo find abundant food. It is also one of the most beautiful sections of land in all the wide West. Through the fertile and green-clad vales, flow murmuring streams of crystal water, that wind in varying and ever changing curves and rounded turnings, as on they flow to the sea. There is one larger than the rest, that rules over all the rest and receives their voluntary tribute to swell its tide.—The breadth of this river is about two hundred feet; its current swift at the head of the valley where it enters these fair fields of nature; its smooth flow is occasionally broken by rapids; there, too, on either side, rise the red precipices, perpendicular, and in some parts projecting and overhanging the bed of the river like huge arches cut from the solid cliffs, which tower on high sometimes two, and even four hundred feet, crowned with green summits, on which the lofty whispering pines in scattered clumps are growing; rearing their stately heads as it seems to the eye of the beholder even to the very clouds, that ever hang in white piles above this spot. There, for hundreds of years, like bands of faithful, untiring sentinels, they have stood, as if to guard the approach to this romantic and picturesque spot. Amongst and around the clumps of pine, grew the cherry with its bright, shining leaf, and the currant with its dark green coat; here and there were varied and bright colored wild flowers, all uniting in bestowing a pleasing variety to the luxuriant foliage that covered the earth. Viewed in the bright sunshine of a clear, pleasant morning, the scenery was truly of a most striking and romantic character, full of beauty and loveliness: a beauty derived in part from the picturesque disposition of the objects, and the vivid contrasts of colors here presented to the eye. It was to this place the Valley Chief and his band took their way to hunt the buffalo which come to these green valleys to feed. When he left his home, he calculated the probability of meeting with some one or more straggling parties of his enemies, either at the prairie or on the route; and, therefore, he proceeded with great caution on his path. Carefully and constantly did he look out for any marks or signs which should indicate the presence or vicinity of any foe; but no trails nor fresh foot-prints did they discover on their route—nothing which at all could awaken their ready fears, or forbode danger.

"The next day, at noon, they reached the borders of the prairie where they were to hunt. As they looked over the wide slope of this vast, natural grass field, they could see distinctly herd after herd of buffalo, feeding quietly in various parts of it; and they felt convinced, from what they saw, that there were no other hunters on the prairie besides themselves. And joyfully they laid their plans for a hunt early the next morning. Now they would refresh themselves with supper and sleep, and give their horses a chance for a meal in

the tall grass, after their long journey. By the first streaks of light that hailed the morn of the next day, they were stirring, and prepared for the hunt. Carefully and cautiously they approached the herd, in such a manner that they might not startle them by their catching scent of them through the air. To avoid this, they came upon them in the face of the wind. On reaching them, they easily secreted themselves near them; and then carefully selecting the fattest and finest of the herd that passed by them, they shot them down. So adroitly and dexterously did they accomplish this, that the herd were not only not frightened away, but did not notice the havoc that was making in their ranks, but kept on feeding in fancied security. When they had killed sufficient to satisfy their wishes, they came openly forth from their covert lurking place; and the buffalo, seeing them, took to flight at once, rushing at full speed across the open prairie, for the friendly forests that loomed up in the distance, skirting the sides of the prairie with a deep, dark green fringe. As the whole herd followed on, passing close upon each other, they looked almost like one vast moving mass, and the ground, for miles around, shook beneath their heavy tramp, while a low, but wide-spreading sound, like the rumbling noise of an earthquake, or the distant matterings of stifled thunder, filled the air.

"But now, the ground being cleared, our party commenced the labor of dressing those they had killed. This task they executed with wonderful rapidity, skill, and neatness. They bore the carcasses to that point on the verge of the prairie where their camp lay, having first cut them into pieces suitable for drying and packing. This occupied them for the remainder of the day. At night they made a luxuriant and bountiful supper upon the dainty bits chosen from their game. A sharp labor during the day gave them sharp appetites, and also brought them quiet, profound sleep.

"The next day the same process was repeated, with equal success; and in this manner they hunted for several successive days, without disturbance from any quarter, or without any event of importance transpiring with them. But, on the morning of the sixth day, the chief came hastily into the camp, and in a few, earnest words, told them he had seen a party of Blackfeet some miles above, and that they were evidently on their way to this spot, with the intention of hunting here.

"They consist," said he, "of several renowned braves and the most famous warriors and hunters of the tribe; and, as far as I could judge from the observations I made, are more than double our number. I am confident they did not see me while I was watching them, and I think, also, from the careless, unguarded manner they journey, that they are not aware that any other party is in the neighborhood." He then, in a short speech, in which he recounted the wrongs they had suffered from their hands, and the bitter enmity that was cherished by them against his own people, revived afresh the spirit of hate which slumbered in their breasts, and closed by urging them to seize the advantage his discovery had afforded them, and avenge themselves upon them. All hailed his proposition with eagerness and excited hope. He concluded by laying before them the plan for attacking which he had hastily formed. He proposed to meet them in a narrow pass at the hills, a few miles above where they were, and there lay in ambush for them. "For," said he, "they will pass through this defile, which is directly on their route, and then we can fall upon them ere they know of our presence, and destroy them." His plan was received with great readiness and unanimity, not one dissenting; and under his direction, in a few minutes every man, with his rifle loaded and his tomahawk at his belt, left the camp and followed, with noiseless, stealthy steps, their brave chief through the woods. Arriving at the pass where he was to meet them, he divided his party into two equal divisions, arranging them on either side of the defile; and after a few hasty directions, in which he bade them be cautious, and each single out the enemy in front of him with sure aim, he advanced a little beyond

them, bidding them wait his signal for the attack. They quickly concealed themselves behind the trees, and, in silence as complete as utter desolation, commenced their watch. They had not long thus to wait; for soon they both heard and saw their enemies approaching, in the careless manner their chief had described, not dreaming that, in this wild, silent spot, a foe was watching and lying in wait for them, more bitter, more dreadful than the most dreaded beast of the woods. Just as they entered the fatal pass, their chief rose slowly from his hiding place, and carefully scanning their ranks, waited until they had fairly advanced to that part where his trusty warriors were lying on both sides of them, ready to spring forth at his word; then he shouted his terrible war cry, till the forests rang again. At the same moment he raised his rifle to his shoulder, and, taking unerring aim, he sent a ball through the heart of a leader in the ranks of his foes. He fell from his affrighted steed, and rolled, in the last struggles of death, on the grass. Quick as echo answers to the call, did the responsive shouts and war cries of his warriors reply to his signal; and on both sides of his surprised and startled foes rose the fearful, the dreaded war whoop of their bitterest, deadliest enemies, and quick as thought the flash of their fatal rifles gleamed in the dark woods above and around them. True to their chief's command, each had chosen his victim, and marked him for certain destruction; for every shot, an enemy tumbled to the ground; and while the entrapped Blackfeet were striving with all their power to subdue their frantic chargers, the Valley Chief had dropped his rifle, and, tomahawk in hand, sprung after them. His followers sprung after him. Already had he struck down one, and another of his hated foes, panic-struck and confused for a few minutes. So complete was the surprise, they remained, as it were, stupified and confounded; but, soon bringing in their horses, they rallied, and closing in the mortal struggle, they fought with desperation. The Valley Chief had greatly underrated their numbers—instead of being double his own force, they were more than three times all his warriors; but such was the suddenness and power of the attack—such was the force of the Valley chief's arm—so quick and deadly were his blows, that they were utterly deceived, and imagined an overpowering force was with him, and fought only with desperation—without hope, without order.

"With three strong warriors opposed to his single arm in the midst of the carnage, the Valley chief found himself at length engaged; they were the sole survivors of their party. Already exhausted and faint from his mighty exertions, he was compelled for a moment to fall back, but rallying again as quickly, it seemed as if more than a giant's strength had been lent him. For flourishing his tomahawk around him, he parried all the blows aimed at him; in return he dealt them such irresistible blows as beat down their guard and crushed them before him. All three, one after another fell by his single hand. He, alone, had slain in the encounter, eight of the accursed Blackfeet, and well had his brave warriors sustained him; nobly had they acquitted themselves; and sweet was the feast of vengeance they had tasted. But of all that large party opposed to them, not one had escaped. Of his own party, four only were wounded, not one killed.

"Having scalped their enemies, they stripped their carcasses of everything, and left them where they fell, to be the prey of wild beasts and carrion birds, or else to rot unburied and unhonored.—Their horses, their rifles, their other weapons, all of their effects, they took as the spoils of war. This day's labors brought their hunt to a close; they had already taken sufficient buffalo to supply all their wants and wishes. This unexpected encounter, and the success which followed it, by throwing a large number of horses into their hands, afforded them the means of carrying home with them all the game they had taken, and the largest part of which, they would otherwise have been obliged to leave and return again for, with pack horses.

"So long as this great chief lived,"

said Le Beaux, "he was the terror of all his enemies. In single encounter he never met his equal, and often did he engage them at very great odds, and triumph over them. He was from first to last, the fast firm friend of the whites, with whom he mingled much, and to whom he rendered many important services But the manner in which he finally met his death you have already heard. I was often a guest at his lodge, and learnt to love him for his noble, generous nature—for his high souled principles—for the great, constant fortitude of spirit which ever supported him in all his sore, heavy troubles, and in the midst of those crushing, desolating reverses of fortune and successive calamities that fell upon his tribe. Nothing could break his spirit or sink him, but death, and not even that—it only took him away from our eyes, where we cannot behold his deeds. But death came at last and claimed him as his own, and now, of all his tribe Ottahontas alone remains."

Such was the story Le Beaux told of the Valley Chief. As he proceeded his feelings seemed deeply moved, and when he concluded, he folded his arms upon his chest and remained silent, like one in whom the grief and sorrows of by-gone days have been awakened afresh.

"As it was late in the evening," said Charles, (whose words we shall hereafter use,) we soon left him, sitting there motionless, absorbed in his own secret, profound reflections. With the first light of morning, Le Beaux called us, telling us at the same time that our horses had arrived, and also that breakfast was waiting for us. As we both agreed that it was too bad to keep so good a friend waiting, we hastened immediately to pay our respects to our steaming warm friend. Having performed this duty to our satisfaction, we next went out to inspect the horses which Le Beaux had procured for us, and which were to bear us on our journey; for we had intrusted to him this task, and he had sent to a friend for them the day before, from whom, he assured us, he could obtain just what we wanted. They were the genuine mustangs, or wild horses which had been caught by the Indians on the prairies, and afterwards broken to the bridle. They were dark bay horses, and looked enough alike to be brothers.—They were considerably under the common size, well made, with close small limbs, rather short bodies, long shaggy manes and tails. Their eyes were perhaps the most striking feature about them. They looked exceedingly wild and fiery; the round and full pupil that glowed like a tiger's eye, was very unlike the domestic horse in this respect, whose eye is ordinarily mild and quiet. Their chests were broad and deep, indicating great strength and power of endurance. On the whole, I was very well pleased with the appearance of my purchase.

We now set about preparing our packs for a start; the hounds were plentifully supplied with meat, and stood by the door stowing it away as readily as the two-legged dogs often do in a pinch.—During this performance, my cousin began and concluded his examination of the horses; he was well acquainted with horse flesh, and knew the marks and points about a horse as well as a professed jockey. I stood near Le Beaux, who was looking on while Jonathan went through with his scrutiny of the beasts; he was apparently pleased with the remarks of the Yankee, which escaped him from time to time, sometimes in the form of a soliloquy, sometimes to one, sometimes to the other of us, as he discovered the good points about the horses and pointed them out. When he had completed this task:

"Well," said he, in a satisfied, positive tone, "better built, more hardy, tough, trim, sleek looking ponies I never have seen; I am sure by the cut of the critters and the flash of the eye, they are regular grit, high mettled devils: just look at their windows, Charles; did you ever see a keener, sharper, more fiery eye-ball in the head of man or beast, in your life? I'll be bound we shall have some fine scampers on the backs of those fellows, this winter, Charles. I should just like to see the buffalo that would pretend to take a turn with them; I'd take him off his legs

pretty suddenly, I guess, and no mistake. Just let's see you mount that little critter, Charles; take care, you'll have to mind your p's and q's, or he'll give you a twist. I say, Le Beaux," said he at the same breath, turning to that individual, "are these nags well broken?"

Le Beaux, smiling at his question, replied that they were accounted two of the best trained hunters in those regions, "to be sure, they were in a sort, wild nags, and a man must have a care when he mounted them, for they might be a little frisky."

"Well, I guess they might," said Jonathan, "but I never saw the horse yet I was afraid to ride, and as one of these is to be my companion and servant, I'll mount him, if you please, and try his qualifications for the office."

Le Beaux said he knew the horse well, and he would hold him by the bit while he mounted; then unfastening the bridle, he led him to a short distance from the cabin into the open ground.—Jonathan, without hesitation leaped upon his back. No sooner did he touch him, than he started; Le Beaux spoke to him, and still kept hold of the bit, until Jonathan was fairly seated, and had taken possession of the bridle; then telling him to be ready, let go his hold, and at the same time stepped aside. At the same instant, the horse gave a leap, and off he went like a streak of light, jumping, leaping, and performing a variety of wild pranks, all with the view to throw off the incumbrance. But it was no use: Jonathan sat him like a true knight. Nothing the agile and fiery animal could do, could move him. He at first gave him loose rein, and allowed him to show off all his tricks and capers, then reining him with a strong hand, he spoke kindly to him and patted his neck with one hand; very soon he was completely subdued and obediently acknowledged his master. When he returned to his companions he was eloquent in the praise of his horse. His gait, he said, was as easy as the motion of a cradle, and from his start he knew, and felt assured his speed was tremendous, and on occasion, would defy the pursuit of any foe, however well mounted.

Le Beaux and myself, who had watched this first exhibition of his horsemanship with great interest, expressed our admiration at the skill with which he managed him, and the grace with which he sat him.

"Well," said Jonathan, "he is just the critter I guessed he was: he knows when he finds his master. But, I tell you, it is no boy's play to ride him, that's a fact." At the same time, dismounting and holding him by the bridle, he said to Charles, "It's your turn, now, cousin; come, let's see what sort of a beast you've got there."

Charles at once mounted his horse, and in better style, too, than his cousin, resolving not to be outdone by him. Catching the bridle, as he jumped upon him, quick as thought away bounded the horse, rearing, jumping, and plunging, first to one side then to the other, like a mad bull. Charles sat him as firmly as though he were a part and parcel of him, and quickly bringing him in, he turned about, and, at an easy pace, rode him to the starting place.

Le Beaux and Jonathan both could not help expressing their surprise at the readiness with which he had humbled the proud spirited steed.

"You are both excellent riders," said the Guide. "Few men, unaccustomed to them, could have kept the saddle the first trial. I rarely ever saw horses managed so well; but I am very glad to find you such excellent horsemen; for it is truly one of the most necessary qualifications for those who travel these western wilds."

Our little party now made all possible dispatch, fastening the luggage upon the the pack horses which were to bear it, and having accomplished this, they bade adieu to their host, and mounted their now tractable and quiet horses, and set forth.

But, excuse us, kind friends, we are a little too fast. We have forgotten, in our interest for our two cousins, to say a word as to the figure and equipment of our worthy guide, an omission by no means pardonable. Therefore, just curb your impatience for a few minutes, as we have done the fiery-footed steeds,

while we tell you all about him. The guide, as we have before said, had a strong built, powerful, heavy frame; and now as he stood by the side of his horse, ready to mount, we will try to describe him to you. He was dressed in complete hunting costume; he wore about the upper part of his body, and around his shoulders and chest, a blue checked cotton shirt; under this a close vest of dressed deer-skin, which fitted tight to his body; a pair of stout woolen trowsers, of a gray color, covered his nether limbs; over these were drawn a pair of deer-skin leggins, of enormous size, reaching from his ankles to his thighs, where a broad, strong leathern belt confined them in their place, and served also as a girdle; from one side of this belt hung a long sheathed hunting knife; into the other side he had stuck a huge hatchet, with a head like a tomahawk, that would prove a very terrible weapon in the hands of its muscular possessor, in a close fight; his head was covered with a close seal-skin cap, while his feet were encased in thick deer-skin moccasins. This completed his costume, from head to foot. On one arm rested that long, heavy rifle, which we have elsewhere mentioned, and which was his inseparable companion. His horse seemed to have been selected with admirable discernment and judgment for the labor he was to perform, and the burden he was to bear. Instead of mustang, he was a large, powerful animal, and looked like a thoroughbred English hunter. His frame was large and muscular, at the same time symmetrical and elegantly proportioned, and well built for speed. His head was finely formed, and quite small; his neck beautifully arched, and adorned with a long, glossy, silken mane; his haunches smoothly rounded; his legs firmly knit and trimly jointed, showed him to be, at all points, a perfect, a beautiful horse, and one of great value. He seemed to be much attached to his master, and manifested his affection by rubbing his head against him gently, as he stood by him, and seeking the caresses Le Beaux was wont to bestow upon him. Our guide, before mounting him, stroked his head with his hand, and patted his shining neck fondly, saying, at the same time, in his ear, "We're off again, my old Rover, on a long hunt, with brave young followers: you must show them what you're made of before we get back again." The horse proudly raised his head, and, glancing around him with flashing eye, seemed as if he understood his words, and would in this way answer him according to his wishes. Le Beaux then mounted him. He remained perfectly quiet until his master was fairly seated upon his back, and did not offer to move till his master, speaking to him, raised the bridle from his neck. Then, as if conscious that he was the object of our friends' gaze, he stepped slowly and proudly forth, shaking his waving mane, and distending his broad nostrils, and snuffing the air. For a few minutes our guide allowed him to show himself in this way, then curbing him, he turned, rode back, and gave a few last instructions to Le Pere and Le Noir, the half-breeds who were to take charge of the pack horses, pointing out to them the route they were to take; then, in a rapid pace, he joined our friends, when all three proceeded on their expedition.

The first day after leaving the rendezvous, which was about one hundred miles to the northwest of Council Bluff, they traveled about forty miles in a westerly direction, or rather southwesterly, through a rich, fertile country, but wild and uncultivated. They were now at last launched upon the broad expanse of forest that stretched away hundreds of miles to the west, even to the shores of the boundless Pacific. All this vast tract is possessed by nomadic tribes of natives, who hold these lands as their hunting grounds, and over which they roam in restless activity. During this day's progress they came into the district held by the Pawnees, which extends for many miles along the course of the Loup Fork and Platte rivers.

This tribe are exceedingly crafty and treacherous, and by no means well disposed towards the whites, with whom they have mingled much, and from such intercourse learned only vice and evil.

They are scattered all over their wide lands, in small parties, during the summer and fall months, engaged in hunting and fishing in those beautiful forests and running streams, and often, too, in predatory excursions, entered into both for the sake of plunder and to gratify their burning love of war. Indeed, they are always at war with some one or another of the neighboring tribes, and often is the sleeping solitude of those mighty forests startled by the wild shouts and terrible war cries of those grim warriors of the woods. Unlike civilized nations, they do not conduct their wars by regular pitched battles. Victory may destroy and exterminate a tribe, but never does it conquer or subdue them—they are unconquerable. The spirit of the native American is stronger than life—it is stronger than death even. If the red warrior falls in battle, the shout of defiance lingers to the last breath upon his lips. If he, by the fortune of war, is made a prisoner, the most cruel and agonizing torture of his captors cannot make him swerve for an instant from his firm purpose; no cruelties or tortures can draw from him his secret, or force a submission from him; the most rich and seductive promises, the most tender and moving entreaties, fall alike unheeded upon his ears. The obstinate and unconquerable tenacity with which the American Indian holds his purpose, has ever excited the wonder and astonishment of the civilized nations of the world. When tied to the stake, to be burnt alive, (a mode of treating captured enemies not unfrequent with them,) and while the consuming flames that wrap him in a mantle of fire are kindling around him, he preserves, unflinchingly, unmoved, the haughty scorn and lofty disdain which he always professes for his foes. Tears and entreaty he leaves to women and pale faces. And should any unlucky wight so far forget himself as to show any, though it may be but slight, exhibition of suffering in the presence of his enemies, or so far yield to the promptings of a craven heart as to parley with his captors for ransom, he is forever disgraced. His memory, if he dies, is held in contempt; if he escapes, he is treated like a squaw, forevermore unfit for the noble and manly arts of war. Sometimes he is even destroyed by his own tribe: when they spare his life, it is only that he may become their slave and degraded servant. His life is less tolerable than the pains of death. Surprise and cunning are the means they use most frequently to overcome their enemies; and these qualifications are esteemed by them not less than true bravery. Hatred is ever cherished among hostile tribes. They never forget or forgive an injury; and whenever and wherever they meet, the deadly strife ensues. So long as a single member of the desolated, inimical tribe remains, the destroyers have in him a mortal foe.

We have made this short digression in our truthful tale, in this place, deeming it highly proper and becoming, since we have led our hero among a strange and new people, to say thus much concerning them.

CHAPTER IX.

But to resume the broken thread. Our young gentlemen had many opportunities offered them during their days' ride to display their skill as marksmen, upon which they were to depend for their supply of food. During the forenoon nothing of importance came across their path. There were, it is true, squirrels without number running along the ground beside their way, or leaping from bough to bough amongst the trees, but this was not the game they had come so far to hunt. Rabbits, too, frequently crossed their track, and often was their speed augmented, and their timid natures startled into terror, by the watchful bloodhounds that followed Charles, which would sometimes spring after them, and pursuing them, make the old woods echo with the deep baying of their open throats, until recalled by the hunter's whistle. In this way they rode leisurely along through the whole of the forenoon,

Jonathan from time to time asking some very natural and pertinent questions touching the character of sundry strange looking trees and bushes which grew along the path. If any new thing in the shape of tree, bush, bird, or beast caught his eye, he was sure to point it out to the guide, and inquire of him its nature; and nothing he saw, nothing he asked, but Le Beaux was acquainted with, and ready to explain to him.

At noon, under the lead of the guide they sought a green grove by the side of a cooling stream, whose pure and sparkling waters afforded them a refreshing draught, and stretching themselves on the soft green grass beneath the shady trees they ate the luncheon which they had brought with them with infinite relish, and keen appetites. Here they rested for an hour or more, sheltered from the mid-day sun, and gave their horses a chance for a dinner off the rich grass that covered the ground by the stream's green banks. At the expiration of this time, they were again in motion. High in spirits, delighted with every thing about them, they gave full flight to the bright fancies of the future, which sported in dazzling, alluring hue, before their mental vision, and often would they picture forth in glowing descriptions their future fancied scenes. Towards the close of the afternoon they came to a hill, around which their path wound in its ascent. It was covered with a thick, heavy growth of beech and chestnut, and as they began to climb its first gentle slope, the guide suddenly checked his horse, and turning his head in the direction of the hill above him, placed his hand just back of his ear, and leaning forward listened attentively to some sound which he seemed to hear in that quarter. Our young friends instantly checked their nags, and they too listened, but could hear nothing save the soft murmur of the running brooks that trickled down the hill side, and the low rustling of the moving leaves upon the tree tops. After remaining for a few minutes perfectly still, Le Beaux turned to them and said.

"There is a flock of turkies about three hundred yards above us, and they are on the ground; which of you will bring us in a couple of them for our supper to-night."

Both were ready and anxious to try their skill, but each from courtesy gave way to the other. Le Beaux, however, decided for them without delay, observing that Jonathan had better go, as the dogs would best remain quiet and obedient to our hero, and if they went they would certainly start the game, and they might lose them. Jonathan jumped from his horse, gave the rein to the guide, then loaded his fowling piece with large shot, and went cautiously in the direction pointed out by the guide. He knew the habits of the bird well, and was aware that he must approach them noiselessly, if he did so at all. He soon came to a spot where he saw them at a short distance off feeding on the ground as the guide had said. There was a large flock, and they were walking very near each other, so that he thought by getting a little nearer, and to the other side of them, he might fire in such a range as to kill several of them. This he accomplished without alarming them, and raising his piece to his shoulder, blazed away at them; then pushing forward the instant he had fired, he picked up three that lay on the ground mortally wounded; and a fourth with a broken wing and fractured leg, was making the best time he could for a thicket in the vicinity. This one received the second barrel of Jonathan's piece, which brought him to a sudden halt, and terminating his mortal existence added one more to the number of the captures. He picked them up and hastened back to his companions, well pleased with this first test of his shooting.—When they saw him laden with four, instead of two, fat turkies, they expressed a great deal of surprise at his success.—Le Beaux took them from him and looking at them said:

"You took them at just the right distance; had you gone nearer you would have missed two, perhaps three of them, for the shot would not have had distance enough to scatter; had you fired further from them it would have scattered too much, and very likely killed not a single one. We are much indebted to you for the good supper we are now sure of to-

night." So saying, he tied their legs together and flung them across his horse's back, and Jonathan mounting his steed they continued on. A short time after this as the sun was going down and the last flickering beams of daylight were hovering on the western clouds ere the reign of twilight should banish them from sight, and just as they entered a closely wooded valley, the dogs began to snuff the air, pointing their noses to the upper side of the path and pricking up their long ears, then uttering low growls, off they started in that direction. They had been gone but a few minutes ere their quick, short bark, so welcome a sound to the eager hunter, gave notice that they had started their game; and then followed the chase, enlivened by the loud and constant baying of the hounds, as on they came, driving before them their flying victim. From the sound, whatever animal they had started, was evidently approaching them. They cocked their guns and all stood ready to give him a warm greeting, should he come within range. They had but brief time of expectation, for soon a large buck having made a circuit about them, came out into the path about fifty yards ahead of them. The guide gave them warning of his approach, saying at the same time "fire when he is in the air." Scarcely had he uttered these words, before both fired at the same instant. So true was their aim that he fell headlong, tumbling upon the grass, and died without again rising. Le Beaux, when they had come up to him, drew his hunting knife and cut his throat, saying the venison would be the better for letting out the blood. Just as he did this, the hounds came up; Charles kept them back as they stood impatiently licking their jaws.

As soon as the deer was dead, Le Beaux went to work taking off his skin; this done, he then cut him up after hunter's fashion. This gave them all a load, and an abundant supply for their camp, which they pitched a short distance ahead, at a spot selected by the guide.—Here for a time all found employment. The game was stored away with their baggage, their horses unsaddled and turned out to graze, a little camp was built from the green boughs of the trees, which should shelter them for the night from wind and storm, their rifles and the few equipments they carried were brought into camp, boughs were cut and spread upon the ground, over which their blankets were spread, and all prepared for spending their first night in camp, in the woods. Next followed the preparation for supper. The turkies were dressed, and two of them roasted, the guide having kindled a fire from the dry brush, which sent up a column of black smoke that rose curling above the branches of the tall trees, while the flames crackled and sparkled cheerfully as they consumed the dry limbs, giving a lively animated aspect to the little camp. The turkies were suspended on a stick close to the burning coals and blaze, and the party sitting around recounted the adventures of the day, indulging in frequent sallies of wit and humor, which were followed with free shouts of laughter and unrestrained merriment, as Jonathan gave them some laughter moving pictures of wild life, which came from his lips with lively touches, and glowing conceptions. His spirits were always buoyant and fresh; his wit delighted to play and sport with ludicrous images and fantastic creations, which provoked mirth and put to flight all gloom from those about him. It was irresistible and always pleasing.

Nothing but success, uninterrupted success, had attended their day's ride, and all were in a fit mood to enjoy and contribute to the social glee which Jonathan felt, and led them to indulge in.

We will here again take the liberty, to make a digression in our narrative—a brief one only, so do not be alarmed—in order to introduce the contents, or part of the contents of a manuscript now in the possession of our hero, and written by him after the scenes and the events which it describes, had passed, and were concluded. Thus it runs:

"It might have been perhaps an hour after we stopped to camp for the night. the sun was just sinking behind the western hills, that lay far off in the distance, seeming like ridges of blue haze, or piles of heavy atmosphere, as it went

down, throwing a flood of golden light over the wide forests, that bathed in beauty the hill-tops and the green valleys, while here and there it came stealing through the dense foliage of the spreading trees, and glancing along the glassy bosom of the narrow lake, where all the rich and gorgeous drapery of clouds, and varied hues of light that hung the heavens above, were reflected back again to view, and there the struggling beams fall on the waters of the swift running streams, giving a brighter sparkle to the tiny waves that play over its ever changing face, or in sportive eddies and fretful currents went circling round the jutting rocks that reared their time-worn and rugged heads above the surface. While far off in the western sky floated the limitless, unmeasured fields of glorious clouds, in all of perfect nature's loveliest forms, there they rise, pile upon pile, like heaps of mountains thrown one above another, and yonder their graceful lines and slender bands seem like proud streamers that float upon the breeze from the lofty masts of some tall ship; here again you behold a flock of curling, wavy clouds that hang upon the sky like the shining ringlets and waving locks that erst floated around the polished neck and snowy bosom of the celestial Venus; from all these various forms and beauteous shapes, are reflected back the resplendent glories of the retiring god of day, in hues so bright and varying in tints, so soft, so entrancing, that all man's art, and toil, and striving pains, can but feebly imitate; as doth the transient, flickering glow of a candle resemble and compare with the dazzling splendor of a mid-day sun.'

The three wanderers who stood alone, far from the haunts of civilized man, in those vast, wild solitudes, at this quiet hour, when all seemed as if preparing for repose after the joys of another glad day of life, as if moved by the same impulse, secret and unspoken, but deep in their hearts, sought a gentle eminence that rose from the bosom of the wide extended valley, near to the place where the fires of their little camp were cheerfully blazing, and stretched forth far and wide, on every side its green, native fields, and standing there in pleasant silence, gazed with enchanted rapture upon the lovely scene. Their eyes eagerly drank in the glorious prospect that lay above and around them, and their bosoms swelled with lively, delighted emotions, as they beheld and felt the power, the wondrous, perfect beauty of nature's own painting, that now met their delighted vision, and bound them in silent adoration before its glory. For some time it continued unchanged, undimmed in all its brightness, its beaming effulgence; then gradually a change came over the earth; the twilight shades of evening gray rose slowly, creeping over the sky from the far off chambers of the east, first indeed but slightly veiling and dimming the beauteous hues and glories of one of earth's fairest scenes. Little by little the shadows thicken, and spread out farther and farther; now they speed their flight across the blue fields of heaven; the hills are wrapped in evening's mantle, they grow misty and indistinct before the eye; the valleys, too, are covered as with a broad veil. Suddenly a flashing beam lights up the scene again; it darts swift as thought across the arched dome of earth; it is but for an instant: like the last expiring struggle of a departing spirit, and so the vanquished god of day has departed; and already shadowy night invests the earth in noiseless haste, with her darkening hosts. Now the scene is changed once more. Now from the quiet sky the thousand thousands of ever burning stars come forth from their hiding places in heaven's deep vault; in joyous throngs and peaceful bands they come, singing, as they burn, in celestial strains, the praises of their great Maker, God. They come from east, they come from west, where burning climes below them lay; the frozen north, too, sends forth her sparkling bands that join the innumerable and countless throng, and swell the hallelujah chorus of the sky. Far down beyond the ice-bound shore the obedient south hears and answers to the call, and with quick haste leads forth her multitudes in myriad ranks, and never varying order, that nought be lacking in this glad evening song. Unheard by mortals, they breathe their heavenly mel-

odies in concert joined, while listening angels delighted, bow in wonder and adoration before the Maker of all worlds. Softly the silvery beams of light break on the eastern bounds of heaven's wide plains, the first swift messengers who proclaim the rising of the queen of night. To her is granted the rule of earth's quiet hours. Before her coming the thousand sentinel bands of watchful stars are at their appointed posts; more modest than the proud. dazzling god of day, she mounts her heavenly way with softer light, and now all nature is clad in shining silvery hues, the tall trees catch the chastened beams upon their elevated tops, the far-off hills are magnified beneath her spreading beams of softest hue, till they seem to rise and mingle with the clouds.

Wrapped in her loving smile, the valleys sleep in sweet repose; the struggling beams that pierce the thick over-hanging leaves dance with flying feet upon the clear bosom of the rippling stream, or sparkle like shooting stars in all the breaking waves. Thus passes night; in hushed sleep the earth is locked, while the sleepless ever-vigilant Queen rides through all her celestial course, watching over her wide-spread domain. But now night is fast waning—her hours of rule are almost sped—fainter and fainter glow her silver tints in the high firmament above. Again the shadowy hosts come forth from the eastern bounds of the bending sky; again they fly over the celestial fields as if chasing the retreating footsteps of the paling Queen; faster and farther they wing their flight: 'tis finished. The fair moon has sunk beneath those same cloud-capped hills, where at yester evening's birth the bright sun fled. Now gray-eyed morn holds her brief sway o'er a sleeping world: flitting shadows, fantastic spirits, and ghostly forms, that love these veiled shades, and rest uneasy and unblest in their cold homes, still silently gliding about through the sick man's chamber, and filling him with gloomy fears and anxious doubts; or startling guilty wretches that seek in vain to hide their crimes beneath the covering of night, or still the disturbed spirit that haunts with prophecy of coming woe: all these attend her reign, and disturb with restlessness the half-vexed, half-satisfied subjects of old Morpheus.—Another change: the rosy daughter of the morn, gay Aurora, blushing springs from her violet-tinted couch, sending her red beams of light to streak the eastern horizon, and warn all nature of the approach of the King of light. Swift her gray-eyed sister flies her coming, while beam after beam of rosy light runs flashing along the morning sky, louder and clearer its voice grows, as it calls all nature from repose, to usher in the glad, returning god of day, who comes in fresh, dazzling splendor, before which the eye quails, that fain would scan with steadfast gaze his brightness. In splendor he rises o'er the mountain's peak, and swiftly the dimness of night's shadows fly away. The morning songs of all the feathered tribes that warble forth in rich, sweet notes of praise; the hum of thousands of various insects that love the light, and delight to sport in its beams; the innumerable and distinct classes of animals that seek their pleasures and follow their unchanging course beneath the light of day, all hail each in their heaven ordained way, the rising of the dazzling King, and fill his listening ear with grateful worship and sweet notes of praise."

Thus runs the description, which, as we stated at its introduction, was taken from our hero's MSS. But to return to our tale. We left the little party very hungry, after a long day's ride, without any supper, although we had pretty nearly prepared a bountiful meal for them.

When our friends returned from the ramble they took after having prepared the camp and made arrangements for supper, they found their turkies well roasted and fit for eating. The venison was just right to be placed upon the table: a large stone near the front of their camp served their purpose, and upon it they laid out their repast. The gathering shades of evening had closed about them, and they were now dependent upon the blaze of their fire for light to furnish forth the feast. Just as they had taken their seats around the stone and were on the point of commencing the attack, they were arrested and startled from their pur-

pose by a sudden commotion on the part of the hounds; getting up from the warm turf where they had stretched their weary limbs, they threw up their heads and began to snuff the air, and their pricked up ears gave notice too that they were listening to some sound that was near the camp, soon going a few steps in front of their master, in the direction by which they had at first approached the camp, they uttered a low muttering growl, as if preparing to defend him from some unseen danger. As we have said, the party were stopped in their repast by the hounds, and turned to watch them, looking in the direction they pointed out, and listening in silence; but they could neither see nor hear anything in that quarter. The two young men then turned to Le Beaux, to ask his opinion as to the course to be pursued by them: as they did so, he rose up from his seat and went to his rifle, examined the priming, then said to his companions,

"Something, man or beast, I know not which, for I cannot see or hear any signs of them, is either approaching, or skulking near us; our trusty sentinels tell no lies, and this they speak as plainly as they can to us. You had better get your rifles and be ready."

Just as they had obeyed his suggestion and had returned to his side, they heard a noise in the direction indicated by the hounds, and at the same instant they started forward and gave several loud, fierce barks, then uttered again the low savage growl which they are wont to use when about to spring upon their prey. At that moment the noise came nearer and grew more distinct.

"I hear them," said the guide, "it is the half-breeds with the pack-horses; they will be here immediately."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth, before they came in sight, and proved his suspicions true. Charles immediately called in his hounds, that stood at their post, as the advanced guard, and bade them lay down, at the same time bestowing praise on them and patting them kindly for their watchfulness. Le Pere and Le Noir were soon dismounted, their horses unpacked, and they at the table. Supper was now enjoyed without further interruption. Le Beaux said their alarm had served a good purpose, as it showed them the value and confidence they could put in the hounds, and hereafter they would rely upon them as their night sentries. They sat long at the feast, and ate hearty, and with excellent relish, their rich repast. After supper they lighted their pipes, and sitting around the fire, conversed about the route they were to pursue on the next day.

Le Beaux suggested several rules that they should observe, now that they had fairly entered upon Indian ground, to provide against surprise, or attack from any wandering party that might chance to meet them. The little party were hereafter to travel all in one band. The evening wore away while planning for the future, and the half-breeds having secured the horses by picketing them, the party sought the luxury of sleep, for which their fatigue had well prepared them. The night passed quietly, all the party slept soundly on their bed of leaves and green branches. The next morning the sun rose in a clear, bright sky, and with his first light the forest gave signs of awakening life. The birds shaking the dew drops from their shining wings, and stretching their slender necks as they stood upon their perch, soon began to flutter among the branches of the trees, calling each other from their roost. As the sun came up above the hills and threw his beams along the sky, and over the earth, they commenced their morning songs, and perched upon the tree tops, on every side they poured forth their sweet melodies. At the same time as if attracted by the songs, the sprightly squirrel left his burrow, and chirping ran in full glee, jumping over and amid the rustling leaves that strewed the ground, or springing with graceful motion, climbed the steep side of the giant oak, and sat dancing upon its waving boughs. All nature was astir again—the tide of life was again flowing onward with increasing waves. These sounds soon reached the sleeping friends, and half-waking they remained some moments, listening in delicious dreamy fancy to the delightful sounds that filled the air with varied warblings; then rousing themselves and re-

collecting where they were, they hastily arose, and donning their hunter's dress, they came out from the camp. A single look around assured them that every thing was safe, and that the guide and the half-breeds were already astir. Taking the path to the stream that flowed near by, they performed their morning ablutions in its clear, cool waters. Returning to the camp, they found the guide leading the horses to a green plat a little distance below, that they might feed before starting again. The half-breeds had kindled the fire afresh, and were busy in preparing breakfast. The camp kettle was placed on the coals, and they drew forth from the sack a supply of coffee, which was put into it; then out came the gridiron, and soon the venison steak that was smoking on it, sent up its grateful odor; breakfast was then spread upon their rustic table, and all gathered around it, to taste the luxuries of their bountiful repast.

They were anxious to be on their way early, and intended to rest in the middle of the day, both to avoid the heat and also to rest and refresh their horses. Le Beaux repeated some of the instructions he had given the evening before, concerning the route. Their direction, he told them, would be along the course of the Loup Fork; that they would pass through a prairie country during the day, and very probably they would fall in with some roving bands of Indians, in which case he warned them all to keep close together, and preserve a sharp watch over their baggage, as those Indians were great thieves, and as skillful, light-fingered covies as any land could produce, and would be sure to carry off any thing they could lay their hands upon. Every thing being ready, they mounted their horses and left the camp behind them, pushing forward on their route.

The surface of the country over which they passed, was undulating, rolling land, and occasionally they ascended considerable hills that lay in their direction. In the course of the forenoon the hounds drove a fox or two across their track, which fell the victims of their own cunning, in following a circuitous course, and thus exposing themselves to the skill of our marksmen. Charles fired at them, and hit them so handsomely as to draw forth the loud praises of the whole party, and fully establish his reputation as a bold, sharp shot.

At noon they encamped a couple of hours at a spot which offered good grazing for their hungry horses, and a pleasant retreat for their party. The turkies stood another attack at this time, and again hot venison steaks satisfied their keen appetites, and was eaten with a hearty relish. After refreshing themselves they again set forth on their route. About four o'clock in the afternoon, as they were crossing the open prairie, they heard the report of a rifle, apparently some distance ahead of them; at the same time the hounds, snuffing the breeze which came blowing gently from that quarter, sprung away in the same direction.

"Some hunter is close at hand," said the guide, "and is now in close pursuit of his game. Let us ride forward cautiously, and I will discover who it may be, whether red skin or white man."

The baying of the hounds, which they kept up since leaving, still sounded in their ears, and was now approaching them. Following the sound with their eyes, they were soon enabled to see them far off, in full chase, driving before them a large buffalo, which seemed nearly exhausted and quite tired out. Beyond him they could see four or five Indian hunters, mounted upon horses, who stood still, looking on in perfect amazement, pointing after the hounds. They had evidently never seen such animals before; and it was from the strange, loud baying with which they followed the buffalo, that they had halted in the pursuit.

"Wait until he comes up," said Le Beaux, bringing his rifle to his shoulder, "and take your rifles, instead of your fowling pieces."

Our two young hunters were all excitement, gazing with an all-absorbing interest at the chase, which was now continued in full view before them, and longed to enter upon it. It was the first time either had seen the wild buffalo

hunted, and here, in an open prairie and almost level field, came a huge bull, at a heavy, sweeping gallop, making right for the spot where they were standing.

Le Beaux directed the half-breeds to move one side a short distance, that they might be out of reach of the buffalo, in case he should become furious by being wounded, and be disposed to attack his pursuers, and then motioned to Charles and his cousin to follow him. The next minute the horses, which were all impatience since the buffalo came in sight, and eager to enter upon the chase, manifesting their eagerness for it by pawing the ground fiercely with their feet, throwing up their heads, and expanding their nostrils as they snuffed the air, were in full run for the hunted bison. As they approached him, Le Beaux, who had the lead, suddenly wheeling on one side, darted across his track, and passing in front of him, a few yards distant, sent a ball from his rifle, which, striking him on the shoulder, brought him down upon his knees. The enraged animal uttered a loud, angry roar, and lashing himself with his tail, sprung up quickly, and darted after his enemy; but it was an unequal trial: the noble charger of the guide flew over the plain like the wind, leaving his furious and wounded foe far behind him. Charles and Jonathan, both hot for the chase, followed hard after him, and riding up abreast of the tired animal, from whom the blood was fast flowing through several open wounds, at the same instant leveled their rifles at him, and so true and fatal was their aim, that the balls entered his vitals. This was too much for the brave animal: he made a stout fight for his life, and had already led his foes a long flight; and though bullet after bullet, shot from the cruel rifle, had entered his body, he had not fallen or yielded, but bravely held on his flight; but these last, unexpected shots, from a new and fresh enemy, had given him a death-wound. They had struck within an inch of each other, passing, as I have already said, through his vitals. Springing, with a last mighty struggle, into the air, he fell headlong to the ground, the blood spouting in streams from his mouth and nose. Quick the hounds came up, and springing upon him, fixed their sharp teeth into his strong sides. He gave instinctively a few feeble, faint struggles, and then lay stretched out dead before them.

CHAPTER X.

By this time the Indians, who had come to a sudden halt when the strange sound and furious attack of the hounds so unexpectedly and fiercely commenced, had recovered from their surprise and fear, and were slowly and cautiously advancing towards our little party, whose skillful horsemanship and the fleetness of whose steeds had not escaped their observation; but most especially their presence so close to the strange animals, and their evident familiarity with them, had emboldened them.

Charles quickly called the dogs off, while Le Beaux, riding up, jumped from his horse, and taking his hunting knife, passed it across the buffalo's throat; then, re-loading his rifle, and telling his companions to do the same, he called all of his party up to him, and then made a sign for the Indians to come forward. This they seemed at first reluctant to do, and did not at once act upon it. When our little party first espied them, there were but two visible—one, probably the best mounted, was close upon the flying buffalo; the other followed in his track, a short distance behind him; then, on a sudden, the hounds appeared, and rushed upon their prey with loud baying, that resounded far and wide over the sweeping plain, and checked, as we have seen already, the pursuit of the red men.

Perhaps a minute or two elapsed, when Le Beaux, having found a piece of white cotton cloth, converted it into a flag, the sign of peace and good will, beckoned with it for them to approach. Meantime their number had received quite an addition, from the coming up of those who had fallen behind in the chase. Seeing the friendly invitation,

however, they consulted together for a few minutes. The result was that they immediately came forward and joined our party.

They now numbered some fourteen, all well mounted on wild horses, and dressed in the usual Indian style: a buckskin shirt, leggins and moccasins of the same material, and armed with rifles and long knives. Their long, glossy black hair, gathered and confined by a band to the back of the head, floating in a thick long tress in the wind, tended to heighten the wild aspect they presented, as bounding along the level prairie on their fleet little nags, it streamed out in the breeze, above their neck and shoulders. Their faces were marked in various places with blotches and lines, painted according to their savage notion of ornament and beauty.

Charles watched them with eager curiosity and strong interest. It was the first time he had enjoyed the opportunity of seeing the Indian in his native home, and in his own wild costume.—Their horses, though they had evidently had a smart chase, and their sides were covered with foam and streaming sweat, were yet full of life and mettle, and moved with a proudly light step, as they now advanced in a body.

As I have said, all were excellent riders, and directed the movement of their horses with infinite skill and ease.—When they were sufficiently near to be distinguished, Le Beaux, who was regarding them attentively, suddenly uttered a sound indicative of surprise; and his features which had worn a sharp, anxious look, relapsed into their usual calm repose. He saluted the leader, who, from some little extra ornaments that were appended to his dress, was distinguished as their chief, with an expression of sudden satisfaction; he returned the salutation, recognizing at once, the guide as an old acquaintance; and then turning round to his followers, addressed a few words to them in their own tongue, the purport of which Charles did not understand; but he saw that they had the effect at once to put them more at ease; though they still cast suspicious glances upon the animals that had broken up their sport so singularly, and which were now quietly standing by their master's side.

Le Beaux made a sign for them to dismount and be seated. They obeyed this by jumping from their horses, which they left without fastening where they stood together; and then forming a circle, they seated themselves, and awaited the talk of Le Beaux, which they were led to expect. Looking deliberately over the circle, and at last fixing his eyes upon their leader, he said in a firm but friendly voice:

"My brother Otter has hunted the buffalo since the first light of the dawn—has he found many fat cows on his hunting path? and is his lodge well stored with meat? This is a noble animal," said he, pointing to the buffalo before them, "that he has brought to the feet of the pale face hunter."

Otter listened, with his keen, black eyes bent closely upon the speaker, as if he could read in his face the thoughts passing in his mind, and discover his intentions. When he had ceased speaking, in a dignified, calm manner, he replied:

"My dear brother is right; he reads the red man with much wisdom; his eyes are sharper than the eagle's and quicker than the lynx', to detect the hearts and ways of those around him.—Otter and his people followed the hunting path when the dew was falling from the dusky sky; they found many buffalo in their path. They willingly give to the white chief the bison which his strong dogs took from their path, and which my brother's fatal rifle killed."

"Otter is a great chief, and a brave warrior," replied Le Beaux, "and his hand is open to his friends; but his enemies tremble at the sound of his name, and the fierce wild buffalo falls like a timid rabbit before his quick, bold hand. Many strong warriors follow his war-path when he digs up the hatchet, and many scalps hang at his lodge. The white chief is his friend, and will accept his gift, for the pale face claims not the game; he saw that he was already wounded, and was almost in the hand of Otter and his hunters, and he only shot him

for them. Is my brother's lodge near by?"

The Indian, who continued to watch him closely all the time, hesitated a few minutes, and then replied:

"My brother speaks true, and there are no lies on his tongue. The Pawnees are warriors; the feet of their braves are swift to follow the war-path when his wrongs cry out for vengeance. Their tomahawks have drank the blood of their enemies, the Osage, who are dogs, and speak false words; they have cowardly hearts—the Pawnees despise them.—But Otter and his tribe are friends to the white man; the great chief of the pale faces is very rich, his tribe is very strong, and many warriors are in his towns: he has many guns, and his stores of cloth are like leaves on the trees: he is good to the poor Indian, and will give him guns and powder, that he may hunt, and fight the enemies of his white brother."

After thus craftily wording his answer, and begging of his new acquaintances, he added, "Otter's lodge is by the stream, close at the edge of the prairie; my brother is welcome to his lodge."

Le Beaux immediately answered:

"The pale face is journeying to hunting grounds far off, by the great mountains. He has no guns to give his Indian brother, but he is a friend to the Pawnees, and will feast with them. Let Otter tell his hunters to carry the bison to the village, his white brother and his party will go with him."

Otter turned and spoke a few words to his followers, upon which they immediately pulled out their hunting knives, and commenced the labor of dressing and cutting up the bison; this done, they divided it amongst themselves, and all prepared to depart. Le Beaux, turning to his little party, told them in their own language that they were going to dine with their Indian acquaintance; he earnestly advised them all to be watchful. He cautioned Charles to keep his hounds by him, as they would serve to keep the Indians at a respectful distance and prevent their attempting to plunder, "For," said he, "notwithstanding their smooth tongues, they are a thievish, lying pack, and will carry off whatever they can lay hold of." He further told them that the leader of this party, Otter, was well known to him, that he was a great chief among them, and exercised a powerful control over them; and after they had smoked the pipe of friendship, which it was customary to present to their friends, they would then be safe—not from thievish attacks, he added, but from bodily harm.

When he had finished, all moved on together over the prairie at a moderate pace, to accommodate the horses of such as carried burdens. Passing some distance in the direction of the woods that skirted the side of the prairie, they came soon to a small opening where were about an hundred lodges situated near by a stream, whose cool waters supplied all their wishes for their rude culinary purposes, and its grassy, green banks, which stretched out on either side a considerable distance, furnished the freshest and most desirable grazing for their horses.

The presence of the party was announced by the barking of a score or more of lean, hungry looking dogs, that hung about the camp, and now came forth howling and growling in wild confusion. The squaws, and old men and children, filled the doors of the lodges, and although they seemed surprised to see the party that accompanied their great chief, they said not a word. The hunters in Otter's party, who had charge of the game, each stopped at his own lodge, and deposited the burden, while Otter led his white friends through the village, until they came to the great council lodge, which stood some distance from the others, by itself. The chief then addressed a few words to Le Beaux, in the Pawnee tongue, which the guide understood, and which he told his party was an invitation to alight. Charles and Jonathan, with Le Beaux, dismounted immediately, and giving their horses in charge of the half-breeds, they cautioned them not to leave them for an instant, and to call them in case of any accident. They then entered the lodge, where they found the principal men of the village already assembled, and awaiting them.

Otter introduced them as his friends,

recounting the incidents which related to his meeting with them, and recommending them to the kindness of the tribe.

One, who was, from appearances, the oldest among them, then addressed them through Le Beaux, who acted as interpreter, and bade them welcome.

Charles replied to him, thanking him and his people for their hospitality, and declaring his desire to feast with them.

When he finished, the pipe was lighted, and first being placed in the hands of the chief who had addressed them, and he having puffed a few clouds of smoke, then passed it to Charles, and so it went round the circle, from one to another, till all had received it. This concluded the assembly, and they each sought their own lodge.

Otter acted as host to our little party, and conducted them to his own lodge. He invited them to rest there until the feast was prepared. They found their new quarters very comfortable, and the lodge more tidy than usual among Indians. The ground was strown with leaves, over which buffalo robes were stretched, making an easy and soft bed. Their horses were unsaddled, and their baggage brought into the tent by the half-breeds. Otter then called to some young Indians, who led off the horses to the pasture ground.

Le Beaux explained to his young friends, when they were left alone, some of the customs and ceremonies which were observed by the tribe on occasions like the present, and earnestly requested Jonathan, who was disposed to be rather too independent, and even regardless of his tawny entertainer's ways, to use great care in these matters, and not displease them.

"After we have feasted with them," said he, "we will, without further delay, proceed on our route: by so doing, we shall escape being at all molested by them; for they will not at once overcome the fear with which I see your hounds have inspired them."

An hour and a half might have elapsed since their arrival at the village, when the feast was announced; and Otter, as their particular friend and host, led them in due form to the scene of operations. Here they found the chiefs, and braves, and some of the distinguished warriors of the tribe, already assembled. They were sitting cross-legged on the ground, in grave silence, and only by a silent token acknowledged the entrance of the pale face guests. You might, and would have supposed that any thing but a feast was the object that brought them together: the most serious business could not have been graced with more serious expression, or more dignified deportment. An unoccupied space on the right hand of the principal chief was reserved for them: buffalo robes were spread upon the ground for their use, to supply the want of chairs, and they were invited by Otter to occupy these places. They immediately seated themselves, after the fashion of their savage entertainers. As soon as this took place, the feast began. In a moment the grave, dignified manner of the Indians was thrown off, like a useless robe, and they rushed upon the steaming piles of meat like half-famished wolves. Large rounds of buffalo, and venison, and elk, with a variety of wild fowl, furnished forth the festive board. Each one helped himself as best he could, as fast as he might. Charles and his cousin performed feats, in the way of demolishing the substantials before them, which would have amazed the gourmands of the east, when in their prime; but they found themselves no match for their new companions: long after they ceased eating, having completely gorged themselves, the red men kept on, with unabated spirit and energy: they ate as though they had not tasted food for days, and did not expect to have another opportunity for days to come; and so, like the camel on the desert and parched plains, who drinks water sufficient for days at one draught, they seemed bent to ward off hunger for a long time, by taking, at this meal, enough for a week at least.

Charles and his cousin looked on in perfect amazement: they did not deem it possible for any thing human, or in the shape of man, to devour so much. They were prepared, from what they had read and knew of the habits of the Indian, to find them great trenchermen;

but this exhibition threw all their expectations into the shade, and reminded them of the story of a famous glutton of old, who, sitting down to a table spread for ten men, ate what was prepared for all; and, on being questioned why he did it, replied, it was a duty binding upon him; he ate it that it might not be lost, or prepared in vain.

Jonathan said to his cousin, that he had heretofore been sceptical with regard to the stories which were told of the immense herds of bison that roam the western prairies, but he should never doubt again; for he believed they were all necessary for food. He hoped that no band of these robbers would ever get into his native village; for a famine would be certain.

They ate voraciously and long, each one minding only himself; and when they ceased, it was because they could eat no more. They were literally filled with fatness; and now, giving lingering, parting looks to the remaining heaps, they went to their lodges, and soon the curling wreaths of smoke, that were seen ascending from the openings in their camps, gave assurance that they were in the enjoyment of the only luxury indulged in, to any extent, by the Indian—his pipe; and to this he is wedded most strongly.

Charles having asked Otter whether he would be allowed to visit the lodges in the village, and receiving from him assurance that he would be welcome whenever he might wish to go, with his cousin set off on a stroll through the village. As he passed along, he frequently stopped to observe the sports with which the young *sanaps*, or male Indians, diverted themselves, and passed their time. They were sporting upon the grass plats adjoining the various lodges, with bows and arrows, in the use of which they displayed much skill and address. Their arrows were shot with all the precision and correctness of a rifle ball, at the distance of twenty, and even thirty, yards. They are early trained to this exercise; and they saw little fellows, eight and ten years of age, there, handling their bows, that were longer than they were tall. Young as they were, they showed, in this exercise, much of the gravity and stoicism of their fathers. A hit of better aim and closer point than others, would sometimes draw forth a single exclamation of triumph and satisfaction, from the lucky shooter; but it was for an instant only that he indulged himself: the gratified expression flitted across his face like a flying sunbeam, and almost instantly his countenance regained its habitual gravity.

In some of the lodges they visited, they found companies of young squaws, sitting together, and busily engaged in making and ornamenting the various articles of dress which were to be worn by the chiefs and braves of the band. Perhaps it was a token of their love that they were preparing, to be bestowed upon their lover, when he should return victorious from his first war-path, which he followed to distinguish himself in the eyes of these dusky maidens; and then again perhaps it was not.

In these little circles of females, Charles observed there was not that restraint, that studied reserve, which prevailed among the men. The tongue of woman is that unruly member which may not be curbed. It matters not whether you go into the midst of civilized, refined society, or whether, as in this instance, you visit the dusky daughters of the wild forest, the chattering of busy tongues leads the way to the female apartments. They spoke in soft, low voices, with the liquid flow of euphonious sounds that characterize the language of the North American savage; and from time to time their merriment found utterance in the soft, silvery laugh, that rung in clearest tones, like sweet music wafted on the delighted air. The laugh of the Indian squaw is the mellowest, sweetest laugh, I ever heard. It is always low and soft; not bursting broadly, suddenly out, and then as suddenly and abruptly subsiding, but swelling gradually forth in low tones at first, it gently dies away, leaving you entranced at its sweet undulations.

For an hour the two young men wandered in delighted interest through the lodges; and many a smile from the youthful forest maids would greet our handsome young gentleman, as standing by

them he watched them while quietly employed about their various domestic tasks: and often would he meet their dark, lustrous eyes, with mild, kindly expression bent upon him.

The expression which the dark, piercing eye of the Indian wears, is keen, nay almost fierce; but in woman its burning, scorching fire, is softened: shaded, as it were, and beams with a subdued, winning light, that attracts and pleases. In one of the lodges where our hero entered, he found an Indian girl sitting alone. She was so intently employed in ornamenting a pair of fine buckskin moccasins, that she did not observe his approach; and he was there allowed to stand undisturbed for some minutes, admiring her beautiful features, and the unstudied but charming grace of her attitude and motions. Suddenly she turned her head, and looking up met his gaze fixed upon her. She uttered a low exclamation of surprise and astonishment, at the same time involuntarily starting back, but as if by a glance reading the friendly disposition of her visitor, other feelings seemed to take possession of her; the warm blood mounted to her face and gave a richer glow to her clear olive skin, while in maiden modesty she hung down her pretty head. The long, black, silken eyelashes that fringed their delicate lids, were dropped till they rested on her fair cheek. Charles had learned the words of greeting that were used in her tribe, and immediately gave this salutation.—She raised her eyes again to his, and replied to him, at the same time motioning him with her hand to be seated.

Oh how he longed for the knowledge to speak to this fair creature in her own tongue! What a pleasure it deprived him of; but it was vain to regret it. She was fair, very fair, and her features delicate and beautiful. Her form, beautifully rounded, was perfect in its proportion, and full of grace and beauty; she looked like a fair daughter of the hunting god's, that in days of yore dwelt in the dark glades of nappy, proud Greece.

He soon, however, found himself able to interchange his wishes, and convey his thoughts to her through signs. He told her by these means how happy he was to see her land—he loved her people, and would be their friend. Then drawing a string of beads from his pocket, presented them to her. Her bright eyes sparkled with pleasure as she took from his hand the esteemed treasure, and as best she could she thanked him for it; then, after turning them over in her little hand in silent admiration, she rose from her seat and going to the corner of the lodge, drew forth a pair of tastily worked moccasins and presented them to him with a naive expression and gracefulness of action that quite captivated him.

Charles gallantly advanced to receive them, and retaining her hand in his own, while he bade her farewell, as a last token (for you know he could only address in this way) drew her to him and implanted a warm kiss upon her lips, and then departed, bearing his gift with him. On arriving at the lodge, he found the little party awaiting him, ready to leave: bidding his host, and the other chiefs good-bye, and waving his hand to the fair girl who stood at the door of her lodge, looking after him, they departed.

They now traveled for several days. Sometimes their path led them across broad prairies, that looked to the eye like a vast ocean of water. The waving of the tall grass, as it bowed its head to the gentle breezes that swept in light gusts over its bosom, resembled the swell of the ocean waves, that break the smooth, glassy surface, when the storm has passed over it.

The bright and gay flowers that here raised their heads, above the surrounding luxuriant growth of prairie grass, as if to claim the admiration of the passer by, were of the richest colors; and often you would see them of great size and thick with their bright clusters. In addition to these, there were thousands of more modest natures, that delighted to spread their beautiful leaves, beneath the shade of the more aspiring grass; a variety of hues and tints were displayed on their unpretending but lovely flowers; while all over these wide plains the various herds of wild animals that rove in innumerable droves, and find abundant food in their natural pastures, would be seen feeding undisturbed in their freedom. The droves of wild horses, or mustangs, as they are called, which sup-

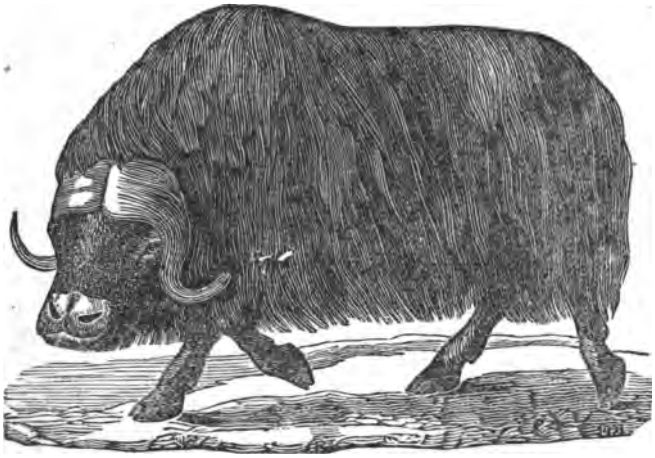
ply the Indian knights with swift footed steeds, would be seen sometimes at their gambols. It was a pleasant sight to see those beautifully formed animals displaying before each other, as if in rivalry, their graceful carriage; and, then, dashing with the speed of light across the open plain, and again wheeling quickly about, prance proudly back, and join the silent, admiring herd. This we repeatedly witnessed, and were highly delighted with the spectacle. When frightened by the approach of an enemy, we could then see them close up in ranks; the fleet and brave leaders taking the lead, often going out in the direction from whence they expected the danger, throwing their beautiful heads aloft in the air, expanding wide their pliant nostrils and sniffing up the wind, when catching, as they seemed to do, the evidence of their enemy's presence: they would snort almost like a trumpet of warning, and tossing aside the long hair that flowed about their heads and obstructed their sight, their flashing, fiery eyes would search the wide plain in pursuit of the object that startled them. Then, as if satisfied, they joined their band with proud, prancing steps, and, like generals, would lead off the band, keeping in advance of the ranks, their heads raised up, their long silky manes streaming in the wind, their tails sweeping the ground, and in the order of a troop of cavalry they would bound along with great speed, till they were lost to the eye of the spectator in the distance. Droves of deer and antelope, with their wide branching antlers, would sometimes sweep by in majesty, raising their antlered heads, and leaping with easy bounds, in graceful curves, they seemed to scorn pursuit and bid defiance to their sluggard foes; their springy, elastic limbs lend them a swiftness, that in fair field would soon outrun the fleetest pursuer.

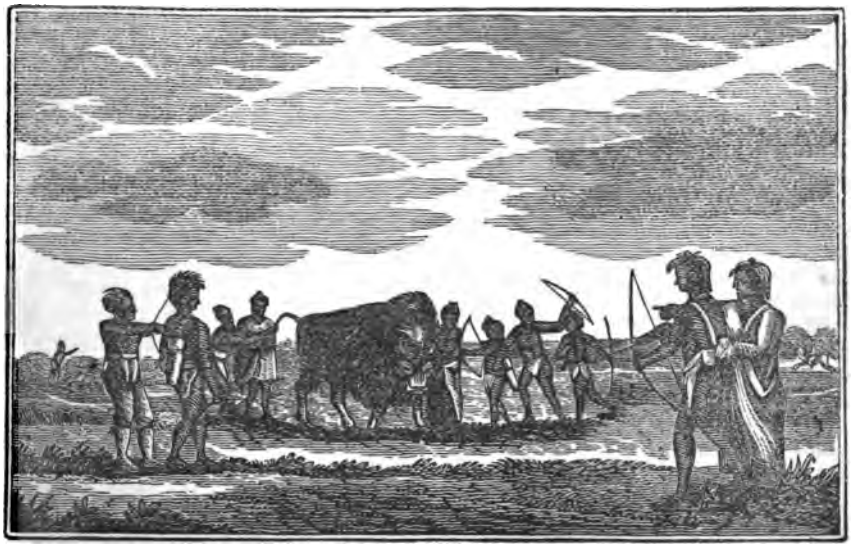
They are, indeed, beautifully formed animals; their long and slender legs; their light, slim bodies; their velvet coats of fawn color; their large, round, mild eyes; their strong and branching antlers —all serve to render their beauty more striking, more apparent. They visit the prairies in large herds at certain seasons of the year, when they are sought and hunted by the red man, and by the roving bands of trappers. If once put fairly to flight, they escape; and it is only by surprise they are ever taken.

Our little party had also, in the midst of these scenes, an opportunity of witnessing one of those mighty herds of buffaloes, which are, by way of *pre-eminence*, the tenants—the masters of the western prairies. They were passing over a green covered prairie, where the grass was long and thick, and offered the strongest inducements to the hungry animals, when the guide pointed out to them, away off in the distance, a sight which, to their eyes, seemed like small black dots among the grass.

"There is a large herd of buffaloes," said he, pointing in the direction. "Let us ride to that little eminence, in the direction, and you can from there see them plainly."

Riding on to the spot designated, a sight presented itself such as they never forgot. Standing upon this eminence of the prairie, with neither tree nor bush to obstruct the vision in any direction, they saw animals grazing upon the plain, and literally darkening it on all sides. Far as the eye could reach they crowded upon each other, in numbers like the leaves of the forest. A low, indistinct sound that marked their movements came far across their great natural pasture, to the ears of our party, and filled them with eager excitement for the hunt, and amazement at the grandeur of the scene. Under the direction of the guide, they loaded their guns with balls—their rifles were also loaded, and their pistols. The pack horses were left in charge of the half-breeds; and putting spurs to their horses, they galloped over the plain, and reaching the herd, rode in amongst them, selecting their victims as deliberately as the excited state of their feelings would permit. They fired their guns at them; a commotion was raised in the herd; the wounded ones madly plunged through the drove, raising their tails aloft, and dashing off in full flight, followed by those around them. A sound like the roaring of the ocean proclaimed that the whole vast herd was in motion. Our little party were now completely hemmed in, and surrounded on all sides by the frightened





and infuriated animals. But so wild was the excitement, that they gave not a thought to the very great risk they incurred of being run over and trampled down by the herd. Separated from each other in their ardor, they saw at intervals, the smoke of each others' guns, succeeded instantaneously by the report, and then followed a general and confused scattering. Jonathan selected a bull for once, as the largest and fattest looking of the herd, and gave him battle. The quick, sharp crack of his rifle told upon him; he reeled under it; his tail swung in circles, lashed the air with fury, he then tumbled headlong to the earth. Here our hero wounded a fine cow with a pistol-shot,—maddened and furious by the pain, she rushed fiercely and blindly after him. Here it was his well-trained horse stood him in good stead. Waiting until she came up, he quickly darted aside, and avoided the plunge she aimed at him, and as quickly wheeling alongside of the flying animal, he stood unflinchingly for his master's fire. Charles, taking better aim, discharged a second pistol, which brought her to the earth in a dying struggle. For a long time they kept up the sport, the guide coolly looking on most of the time, watching the young men, and occasionally selecting carefully a fat cow, he sent the ball with unerring aim through the heart.

When they, tired and exhausted, were ready to leave, the guide skillfully extricated them from the flying mass; and gaining the eminence once more, they turned to look upon the herd, now in full flight. They galloped heavily over the prairie, pressing close after each other, and extending for miles in line and depth. The ground shook beneath their heavy tramp, and a noise like thunder came booming over the plain. On they went, and slackened not their speed. Our little party watched till they were out of sight. They had killed eight buffaloes. They took along with them only a small portion of the huge animal, the robes, and the nice bits,—being a load for their horses, and supplying them with food for several days, until they should reach the spot chosen for their fixed hunting-ground. This place was near the sources of the Missouri and Platte rivers, and near to the Sweet Water river, which flows through a green and fertile-looking country. The highest peak of the Rocky Mountains is also visible from this point. The character of the scenery in this section is various and of the most marked nature. Along the bottoms of the rivers and upon the gentle declivities, there is a luxuriant growth of grass in open plats, with here and there a line or cluster of willows; and all over the ground various and rich flowers springing up, and growing in wild profusion. Along the sides of the hills, brilliant flowering plants abounded, seeking the shelter of the steep rocks, that sheltered them from the cold north winds, and afforded the warm, sunny spots they love so well. The floral beauty of these luxurious and green spots, that lay embosomed in the valleys and along the more gentle slopes, is truly magnificent. Its beauty is much heightened, too, by the scenery which surrounds it, and meets the eye, as you extend your vision to the everlasting mountains that rise in the distance, whose tops seem to mingle with the sky; their snow-capped summits shining like polished silver in the bright sun's rays, and towering in solitary grandeur through summer's heat and winter's cold alike, glistening with their snow-white robes. The grandeur and sublimity of the scenery in these regions cannot be surpassed. Here, large and gigantic masses of rock meet the eye on either side; bold bluffs, and craggy steeps; precipices, sharp and steep, look upon peaceful and silvery lakes, that reflect from their smooth and glassy surface, as a mirror, the gorgeous display of the heavens, kindling under a bright sun, or softly beaming beneath pale Cynthia's more modest light. So high these perpendicular cliffs are raised that the eye, upon looking down the dizzy height, loses its steadiness, and wanders in confusion. The giddy brain whirls round and round with very dizziness, and the rash adventurer clings for support to the strong branches that on its top o'erhang the bold steep. Ridge after ridge rise one above the other, their sides jutting forth in broken masses of rock, exhibiting wild and fantastic shapes and

forms, seen at a distance. Nature here seems to have undergone some great and terrible convulsion, overturning, crushing, and piling up the great bed of rocks that was once, doubtless, hid beneath her smooth and even bosom. Columns and spires and tall minarets rise from the top of each ridge along the mountain's rugged top. Deep chasms and fissures, that seem to have been rent with her gigantic throes, yawn with deep and wide openings along its sides. Foaming torrents come leaping and whirling on their way from the heights to the quiet valley, plunging with mad haste over the large rocks which rise in vain in their path; and as they follow on, they make a music well fitted to the wild and grand scenery around, roaring like the thunder-tones, with a deafening sound. Save this, no sound breaks upon the ear to disturb the perfect solitude that reigns in this wild region.

Near this spot old Le Beaux fixed his quarters for the winter. To such a mind as Charles possessed—so highly imaginative, so highly cultivated, and always eager to discover the grand and beautiful manifestations of nature, this spot afforded the greatest delight. He could never tire of roaming among the flowery dells that lay in the bosom of the sweet valleys, filling the air with their delicious perfume, and lading the breeze with the sweetest odors; or, winding his way along the banks of the gently murmuring streams, that were carpeted with soft green grass, and variegated with wild flowers. These were scenes to bless his repose and sweeten his reflections. For other moments of excitement and restlessness, the grand but terrible display of nature's power and might—the awfully sublime—the lofty mountains, with all their wild scenery and undisturbed solitude, offered him a refuge—a place that would suit the wildest tumult of the soul, and awaken a feeling sense of the power and wisdom and might of their and his Creator.

Our little party immediately on arriving here, set about preparing a camp for their accommodation. Without difficulty they discovered a spot on the banks of the Sweet Water, near to which bubbled up from the earth a clear and cool spring; a little cluster of green trees afforded them at once a shady retreat from the summer's sun, and a defence against the chilling blasts of winter. In a short space of time every thing was ready, and they felt themselves extremely comfortably settled in their own dwelling. It was large enough to accommodate a dozen well; the skins of the buffalo and deer our hunters had taken, formed soft and warm beds, when stretched upon the ground, which had been strewed thick with leaves, for them to rest upon; each member of the party also spread out above them, and to cover their fairy couch, other skins; by this means, they were made entirely secure from the dampness and moisture which might possibly leak through their rustic roof; the baggage had a corner devoted to it, which was carefully prepared and protected from the slightest effects of exposure. Adjoining this tent, the half-breeds built a second, for the purpose of housing the horses in storms and bad nights. An opening connected the two together. The opening was the post occupied by the hounds, who acted as watchmen for both and over all the camp. When every thing was ready, our two young gents went out with the guide to explore the neighborhood. They visited several small lakes that lay between steep hills; they also traced the course of several winding streams, that found their way through thick groves and luxuriant bottoms. In all of these, as Le Beaux had anticipated, they found traces of abundance of beaver; dams were built across the streams, fresh stripped bark showed that the sagacious little workmen had recently been busy at their labors. The silence that reigned unbroken was an evidence to Le Beaux that they were the sole adventurers in this remote spot. As they passed along he carefully noted every object that was at all singular, or at all likely to attract attention. These he pointed out to his young companions, and told them the necessity of their being careful in this respect; for it was from such observations they would have to depend in finding their way through the forests, and from the camp to the traps. He gave them in

a few sentences a great deal of good counsel, which would serve them, in case they happened to lose their path and get benighted in the woods. A day was spent in this way, and at night they returned to their camp, where they found a blazing fire and a warm reception from the half breeds, who had gotten a smoking hot supper all ready for them. Their horses were unsaddled and unbridled as soon as they reached here, and turned out to graze upon the rich grass that spread over the bottom around the camp. Being hungry they set down to their meal: buffalo tougues, and venison steaks are sufficiently tempting without the addition of sharpened appetites, and long fasting, and now combined with these the little party did trencher feats worthy of the red men whose exploits had so much astonished them. The guide had pointed out to them on their route during the day fresh signs of deer and antelope, and when they once ascended the hills they had heard the bleats of the mountain goats; from all this they argued a plentiful and various supply of food for the camp. The traps and gear for trapping were brought out after supper, and put in order, and the camp looked like a scene of bustling activity. Charles had now acquired sufficient of the Delaware tongue to be able to hold conversations, upon all ordinary topics, in that language with Le Beaux, and he was constant and persevering in his efforts to master it. The guide often spoke in terms of the highest praise of that tribe, and seemed to manifest strong, deep feelings of attachment to them. Charles loved to listen to the anecdotes he recounted of their bravery, their honesty, and the sacred regard they invariably paid to their pledged word. All these traits were illustrated by a thousand incidents that had passed under our guide's observation, and showed that he was well acquainted with the tribe. He told his young friends that he should not be at all surprised if they met the Delawares in this vicinity during the winter; they were bold hunters, he said, and brave horsemen, and wandered farther from their villages than the other tribes.

Charles, who was most anxious to become acquainted with a tribe whom he knew already from the many descriptions Le Beaux had drawn of them, eagerly said he did sincerely hope that they might meet them; it would afford him the greatest satisfaction, and he was now able to speak to them in their own tongue, too, he said, laughing. As yet he had had but little opportunity to become acquainted with the Indian from actual, personal observation, and to him this was a more important and more desired object than the hunting and taking furs, though he was, as they had seen, exceedingly fond of this sport. The Indian character had from a boy interested him, and he was very anxious to become thoroughly acquainted with it, and as anxious to use his utmost efforts to promote their welfare and better their condition.

He spoke eloquently, warmly, upon this point. He dwelt upon the wrongs they had suffered at the hands of his people; the evils that they were exposed to; the vices that were fast consuming and destroying them. As he went on, his face lightened up with excitement, and he presented that beauty of person for which he was so distinguished, and which was so strikingly displayed when his feelings were aroused.

Le Beaux gazed intently into his face, he caught the feelings that filled his mind, his eye glistened in pity as he pictured their low condition; it blazed in anger at the story of their wrongs, and again it gladdened in gratitude to the noble youth who had devoted himself to their cause. He had already formed a strong attachment to our hero, though he had been born and brought up in the forests, and had possessed but comparatively few opportunities for educating himself, yet had he acquired much knowledge; no time had been squandered or thrown away in his father's lodge; who, as we have already said, was a Frenchman; he had learned him to read and write. Possessing a mind naturally reflective, and strong common sense, he had indulged in the one to his profit, and been judiciously guided by the other in his efforts; he therefore was better able to judge, and more ready to appreciate the elevated character of Charles, than many whose advantages had been tenfold greater than

his own, and who were surrounded with all the aids and helps of civilization. As he listened his heart expanded and his feelings warmed towards Charles. Now he loved him with a strong and ever-enduring love; he loved him as if he were his son, and secretly in his own heart resolved to watch over him, and serve him with all his strength.

Jonathan, whose chief object in the expedition was the accumulation of money, the profits to be made from his furs, felt *his* heart kindle with a new and kindly interest towards the savage and rude children of the forest, and caught something of the spirit that actuated and inspired his cousin.

The next day they commenced their hunting operations; the best places were selected for setting their traps, and everything carefully and cunningly prepared to cheat the sagacious animal, and lead him to the snare. At night the traps were all set.

A buck had been run into the camp, in the afternoon, by the hounds, which were allowed to hunt on their own account, and proved to be good purveyors for the camp. The buck was shot by one of the half-breeds,—skinned and cut up for use. These men acted as servants to our little party, and performed most of the labor at the camp; but their generous employer allowed them most of their time; to be spent as should please them, either in hunting or in any other manner they chose. Jonathan drove a bargain with them for all the skins and furs they would take, to stimulate their efforts, and now all indicated a stirring life in the camp; guns were kept in readiness; powder and shot and bullets were assorted, the trapping-gear was put to rights, and they had fairly got under way.

The traps were visited early the next morning by our interested little party, and they found themselves more successful than they could have expected; they had trapped ten fine looking beaver, round the beaver dams, and two or three seals had been caught in other spots; these were killed and brought to the camp.—Our young friends took their first turn in dressing their furs this morning.

Thus passed many days at the camp, visiting the traps morning and evening, preparing the skins during the day, and often hunting the deer and antelope, and mountain goats, with the hounds, during the afternoon; occasionally fishing in the lakes and streams, which abounded in excellent fish. They were very successful, and being apt scholars, were soon pronounced by Le Beaux as first rate trappers and hunters. They kept an abundant supply of meats and fish and wild fowl in the larder. Their horses grew sleek and fat, feeding on the rich bottoms, and nothing occurred to mar their sport, or interrupt their enjoyment.

It was about a month from the time they first pitched their camp on this beautiful spot, when, late in the afternoon, or rather in the beginning of the evening, for the sun had gone down below the western horizon, and the dusky shades of evening prevailed, when the ever-watchful hounds roused themselves from the quiet sleep they appeared to be enjoying, and showing signs of uneasiness, began to snuff the air and search around, as if something unusual were taking place.—Charles noticed this, and mentioned it to the others.

"Let them take their own way," said Le Beaux; "the Great Spirit has given them the gift of perceiving the approach of objects from a long distance, and they never err. We shall soon see what is stirring, that has so troubled them.—Meanwhile, it is better for us to look to our weapons, and be ready for whatever may come."

As he was saying this, the dogs started off from the camp, with their heads thrown up in the air, their eyes glaring, and the stiff hair bristling upon their backs, uttering all the while low and fierce growls. They were gone but a short time, when they came bounding back, and taking their places by their master's side, pointed in a direction opening upon the door of the camp; while they set themselves to watch, growling and giving, in their own manner, evident warning of an approaching foe.

"'T is wonderful," said Le Beaux, "with what unerring certainty and exactness these animals use their gift. I'll be bound that something is coming up to the

camp; yet cannot we, with all our ears, with the most close watching or listening, see or hear anything."

The hounds now ran forward a few steps, and gave repeated loud barks. Just then, looking in that direction, they saw objects advancing towards them, and Le Beaux said he distinguished the tread of horses. Each one of our little party clutched firmly his rifle, and, secreting himself as well as he was able, prepared to defend themselves against whatever might attack them. As the new comers kept on, without making any effort to conceal themselves or prevent their approach being distinctly seen, Le Beaux said, thinking aloud rather than addressing any one of his companions—

"Their intentions are not hostile, whoever they may be. Let us keep still and await their coming, for I can see they mean to approach the camp."

They soon came up, and Charles and his cousin were surprised to see a tall, noble-looking Indian leap from his horse and salute Le Beaux, who hastily stepped forward to meet him, and seized his hand with every appearance of pleasure and strong friendship. They talked together for a few moments, when Le Beaux, guiding him to where Charles stood, presented to him his adopted son, Ottahontas. The two young men stood for a few moments regarding each other with the most careful attention, and seemingly each well pleased with the other. They were, indeed, two of the finest specimens of their respective races the world over. About the same age, in all the vigor of young manhood, their fine forms having acquired a full and perfect development, they exhibited still a striking contrast. Ottahontas was tall, very tall, and straight as an arrow; his head was large, but well formed; his hair and eye-brows black as jet; his eye, that sparkled beneath his heavy eye-brows, was keen and proud as the eagle's, and seemed as if it would look into your secret soul as it scrutinized you. His form was stouter than our hero's, but closely knit and muscular; his limbs were fashioned most beautifully—round and tapering at the extremities, they exhibited proofs of that great agility and strength for which the chief was remarkable; the whole bearing and carriage of the man lofty and noble, he looked as if nature had fitted him to rule his fellows. There was a native grace and majesty about him that impressed those who approached him, in spite of themselves, and claimed their respect and extorted their homage. Charles we have already described. The young men withdrew into the camp when their introduction was over, interested and pleased each with the other, and both thinking within themselves that rarely, if ever, had they met their equal; and resolving to cultivate the acquaintance they had commenced.

Ottahontas was presented in due form to Jonathan, who accosted him in a hearty tone, asked him when he left the settlements, and what was stirring. The chief replied in laconic style to these questions. Pointing with his hand to a couple of pack horses, under the care of a true Indian, Jonathan recognized the pack horses as his stock in trade for bartering with the Indians for furs, which had been left behind when he came out. These were speedily stowed away; and everything being quiet again, they all sat down to supper, which was nearly ready when Ottahontas' sudden arrival interrupted them.

The explanation of the young chief's appearance, in this manner, amongst them, is easy. When Le Beaux left the cabin where, as we have related, our hero fell in with him, he wrote a note, which he left with the host, to be delivered to his adopted son on his arrival there, containing instructions as to the route and the company with him; and, also, directing him to bring out with him the packages of goods, which it had not been convenient for them to carry with them; and, also, any letters that might arrive for his party meantime. He gave him a brief sketch of the route he was to take, some directions of the marks and signs he would make, which he knew would be more than sufficient to enable the best scout in the West to follow them; for he had the greatest confidence in the skill and ability of Ottahontas. And good reason, indeed, had he for such trust. Often had they, together, followed the trail

of an enemy, which had been concealed with the most cunning skill; often, when his own quick, practiced eye (and few could boast a sharper or keener pair of optics) had failed to detect any trace of their path, the wonderful sagacity, or instinct, it appeared to him, of the young chief, would point with unerring certainty the course to be pursued. Amongst a crowd of noted chiefs, he took the palm for sharp-sightedness, and the ease with which he could follow the footsteps of an enemy. This had gained for him the title of the Eagle Eye, by which he was distinguished among the tribes; and his companion, Le Beaux, who always fought by his side, whose dreaded rifle had sent many a bold chief and brave to another world, was known, also, by another title: they called him Leloim Lelu, which signifies, the Sharp Panther. But, to return to our narrative.

When the Eagle Eye entered the cabin, and received the note which informed him his companion was a thousand miles away, he lost no time in getting everything in order, and setting out to overtake him. He followed the trail without difficulty, although there had been several rain storms since our party passed over the route, which had, to the eye of any but a trained scout, obliterated all marks that might possibly betray the path pursued. He made great haste to reach them, traveling early in the morning and late in the evening, stopping in the heat of the day, but only sufficiently long to rest and refresh the horses. He brought with him two Delawares, who accompanied him on his journey before. These were his old friends. He was accustomed to hunt and fight in company with them. His father's tribe was a branch of the Delawares, and they were his natural friends. Our young friends admired their athletic, well proportioned figures, their intelligent faces, and their dignified and grave bearing. They were both young chiefs in their tribe, and friends of Le Beaux, who seemed glad to meet and cordially welcome them to his tent, or our party's tent. He presented them both to Charles in due form. The oldest was called Wahallah, and was a leading chief in his tribe, and a great warrior; the other was quite young, and though from a highly esteemed family, had yet a name and fame to carve out for himself. His name was Shooshoone, and he was the best looking by far of the two. There was a native grace and unassuming deportment in him, which could not fail to please. His features were uncommonly regular and delicate; his voice, full of feeling and rich in tone, sent a thrill through the listener. Charles entered into conversation with him in the evening, while Le Beaux was deeply engaged in the account Ottahontas and Wahallah gave him of their journey. Charles addressed him in his own language. Shooshoone's eyes glistened as he listened to his white brother speaking his own language, and he did not attempt to hide the pleasure it afforded him. He replied in the same language, although he spoke the English quite fluently. Our hero asked him if his people were far from here, and if they were engaged in hunting.

He replied that the Delawares were hunting, and the smoke of their fires might be seen from the high mountain yonder.

Charles asked him if there were many lodges in the party.

Shooshoone said that they left behind many of their tribe—it was but a small band—there might be a hundred and fifty lodges. Among them, he said, was Wahallah's lodge, and, also, his father's; and the Flower of the Valley came, too, with them.

Charles asked him what he meant by the Flower of the Valley.

Shooshoone hesitated for a moment, and looked as though he felt surprised that he should ask such a question, or be ignorant of the loveliest maiden the tribe could boast. He, however, soon launched forth again, and spoke her praises in such terms as not only left no doubt on his mind as to whom the Flower of the Valley might be, but even raised his curiosity, and excited an interest in his heart with regard to her. In answer to his questions, Shooshoone said her step was light as the fawn's, the grass scarce bent beneath it, the dew-drops were scarce shaken from the leaf that she

passed over, her eye was soft as the dove's, her voice sweeter than the robin's song, her lips like ripe cherries, and dark roses flowered on her fair cheeks; her silky hair was more shining than the humming bird's plumage, and blacker than the night-clouds; her voice, again he said, was like all sweet birds that ever sung—now the robin's notes were repeated from her lips, and now the lark's sweet song was warbled on her tongue: like all she sings, said he, but better than them all. The Great Spirit had given her power to heal the sick and make the diseased well. She held long talks with the Great Spirit by herself, and the tribe dared not interrupt her then. They all loved her, too, he said, because she was so kind and gentle.

Charles asked him if there were among them no chiefs who wished to marry her.

"The sun shines not in the night," said he; "the dove mates not with the eagle. No, brother," said he, "she will never marry an Indian," and he sighed as he uttered this declaration.

"Is she not an Indian?" asked our hero, becoming more and more interested in her.

"No," said Shooshoone; "her father is a pale face chief. He is a great warrior, and his enemies are afraid to hear his voice. He lives with the Delawares, and is one of them. They love him. His wife is the great Delaware chief's daughter, and the mother of Coquese, who is called the Flower of the Valley. But," said Shooshoone, "the white chief will hunt with the Delawares—he will see the Flower of the Valley. Shall it not be so?"

"It shall," said Charles. "I will visit them."

Thus did Charles and the youthful chief pass the evening, in speaking of the Delawares, Charles often asking questions, and listening with pleasure to the ready answers and beautiful language of his friend. The Indian is full of similes and comparisons, which he draws from natural scenes and existences, and this often renders his speech highly figurative and beautiful.

Charles resolved that he would soon visit the Delawares' camp, and spend some time with them, while Jonathan should continue the trapping and trading business of the camp.

But what has Jonathan been doing all this evening? Look at that bright pitch knot that is giving a brilliant light over the camp; close by it sits the Yankee, and in his hand is an open letter; his eyes are fixed upon it earnestly; deep feelings of tenderness and love are stirring in his heart; as he reads, his thoughts fly back to his early, happy home; they nestle in the bosom of that bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl, Nancy, the farmer's daughter; her soft low voice whispers in his ear, her charming breath is warm on his cheek, and her bright eyes are bending a look full of love and happiness upon him; her plump, soft, little hand seeks his palm, as if its home were there, and it loved to rest there; now comes another seene, she is sitting down on the grassy mound, where he, at her feet, poured out the torrent of his bursting love; her rosy lips are pressed to his, and winding his arm about her slender waist, she is locked in a lover's fond embrace; warm are the kisses he gives, and sweet, honeyed, the nectar that he steals from her lips; nay, steals not, she gives him all, she gives her heart, it is his. Where else should her kisses be bestowed except on the manly, noble youth who loves her, and is beloved by her? Look at Jonathan, and see the changes that come over his open, manly countenance, as these tender recollections, one after another rush through his mind; now a smile breaks over his face and dimples his sun burnt cheeks, with youthful laughter; now the color forsakes his tell-tale face; his look is like a suppliant that kneels to beg for life, yet fears his prayer will find a cold reception; but see, the truant blood that ran away, comes leaping back, the modest eye that drooped and played the suppliant so well, is sparkling with sudden joy and hope; his parting lips kiss the air, his hand seeks an airy phantom, in vain he draws his arm in a closer embrace. The dream is over, and he looks with staring and astonished gaze about him.

Such was the scene which might have

been observed in one corner of the tent where Jonathan sat reading a letter; none of your little, short, cramped-up, unsatisfactory letters; but a bold hand, a well covered sheet and home-sounding words, all breathing unabating and unchanging love to him,—poor, wandering, unworthy mortal.

This was the letter that Nancy wrote months ago to him, and it had followed him from place to place, and sought him long, in vain; but here at last, close at the foot of the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, it had come up with him, and oh! how it gladdened him with its presence! how often he pressed it to his lips, and kissed it, and how happy it made him feel to hug it to his breast, and fancy that it was his dear, laughing, loving, mirthful little Nancy, that had come after him.

But what in the world did she say in her letter, that had such an effect upon our friend, and made him silent a whole evening at a stretch? such a thing had not happened before since his acquaintance with the present party commenced. They both noticed his unusual silence, and saw the cause, but like sensible men they allowed him to enjoy an uninterrupted evening over it. Nancy had written him, like a good, true-hearted girl, that she was well, how she loved him better, if possible, than ever, how she longed to see him, and hoped with all her heart, he would soon come home again to leave no more; she dreamed of him when she slept, she said, and then, oh! how happy she was; he seemed to be again by her side, and then his clear voice, so full of love and tenderness whispered in her ear in tones sweeter than all other sounds; this, she said, was her only happy time; and then how she loved to sleep now, that she might dream of him, and that kind letter he sent her from St. Louis; but it was a dangerous city, so sickly she was glad he had left it; but oh! what a mighty distance he had gone from home, and how much she feared lest he should be sick, and have no kind friend to help and take care of him. Then she told him how well her father and mother were, and how they prospered; what a great crop they had reaped, and how healthy her brothers and sisters were.

But we will not intrude farther into Jonathan's letter: we have already seen enough of it, we think, to satisfy any sensible man, that those antics and somewhat uncommon faces that he made this evening, were all right and perfectly correct; he did as he should do, and it was nobody's business but his own. That night sweet sleep came to him and brought him dreams, sweeter even than his waking fancies had conjured up before him. He kissed the dear letter again and again, a hundred times before he went to sleep, and when at last he settled himself to rest, he placed it close by the side of that shiny braid of glossy hair he wore over his heart, and before he closed his eyes, he asked for all Heaven's blessings to rest on his dear Nancy.

Such were Jonathan's thoughts and actions that night; and all arose from that noiseless, silent letter, that had reached him. What a charm or joy there is in a letter from a dear friend! There is nothing so like to seeing the friend himself, as holding in your hand *his*, actually *his*, or *her* letter. It is not so much the words of the letter, though they may convey the most interesting intelligence; it is not the length of it, nor the brevity of it; it is not the flowing wit and humor, nor is it the deep feeling, the tender love, the sober tone, or lively painting, that so much enchants us. No, none, nor all of these can do for the reader what Jonathan's letter did for him. It is the sight of that *hand*, the *feeling* that it comes from home—from loved friends—has, in itself, independent of any and everything else, has a power to awaken and arouse old associations, to call up from their hiding places the absent ones that we love so well, and make them stand out before us again in all their freshness and well-remembered forms. Their features are distinct to the sight; all, everything, is as we left them; again we are transported back to the scene of the writer; we walk with him through the shady garden alley; every familiar bush and sprig smiles upon and greets us. The same little birds are singing in the trees in front of the house; nothing is

gone—nothing is changed; all the scene is perfect: and, as it stands out in all its glowing colors before our mind's eye, we are filled with delight and pleasure. Such is the mystery that wrought upon our Yankee friend's mind, on the receipt of that wonder-working epistle. Had he visited his home and his friends, and looked with his bodily eyes upon them, they would not have appeared more distinct to him than they were when he looked at the letter he held in his hand. But it is time we gave a thought to old Le Beaux, whom we left very unceremoniously to talk with Ottahontas and Wahhallah.

He had succeeded in his object in visiting Astoria; he had led safely the little band of settlers, whose lives were sought by hostile Indians. They had been defeated in their purpose, and disappointed of their expected plunder. Four of his mortal enemies had fallen by his own hand in fight; and now he had safely returned. A little band of Delawares were encamped about an hundred and fifty miles to the south of them, where they proposed to spend the winter in hunting and collecting furs. There were about an hundred and fifty lodges in the encampment; and those two Delawares with him, belonged to one of the lodges.

Such was the character of the information which Ottahontas had to give Le Beaux, which I give only in the outline. There was much of exceeding interest, of a strictly personal nature, which we cannot relate. The evening was far spent when our little party retired to sleep that night. A new arrival was, in itself, a great event in their camp life.

CHAPTER XI.

Early the next morning the trappers set about their pursuits, as usual. The traps were visited, and the captures brought into camp, and dressed. The remainder of the day was spent in hunting with the new comers; and not until evening did they return from the chase. After supper our hero had a long conversation with Le Beaux, upon the contemplated visit to the Delawares; and it was agreed that they—that is, Charles, Le Beaux, and the two Delaware chiefs—should set out as soon as they could get ready, leaving Jonathan and Ottahontas in charge of the camp, with the two half-breeds. Accordingly, the next day was spent in getting things ready.—Charles selected from his stock many articles for presents, which he intended to give the chiefs. Nor was Coquese, the Flower of the Valley, forgotten. A pair of showy bracelets, a handsome string of beads, and a bright-colored, pretty scarf, were among the particular articles chosen for this famous dusky maiden. Charles could not help laughing to himself, as he was thus engaged, at the idea of his deliberately picking out these articles for the Indian belle, whom he had never seen. There was no fear that she would refuse them. None of that hesitation and tumultuous palpitation and wild throbbing of the heart, which so often afflicts and torments the white dandy, as he selects and purchases some bauble love-token to please the eyes of his heart's chosen; no calculating whether she will be so kind, so particularly condescending, as to accept it; or whether she will laugh at him for his presumption, and ridicule him for his daring folly. And, then, the framing of his speech, in which he humbly begs her acceptance of the trifling present, and hopes she will wear it on his own, sole, particular account. None of these; but, like a woman selecting potatoes for the pot, he overhauls carelessly his store, and readily chooses his presents, and puts them into his packet.—But we will see by and by how he feels and how he acts with regard to this same maiden, and whether an Indian belle is so very different from a city belle—whether her gallants are not as courteous, as ardent, and as watchful to please her, as any buck that sports his laced collar and well-trimmed mustache, for his lady to admire, in the refined and polished city circle.

All was settled and everything in readiness the next morning. They calculated

upon reaching the encampment the fourth day after this, and expected to make their journey without meeting any roving bands of Indians, as the Delawares informed them that the other tribes did not often come so far from their villages to hunt. The Delawares were much pleased that the white chief, as they styled Charles, was to return with them. They were already much pleased with him. The Indian is a great admirer of beauty in the human species, and has a good eye for beauty. His judgment is not often wrong on this point. They had readily acknowledged the superior claims of our hero to manly beauty; and they had also some more striking proofs of his generosity, in the shape of presents which he had bestowed upon them. To Wahhallah he had given a hunting-knife, with a handsomely carved handle and a polished metal sheath, with which he appeared to be much delighted, and was constantly admiring it. To his younger brother he had given a pair of brass-mounted pistols and a powder-flask.—The youth appeared pleased with them, but evidently thought less of them than Wahallah did of his present. He seemed rather delighted to be in the company of his new friend, and loved to listen to his words. He saw that he was a great man, and had much learning; his wisdom and his kindness were the attractions that bound him to the white chief, and made him his fast friend. Charles loved to talk of the red men, and to ask questions of Shooshoone concerning their lands, their language, their tribe, and all their customs; and often would he break forth in their praise, as Shooshoone related some anecdote, illustrating their devotion to their chiefs, or their love for the land that held the bones of their fathers; or their exploits in war, showing the personal prowess of their great warrior-chiefs. It would call forth his admiration, and remind him of the tales he had read of the chivalry of the old feudal times. There was much, to his mind, that resembled it in those untaught natives of his own land.

The third afternoon of their journey they found themselves approaching the village of the tribe. It was still some miles distant, and Wahallah proposed going forward to inform his people that guests were approaching, with the desire to hunt with them, and remain at their village during the winter. This was according to Indian etiquette. A chief always sends a courier ahead to prepare his tribe to receive his guests. It was, therefore, agreed that Wahallah should go forward for this purpose; and he fixed upon a place where he would again rejoin them the next day—under the guidance of Shooshoone, who was to remain with them, and conduct them on the route.—The next day when they had approached to within two miles of the village, Shooshoone led them to an oak grove, where, he said, they were to await the coming of Wahallah. They had been in the grove but a few minutes, before a horseman was seen at full gallop crossing the plain, in the direction of the village, and approaching them. He soon came up, and they recognized in him (though with some surprise) Wahallah, now superbly mounted on a dark, wild horse, adorned with trappings of strange device and brilliant colors. He wore a large and showy plume of eagle's feathers on his head; his moccasins were highly ornamented with stained porcupine quills, and a pair of fine buckskin leggins, ornamented with the same material, covered his nether limbs. A gaudy hunting-shirt, made of calico, completed his dress. He told them his tribe was ready to receive them; and stopping a few moments to talk with them, turned and rode back. Charles thought this singular deportment in his friend, but the guide told him that he was one of the leading chiefs, and it was the custom of the tribe for the chiefs to receive their visitors in a body, and Wahallah had gone back to join them, but he would soon see him again.

They now mounted their horses again, and set forward to reach the village. After having proceeded awhile in silence, they were interrupted by Le Beaux, who said to Charles—

"Look yonder; they are coming to meet us."

Charles suffered his eyes to take the direction pointed out to him; and there,

ahead of them, and advancing toward them, were a large body of Indians, all mounted on horseback. They came gaily on, their horses prancing, and striving to show themselves off to the best advantage, while their riders performed various feats of horsemanship, which showed them both bold and dexterous horsemen. In this manner they approached almost to the place where our horsemen had drawn themselves up and came to a halt. They then fell into close ranks, in perfect order, and advancing to our party, bade them welcome to their village. Then, wheeling round, they returned in company with our friends to the village. Arriving here, Wahallah leading the way to his tent, he invited them to dismount and enter. He gave their horses in charge of the young sanaps that stood by ready to take them. A few minutes elapsed, when Wahallah, who had gone out immediately upon ushering them to his lodge, returned, and motioned them to attend him. They followed him in silence through the village, to a lodge that stood apart from the others, and was tenanted by Chihua, a venerable-looking man, upwards of eighty years old. This was the hall of audience. Here they held their councils, and received their ambassadors from other tribes; here, too, their guests were introduced to the chiefs, and when this ceremony was once performed, they were under the protection of the tribe, and they considered themselves sacredly bound to perform towards and extend to them the rites of hospitality.

Sitting cross-legged on the floor, they saw some dozen chiefs and braves, who were accustomed to give attendance on such occasions as the present. They were presented to each of them in turn. Le Beaux was on terms of familiarity with all the tribe, and received a cordial greeting from all the assembly. After this ceremony was over, the pipe was produced, which is always used on state occasions, and is the indispensable companion of the red man in times of council, whether the object be one of war or of peace, or, as at present, the reception of guests. It is the mode, the symbol which concludes and completes their compacts and treaties. It is the warrant which binds them to inviolably respect the rights and property of their guests; and from the time of this ceremony, so long as he remains, a guest may put confidence in their acts.

The pipe was lighted, Chihua puffed a few clouds, and with his own hand presented it to the white chief, who did the like, and then presented it to the chief on his right. In this way it made the circuit of the assembly, each one puffing at it in silence a minute, and passing it to his next neighbor. Chihua then, in a short speech, invited the white chief to become his guest. He said the Indian was weak, and the pale faces were strong, and dwelt in large cities—not in camps, like the poor Indian—and had many goods, and much wealth; they had grown numerous as the stars in the sky, and they had conquered all their enemies in war; their horses were strong, and fed in flocks in green pastures that the pale face had made for them. The pale face had plenty of rifles, and was rich in powder and lead. He said, the poor Indian could not equal his white brother; but, the pale face brought the fire-water to the Indian, which made him mad, and changed him into a beast. This was wicked, he said. His white brother knew not the suffering, the curse, it brought upon the poor Indian. His arms fell dead at his side, his feet caught in the grass, and he reeled like the tree shaken with the whirlwind; but, said he, I knew my white brother would bring no fire-water to his tribe; he was the red man's friend; Wahallah had told them what the white chief had said, and his people loved him. Wahallah would lead him to his lodge, and the white man should hunt with the Delawares, and eat at his table, and sleep in his lodge, safe from his enemies.

It now was our hero's turn to answer. This he did in a short speech, in which he thanked the chiefs for their ready hospitality, and repeated to them his professions of friendship and good-will. He assured Chihua, that he looked upon the practice of the pale faces of selling fire-water to his red brothers as wicked and detestable; and that he had no heart to do it. Then, turning to Le Beaux, he

requested him to open the pack which contained the presents he had brought with him. These consisted of powder, lead, tobacco, knives, and a quantity of highly colored pieces of calico; together with various other articles, such as are most esteemed by the Indians. These he distributed to the different chiefs, who were much delighted with their gifts, and praised him in warm expressions of gratitude for his kindness to his red brothers, and pledged their friendship and protection to him.

Wahallah, at his own request, had taken upon himself the office of host; and, now, as the assembly was broken up, he led them to his lodge again, where, he told them, they were to make their home. It gave him great satisfaction to entertain the white chief, so great an impression had Charles already made upon him, not only from the presents he had received from him, but because of his wise talk, as he called it, and his noble bearing. Also, the guide was a well known and highly respected friend of this tribe. They knew him to be a great warrior, and a good friend to the Delawares. There was in the council one man who had particularly attracted our hero's attention, and who had saluted Le Beaux more familiarly than the rest. He was a tall, fine-looking man, as, indeed, were all that band of chiefs and braves; but, even in such a company, his figure was strikingly commanding. Taller than the rest, he was, at the same time, finely and symmetrically proportioned, so that his uncommon stature showed none of that awkwardness which often is connected with men of very tall stature.—He was dressed after the fashion of those around him, save that there was about him a certain attention to neatness and tidiness which none of the others could claim. His features, too, although almost as dark as his companions, were more regular, and resembled more the European than the Indian. His hair, instead of being black and straight, like the others, was a dark brown, and hung in thick curls all over his head and neck. He occupied the next seat to the old chief, at his right hand, and seemed to be treated more like a superior than an equal. He did not display that eagerness and admiration the others showed when the presents were distributed, though he received his share with the others, and thanked our hero in the Delaware tongue for them.

"Who is he?" said our hero, as soon as they were alone in their lodge. "I don't think he is an Indian by birth; if he is, he is not of their tribe, certainly. He is a captive, who has been taken from the settlements in time of war, perhaps. He is, truly, one of the noblest men in his bearing I ever met."

Le Beaux was evidently pleased rather than astonished or surprised at these questions. He was pleased at the quickness with which Charles made the discovery, and the truth which had been so suddenly developed by him. He, therefore, in a pleasant tone, said to him—

"Well, really, you are a very shrewd man, to see through so complete a disguise at a single glance. I must confess there is not one in a hundred who could have done it. I dare say you are right in part of your supposition, and wrong in part. He is not an Indian by birth, though he has lived long with this tribe, and adopted them as his people, and has married the old chief's daughter—and a very pretty woman she is, too, and makes him as good a wife as many a white woman would have done. He is esteemed the strongest and the bravest man in the tribe, and is known as a great warrior. His history he has before now told me; and if there is an honest and a generous heart in the world, it beats in the breast of M. Boileau. He is a Frenchman by birth, and is of good family, and was once rich; but the world treated him cruelly, basely, and he turned his back upon it, and sought the friendship of the Delawares, who gladly received and soon came to love him. For more than twenty years he has lived with them, and has not, for the first time, quitted them to visit his former acquaintances. He seems happy and contented here, and has done the tribe much good, by teaching them, and reforming their bad habits. Through his means intoxicating drinks have been banished from the tribe, and are forbidden to be brought into their villages. He has a family growing up about him, whom

you will have an opportunity to see."

Some hour, or thereabout, after their introduction to the tribe, they were summoned to a plentiful feast. This lasted about a half hour, and was spent in eating. Conversation is not a gift of the red man; he wears it, like a great coat, only to put on when it is impossible to do without it. If some of the pale faces would do the like, I fancy there would be less worn-out garments displayed before the parlor firesides and in the crowded saloons of fashionable people. So thought Charles. There was one exception to this wholesale eating in the ranks: that was observed in M. Boileau, who had now come in for an increased share of Charles' attention, that he had gleaned a few facts from Le Beaux, in conversation with him, of his history. He ceased eating about the same time that Charles did, who thought himself wonderful for his powers of stuffing. It was, however, comparatively moderate in that company.

Charles felt an inclination to take a nap after he had retired to his lodge, but his attentive host was already at his side, with the tempting pipe—that emblem of all that is good and true and noble in Indian life and character—that dear friend, to whom they fly for comfort and consolation in peace and war, in hope and despair. It is, at all times and in all places, a true friend of the red man's. It inspires the tongue of the orator, when he sways, by his convincing and persuasive word, the councils of his tribe; it renders soft and fascinating the out-pourings of the Indian lover, when he wooes the dusky maid, and breathes, in passionate tones, the story of his love, when he paints the glory of his course, and lays the promises of future greatness and fame that await his steps down humbly at her feet, as an offering to her, his divinity and idol. In victory and prosperity it sends up to the clear heavens its white, curling, clustering wreaths of smoke in dense clouds, that follow thick and fast, and mount up gaily. In sorrow and adversity it sympathises with the crushed and chastened heart; now its thin, light wreaths come slowly forth, and cling around the face and neck as if to soothe and caress the sufferer. Slowly they lift themselves, tardily they spread their ærial wings for flight, and often, with streaming eyes, he sees them depart. All this the mute, silent, speechless pipe does, and boasts not of its deeds; and much more does it do, and can it do for its friends. Is it strange, then, that Charles shook off his drowsiness, and put his mouth eagerly to one of these blessed instruments?

For a long time he sat smoking, and ruminating all the while, upon the strange scenes he had just witnessed. When he had finished he carefully knocked the ashes fr. m the bowl, and looking lovingly upon it handed it back to Wahalla; then rising he took his cap and gun in his hand, and turning to his companions told them he was going to take a stroll in the woods near the village, and would be back soon. His faithful hounds, that we last saw on the track of the flying deer, now watching the movements of their master, slowly roused themselves from sleep, and getting up, prepared to follow him. He left the lodge with them at his heels; and directing his steps to the opposite side of the village, passed by several lodges that lay in his way, an object of observation and interest to the many dark eyes that turned towards him from the inmates. But heedless of them all, he reached the woods that skirted the opening close by the village, and without any definite motive or attention to his way, took the first path that he met leading to the forest. For some time he walked on, following the windings and turnings of the path, occasionally stopping to admire some strange bird that leaped from among the branches of the trees which overhung his way, or alighted on the ground before him.—And here and there his eye was attracted by the blooming flowers that opened their bright tinted leaves to catch the sun beams, that found their way through the tangled and netted foliage that grew above and around them; when a sudden bend in the direction brought him in full view of a beautiful little stream, which wound its peaceful way in noiseless flow through the dense forest shades. It was but a few steps in advance of him, and

he walked on till he stood upon the grassy bank that confined its waters to their narrow channel. Dark and shining were the clear waters of that little stream, hidden in the depths of the forest. The bending branches of the tall trees that grew on either side, seemed to mingle and interlock with each other, as if in close friendship, and in many places formed a complete shade from the sun's rays.

The air was calm and still. Not a breath of wind disturbed its smooth and polished surface; but here and there the sportive gambols of some tiny fish, that lived in its limpid bosom, for a minute would dash aside the water, as it leaped into the air, and as quickly darted away again in its native element, just showing in its brief visit, the shining scales that covered its graceful shape. Or perchance some luckless little insect that rashly ventured on its domain, would bring its watchful tenants to the surface, to punish the intrusion.

Charles stood for some minutes, gazing with pleasure on the scene, and watching the movements of the fish. As he at last cast his eyes along the banks, up and down the stream, he saw not far below where he stood, a small, slight canoe that lay by the bank, fastened by a cord. Curious to examine it, he took his way to the spot, and coming up, his curiosity was a good deal heightened as he discovered on examining it, that it was singularly modeled, and constructed most skillfully, with evident attention to beauty. It was curiously ornamented along the sides. Near the top, from stem to stern, stained bark of various rich colors, was interwoven with bands of dressed skin. A painted figure of a fish, adorned the bows, with an imitation of its native element about it. The inside was lined with skins, and fur cushions covered two small seats that stretched from side to side, at either end. The paddles that lay on the bottom of the canoe, were covered with carving of various devices, and were the work of great labor. It was altogether a fairy little boat, and a fit bark for the nymph of the stream, when she might wish to ride over her kingdom

Charles examined it long and attentively, and as he did so, wondered to whom it might belong. He thought it too fragile and little for a man's use, and everything about it denoted it a pleasure bark, rather than one for common use. But he puzzled his brains in vain; he could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion with regard to it.

As he turned round and looked up the bank, he discovered near where he stood, a little sylvan arbor. It covered a space not greater than ten feet square. Living branches of green, closely woven and interlaced, formed its sides, and these were turned into an arch above, which rendered it completely impervious, both to the rays of the sun, and the drops of rain. The front that looked out upon the stream, was mostly open; the branches had been trimmed, and their leaves cut off to afford a wider prospect. Two or three low seats were placed at the farther side. Fresh green boughs were spread on the ground, and it looked like a suitable abode for the possessor of the little canoe.

Charles now felt persuaded that there was something more than the untutored and rude taste of the Indian in these woods, that had formed these really beautiful structures. It looked to him more like the garden bower of an Eastern princess, than the tent of a North American Indian girl. But he resolved to enter and see if there was not something within this enchanting little arbor, that would give him a clue to its owner. But in vain he searched every nook and corner; nothing rewarded his efforts. And after having gone over it some half dozen times at least, he sat down as wise as when he commenced.

After sitting a few minutes, he concluded that he would wait here for the approach of its tenant, and in this way discover the mystery. He accordingly stretched himself at full length on the soft boughs, and taking off his cap, he placed it under his head, laid his gun by his side, while his dogs stretched themselves at his feet.—This was a dangerous position for a man to take after a hearty dinner, if he wishes to keep awake.

But Charles did not intend to remain

but a short time; he would return shortly to the lodge. Such was his resolution. But alas! for his resolution. A few minutes only had passed in this quiet spot, upon his really soft couch, ere he had fallen into a quiet slumber. He had been asleep for more than an hour.—He dreamt of fairies dwelling in rustic bowers, in wild solitudes, and clothed in more than mortal beauty and purity.—And he would see them skimming the smooth water in painted barges, and little fairy boats, that floated gracefully over the waves, propelled by their slender hands. A smile was breaking over his face, his long, silken, dark eye-lashes, that fell upon his cheek, trembled; his long clustering curls fell down his neck and over the side of his face, partly hiding his white forehead; his red lips slightly parted. His neck was mostly exposed, his collar having fallen back from his throat, exposing the clear white skin. As beautiful, voluptuous a spectacle he presented, while there he lay in graceful ease, as a real, living, breathing Apollo.

Just at this moment, had he been awake, he might possibly have heard a light, merry footstep, that came tripping over the grass in a different direction from that which he had taken, and approaching the bower, with a smiling face, the stranger turned at the opening of her accustomed haunt, when suddenly a sight met her eyes that checked her course and arrested her step, and caused her to draw back. But she did not scream or faint; but listening a moment to the breathing that came from the intruder upon her privacy, she carefully advanced again, and as she looked upon the young pale face that was thus sweetly slumbering, the blood mounted to her face and neck, and a modest blush suffused them both with a deep glow; her heart beat quicker in her bosom. His exceeding beauty, now that she saw him, (for at first she had only discovered that there was some one in her arbor), fascinated her, and held her gaze riveted upon him. Her fond and tender heart overflowed towards him, and feelings such as her heart had never known before, stirred within her. The trusty hounds that lay at his feet, raised their heads and glanced quietly at her, then, as if knowing their master was safe in such hands, offered no opposition to her advance. As if impelled by an irresistible fate, she slowly, step by step, advanced towards the sleeper, stopping at each step, and listening carefully, lest she might awaken him. But still he moved not, but continued to sleep on, his face changing as his dreams broke over his vision. She reached his side, and stooping over him, she gazed upon him with looks of love and melting tenderness. And there by his side she sat; still, scarcely breathing, lest she should disturb his slumber, gazing eagerly upon his face. Every feature, every line was impressed upon her heart with a power that would never suffer it to be effaced. She compared him with all she had ever seen before; but how mean did they all seem when contrasted with him. She almost fancied that he was a sleeping angel, and feared he would spread his golden wings and seek the sky, should he awake.

As she hung over him brushing away the flies that sought to light upon his face, and watching his every movement, his lips parted, and a low sound came from between them. She bent low her ear, as if to catch the sound, but it died away in an indistinct murmur, and came not again. His lips moved, but there was no sound. Then of a sudden, he turned round on his side, with his face towards her; as he did so, his hair fell over his face, and disturbed him. She gently put back with her soft, little, plump hand, the truant curls. As she did so, her hand touched his cheek; at the touch, a thrill ran through her whole frame, filling it with the most delightful, most exquisite sensation, and sent the blood swiftly through her veins.

Her love grew as she gazed upon him, and ere she herself knew it, or ere he had opened his eyes, she had yielded up her heart to the sleeping stranger. What pleasure to sit and watch by him. It was a new, strange feeling. She had found in this youth, the ideal image she had pictured in her dreams. Alone in the woods, in her private bower, as if dropped there from the skies, she had found him. But look, he moved his

hand. What a small, pretty hand, she thought to herself. But now his face is shaded as if with pain. His hand has fallen under him, and he is pressing upon it. Tenderly as a mother raises her infant, she moves him and takes his hand from under him. Again that thrilling, exquisite sensation runs through all her frame. She folded his hand in her bosom, and pressed it to her lips. Oh! what bliss! what sweet happiness! And now emboldened by his sound sleep, she stooped low over him, and parting the hair that falls about his forehead, she softly kisses him, her blushes all the while chasing each other over her glowing face. How she longs to have him open his eyes, that she might see him smile upon her. She already fancies that he will love her. Such was her pure and simple heart; so void of guile, so destitute of art, that she, feeling that she had given him all her fond heart, believed he must return her love.

At last he moves; again his long eyelashes tremble, he is about to wake.—Now she, poor thing, trembles; she would fly if she could, from what a moment ago she desired so strongly; but her strength has forsaken her. Before she recovers herself, he opens his eyes; he looks confusedly about him at first. Suddenly his eyes meet hers; he opens them wider, and with wonder depicted in his face, he for an instant stares at the lovely being that sits by his side; then closes his eyes again. It must be a dream. Is he awake? can it be that the nymph of the stream is really, truly beside him? "Would that it were so," he murmurs to himself. But he almost fears to open his eyes once more, lest the sweet vision shall have fled. Slowly he opens them again. 'Tis true; there by his side sits the fairy. With blushing modesty her eyes are veiled beneath her silken lashes; her swelling bosom heaves full plainly to his sight, beneath her light mantle. Her breath is almost on his cheek.

"Yes," he exclaims, "it is, it is a blessed reality, and you are not a spirit, a phantom of a dreamy brain."

In eager, but beseeching tones, he utters these words. She starts at the sound of his voice, and lifts her eyes to his flushed and excited countenance.—If she admired him while sleeping, how is she now fascinated as his bright, sparkling eyes, lighting up his whole countenance, and giving life and expression with double force, are turned in admiring gaze upon her. She understood very well the language he used, and a slight smile at his eager words, and ardent, wondering look, broke over her face. Charles saw it, and this at once recalled him to his senses, which had wandered a little at first. Rising at once, and blushing deeply, he attempted an apology for his intrusion. He had not meditated for a moment the purpose of sleeping there, he said. He had for a minute or two rested, but sleep overtook him before he was aware of it. He hoped she would pardon him for the intrusion.

While he spoke, the rich tones of his manly voice came upon her ear like sweet music. She hardly dared to look at him, and yet she desired to do so. When he ceased speaking, he humbly and anxiously awaited her answer. In a soft, silvery voice she answered him, that no apology was needed for his intrusion. She was glad indeed, very glad, her little arbor had afforded him a shelter. It was a great pleasure to her to find him there; she would love to have him come there and rest himself often; and would he not come to her father's lodge? it was but a step, close at hand, she added.

As she spoke, Charles, who now had regained his presence of mind, jumped at once to the conclusion which his quickened senses pointed out. Yes, thought he, it is she; it is Coquese, the Valley Flower, that Shooshoone spoke of. And with this conclusion, he raised his eyes to see more fully her queenly beauty.—As he did so, he thought he had never beheld so fair, so rich a beauty before in his life. Above the medium height, she was most beautifully proportioned. The graceful curves of her limbs; the soft, swelling roundness of her beautiful bust; her plump, round arm; her small, neat ankle, and pretty foot; her long, wavy auburn hair, that floated so gracefully about her beautifully moulded shoulders,

and reached even to her feet; her large, dark, expressive eyes, that seemed to swim in love and tenderness; her straight, Grecian nose and profile; her small mouth, with the curved line of swelling lips, that blushed more rosy than the morn; her chiseled chin, with the soft, full round throat; all her rare perfections of form and feature, were adorned and gathered farther beauty from the rich, clear olive complexion, that looked almost transparent, and glowed with her blushes to a rich, deep red, a lovely hue, that defies description, and mocks at imitation, while it rendered more conspicuous and brilliant, the dazzling, pearly whiteness of teeth that were regular and even. By chance, her small, and delicately formed hand rested upon a slender branch, that had broken from its training, and displayed her taper fingers. From these Charles suffered his eyes to wander again to her face, and wondered at the dark, and beautifully penciled eyebrows, which o'erarched her lustrous eyes. Love and feminine tenderness played over all the lineaments of her lovely face. Whilst free from the reserve and restraint that fetters and distorts ladies of fashion, there was an ease in her movements, a true, simple delicacy, an air of grace, an alluring charm about her, that not all the wealth of the world can purchase, nor all the honors of high birth can give.

Charles was spell-bound by her beauty and her loveliness. A strange reluctance, or rather diffidence, seized his tongue, and made him speak broken sentences and stammering words, when he attempted to address her. The simplicity, the ready confidence, and affectionate reception which she offered him, all made a strong impression upon him, and called forth such feelings from his heart as all the wealth and all the polish and glittering attractions that had assailed him in civilized society, had failed to awaken. It was love which, although he knew it not, nor would acknowledge it, perhaps, even to himself, was yet destined to fill his heart, and sway his future life. Sometimes love is the growth of long acquaintance, and is fed by the esteem or regard first felt towards its object. Little by little it works its way into the heart, where it grows and fixes deep its strong roots, that strengthen until they have entirely gained the affections. Sometimes the elevated character and great reputation of the beloved object first kindle the flame that, by degrees, burns with an all-consuming fire. At others—as in the case of Charles and Coquese—it leaps, at a single bound, over all barriers, and a glance as fully and as completely enthrals the heart with its strong, enduring bands, as if it had been the idol they had cherished in their hearts from childhood. We venture to say that our hero was as much in love with this fair girl of the forest the first time he saw her, and that she as strongly, as ardently loved him in return, as ever two mortals were with each other, or ever can be. Love leaped out of their eyes and seized upon their hearts, like the flash of an electric shock. How this can be possible we shall not attempt to say, but that it was so we feel assured. Love is blind, says the old proverb. We do not believe a word of it; on the contrary, we boldly affirm that it sees quicker and farther than any other passion that moves the heart. It wants no argument, it seeks no counsel, but at once, by itself alone, it accomplishes its purpose. It is a strange but no less true observation, that its way is the same, whether it is found in the wise and learned, or in the weak and illiterate. It acknowledges no classes or distinctions, it obeys no masters, it lays down no rules. A look, a sigh, a tone, a word, may bring it full-grown into life, and give it strength to defy the world.

Charles soon regained his self-possession, and recovered his lost power of speech. He lingered by the side of his new found treasure, delighted to listen to her voice, to watch her lovely countenance, to study her every motion. His whole soul was at once centred in her; he forgot everything else in her presence; and, now, he tells her of his ramble, and how, by chance, his footsteps wandered to this spot; how the little canoe, which he now learns from her own pretty lips, is her own, caught his eye; how he admired it, and how he praised its beauty and wonders how she can guide it in the

stream. How delightful it would be to be her companion, and to ply the delicate little paddles in the deep stream, with her seated at his side. Then, the story of the beautiful little arbor is again rehearsed to her pleased ears, and she asks if he did, indeed, dream that a nymph from the stream came to him; if he did, truly, search the little bower to find its owner; and what he thought when he first awoke and saw her sitting there. And, then, she tells him, in her own simple, beautiful way, how fearful she was that she might awake him, and how she started when she first found that some one was in her arbor, and how long she had sat by him watching for him to open his eyes; and when, at last, he did open them, how she trembled; and how frightened she was.

Thus did our happy lovers, (for lovers they were, indeed, though they, perhaps, did not know it) delighted with each other, the first warm sweets of love expanding in their hearts, and each minute growing stronger and deeper, converse with each other. Their looks, their words, all that they did, however trivial in other eyes, seemed full of meaning to them, and brought fresh pleasure to their enchanted bosoms; and, as they sat, side by side, in this solitary spot, they heeded not the hours that flew so swiftly by. The sun went down behind the western sky, and shed a glorious beauty over the world at his departing They marked it not, so much were they absorbed in each other; and, yet, no word of love, no vows, no promises, were on their lips, or dwelt in their hearts. They were too happy with each other in their present enjoyment, to think of aught else. But the darkening shades of night at last aroused them to a sense of their situation, and they awoke, as from a dream of bliss and love. Coquese started up, exclaiming—

"Now we must go to our homes. Night, alas! how quick it steals over the bright sky!"

They hastily traced their way homewards. Tenderly did Charles support the fair girl, and joyfully and smilingly did she look up into his face, as she pointed out the path she now trod so happily. It was not a long distance from the village to this spot, but it seemed to them far less than it really was; and, now that they were about to separate, it gave a pang to their loving hearts, and showed what progress swift-footed love had made with them in a few short hours. A lingering farewell came from their reluctant tongues, and so they separated. Their tender glances followed each other to their respective doors.

CHAPTER XII.

It was, as I have already said in the preceding chapter, late when they returned to the village; but this excited no attention on the part of those whom they met at the village, or on the part of the parents of Coquese, for she was their eldest child, and a great favorite, and was accustomed to go and come when she pleased. She was indulged in all her fancies, and moreover, she was in the habit of spending much time at her little arbor, by herself. Often did she sail alone in her fairy canoe, on that silent, beautiful stream. When she returned, therefore, this evening to her home, she met the accustomed welcome that greeted her, and was left without any question as to her afternoon's walk, or where she had spent the time; questions which now for the first time in her life, she would have blushed to answer, and would rather have avoided.

Such are the first fruits of *secret* love. True, she seemed different from usual to-night; she was very light-hearted, and happy, and the sparkle of her dark eyes might have been a shade brighter; the tones of her merry, sweet laugh, might have been a touch freer, and more musical. She was indeed, very happy, and like a child of nature, she showed her feelings in her every movement and act. The watchful eye of a mother perceived this unusual flow of spirits, but supposing it to proceed simply from the effects of her walk, and the attendant excitement only noticed it by saying,

"You seem very gay, and in excellent spirits to-night, Coquese."

Her daughter blushed, and looked a little disconcerted for a moment, thinking that her long interview with the handsome stranger had been discovered; but quickly recovered herself, as she reflected that such a thing was impossible, and in her pleasantest manner, replied that she did feel very happy; and this concluded the whole matter.

Had, however, her mother watched her carefully, when M. Boileau spoke of the guests who had arrived amongst them that day, and praised anew his old friend Le Beaux, who held the highest place in his regard, for his honest, sterling worth, and also enlarged upon the fine, imposing appearance of our hero, and applauded his conduct and bearing at the council, then might she have seen Coquese paying the closest attention, drinking in eagerly the words of her father, and blushing and looking pleased at these words. He said that he should take every opportunity to cultivate his acquaintance and friendship, while he remained amongst them; for it was not often, as Le Beaux said, that such as Charles were to be found traveling in these wilds. And M. Boileau declared his intention of inviting him, for a part of the time, to become his guest at their own lodge. While he was saying this, Coquese could hardly command her feelings. Was he, indeed, to become her daily companion, for some time to come, and lodge beneath the same roof, where she should see, and be with him much of the time, and where she could show those attentions, and bestow that love in various acts upon him to whom her heart was given?

Such were the reflections his words awakened. This made her happiness greater. That night she laid her head upon a pillow, around which visions of the future came clustering in her fond anticipations, with happy days, and pleasures richer than ever before she had even dared to hope. A thousand plans were formed, and in them all, Charles had a conspicuous part to play, and this dear girl was to be his only partner; she would take him all to herself, she would have him alone where none could steal away a moment of his loved presence from her, or warm beneath his sweet, enchanting smile, or catch the soft, delightful tones of his dear voice. All, all must be given to her, and yet she did not deem herself selfish. Was not that strange, think you, for one whose thoughts and efforts had always been so freely, so cheerfully given to the happiness of others, even before her own happiness was cared for? It would have been, had she not been in love. Not now was it; this omnipotent passion transforms its subjects, as if they were children in its hand, and sweeps away at a single stroke, the old habits, the old feelings, that held undisputed empire over them, up to the time of its rule.—Man and woman unresistingly, and without dispute, bow to the little rosy god.

Coquese had many dreams that night, after the teeming fancies that had held her long awake had yielded to sleep her due, and when she had closed her bright eyes in slumber, they came in happier visions than her waking musings. They heaped up joys and bliss mountain high to yield to the idol that so lately had usurped her whole soul. And now she dreamed that he was again by her side; like an angel he was sleeping near her, in all his rich, attractive beauty. Again she delighted to look upon his fair, youthful form; again did she watch by his side, and as she touched with tenderest care his snowy forehead with her pretty hand, again did she feel run through all her form that thrilling sensation, so new, so blissful; and as in her bower, so now in her dream, upon her happy couch, she saw the long, silken lashes tremble over his eyes, and knew that the unconscious sleeper was waking. Foolish little thing, what makes her tremble to see those eyes she so wished would look upon her? Now how radiantly beautiful he seems, as in startled confusion and wonder, he first sees her at his side, and what a sweet voice comes to her listening ears.

All this her faithful and enamored memory brings back upon her sleeping couch with truthful image, and stirs her heart as if it were indeed reality. All

bright and smiling were the dreams which one after another came across her busy brain, and till the morning song of her pet robin, that from his perch by the door, awaked the dreaming maid, did she in fancy sport with these bright visions. But the faithful favorite knew not what joy his mistress in sleep was taking, and at his accustomed hour at her door poured forth from swelling throat his sweet lay. The sound awoke her, and gradually fled away those visions, so vivid that they at first held her in forgetfulness, and cheated her into the belief that they were not shadows, dreams, flitting fancies, that would vanish at the approach of morn and light. But not long was it before all that had occurred passed in review before her awakened mind, and now she gave her thoughts by day to him to whom by night they stole away in fancy.

But where is Charles, all this time? and how fares it with him? We left him just entering his lodge, full of tender feelings towards the Indian maid, that was almost a stranger to him, and whom, a few short hours before, he had never seen. Le Beaux was waiting his return, and Charles thought he could detect a knowing look in his honest face, as he entered; but if so, there was no other sign that he had a knowledge of the use Charles had made of his time, since he went out: for he, in a careless, good-humored tone, asked him if he had enjoyed his walk, and what he thought of the country about the village. He said there was a very pretty stream a short distance south of the village, where an abundance of excellent fish were to be found, and it was, moreover, a favorite retreat for M. Boileau's family, and some others of the tribe.

Charles, perhaps, might have had a slight suspicion that Le Beaux knew a good deal about that stream, and farther, that he knew what was done there *sometimes*, and *especially* this afternoon; he in turn, therefore, sought to discover what the sharp-witted guide did know, and with an indifferent air, asked him if he had been walking since dinner.

"No," said Le Beaux, "not far, at least. I have spent the time in the lodge of that chief you admired so much, and in fact, had but just returned, when you came in."

This was satisfactory to Charles, who was anxious to question Le Beaux about Coquese and her family, and he thought this afforded an excellent opportunity to do so, without exciting the curiosity of Le Beaux. Charles asked him how long he had known the family of M. Boileau, and whether their eldest daughter, Coquese, had ever been to the white settlements. Le Beaux replied that he had known that beautiful girl from a child.—It was quite early in life that he made the acquaintance of her father, when he was first on his way to join the Delawares, and they had remained friends ever since, and that nothing had ever occurred to disturb, or interrupt their friendly intercourse. Although often their wandering life had separated them for long periods of time, yet had they met quite often, two or three times at least, every year, when he paid his visits to the family, and usually was their guest for some weeks at a time. "And," said he, "the more I see of the family, and the better I know them, the stronger grows my attachment to them. As to their daughter Coquese, she is indeed, a fair flower, and as good as beautiful; she is a ministering angel to those about her, and never was any mortal more beloved than is she by the whole tribe. Her alms and charity are freely bestowed on all who want, and she administers with her own hands to the sick and afflicted. She has acquired much skill in the treatment and knowledge of the diseases which prevail amongst the tribe, and treats them with great success; for which she is looked upon by them with great reverence and almost awe, I might add."

"But to answer your question, which I almost forgot while speaking of her, (for I love her as well as I could if she were my own child, and regard her happiness with the greatest solicitude and interest, and also watch over her with careful vigilance),—she has ever lived with her parents, and has never contracted any of those false notions and customs which intercourse with the whites so often

introduces among the children of the forests. She is a pure, simple-hearted child of nature, with all its winning loveliness, and artless grace, and truth about her. She is indeed, a gem worthy of the noblest and best of earth's lords."

Le Beaux was not talking idle, empty words, paying mere compliments, such as often come from the lips and flattering tongues of those polished, and refined, and very fashionable members of society. No, they came straight from his heart, and were the real, true feelings of his soul. Truth was stamped upon his face, and in his tone, while he spoke, which convinced Charles that he was in earnest; and while he was somewhat surprised at what he heard, he was not the less pleased to hear her praises from the mouth of one who had his entire confidence, for his honesty and integrity, and whom he highly respected for his sense and intelligence.

Charles was pleased to hear their new acquaintance so highly spoken of, and continued to ask such questions as would give him a farther knowledge of her character, and life, and education. To all these questions, he found Le Beaux an interested listener, and a ready respondent. His close acquaintance and intimacy with the family, and his fatherly affection for Coquese herself, had given him the most ample means of acquiring information, and becoming thoroughly acquainted with her; and now, that this young man, who had at first acquaintance so strangely, yet, nevertheless, so strongly interested him, and who had constantly from that date, grown more and more in his favor, asked him with an ill-disguised interest and feeling, of her who was his darling, he took more than usual delight in proclaiming her virtues and her well-deserved merits, and beauties of character.

He was a skillful reader of character, and a quick scholar at this task. And now in his own mind, although he did not utter such a sentiment, he still was fully persuaded that he had found the man who was worthy to make his idol child a happy partner, and one whom he felt persuaded she would love. With these feelings in his mind, then, the reader will not wonder that he spoke so fluently, and often made long digressions in his answers to Charles, that he might give him a better idea of the treasure that any man who should obtain her, would possess in Coquese. And did Charles fret and grumble at this round about way of answering his questions? No, on the contrary he listened with the most pleasurable interest, and encouraged him by his manner and words to proceed.

In this conversation the evening passed rapidly away, and it was rather late at night before they retired to rest, both well pleased with the evening's entertainment, and Charles more in love than ever with the subject of their conversation. It was Le Beaux's purpose that our hero should fall in love with and marry Coquese, and he resolved to help on an event which would so perfectly satisfy his own wishes, and which he felt convinced would result in the happiness of his young friends. He had learned from Charles, since they had been together, what his views were in relation to the society he had left behind him, and also in what light he held the character of the better portion of the wild Indian tribes; and from this he was almost certain that when he did meet, as he meant that he should, with Coquese, he would at once become attached to her.

She possessed a mind of no ordinary powers, and these had been developed and expanded under the faithful and careful tuition of her father, who, in early life, had received the best education his country could afford, and was esteemed one of the most promising among his fellow students; and now, although he had left the learned world behind him, and exiled himself from them, yet did he not neglect his mental training. In his lodge was a handsome and large library. Large, I say. Perhaps, that is speaking extravagantly. It, however, contained more volumes and a better selection than could be found in the *houses* of many educated gentlemen who lived in the white settlements of the West. And it was his pleasure to direct his beautiful and darling child in her perusal of such works as he thought best for her; and,

in connection with her reading, would he, in explaining and inculcating the truths contained in them, often draw from his well informed mind such information as would best tend to form her character in that mould of purity, and virtue, and feminine delicacy which would best and most adorn a refined and virtuous society; and such was the interest and attraction he would clothe his teachings with, that he never failed to gain the attention and impress the mind of his child.

In all the ordinary branches of learning she was an adept, and far surpassed those who have enjoyed tenfold her advantages. In many of the walks of literature she was studied and showed herself conversant with them. The science and practice, too, of the healing art, from the circumstances in which she was placed, she found it necessary to learn somewhat; and her efforts had been successful, so that now she had made no mean progress in the art.

The most beloved branch, and the one which so well suited her natural endowments in the ornamental studies, as they are frequently called, was music. In this she could not be excelled. Her soft, sweet voice, so full of feeling and melody, in the strains she had learned, would fall upon the ear with ravishing sweetness and mingled tenderness.—There was a depth, a feeling in her manner of singing that appealed at once to, and kindled the heart, and melted the feelings. Clear as a bird the notes of her voice sounded in those different passages which perplex and defy a voice which is possessed of but ordinary compass. Her voice seemed to have no limit in its stretch, gliding as smoothly and softly along the highest notes as the birds which sung around her door, whose songs she learned to sing with an exactness and truthful imitation that would confound the listener.

Such was the character and such the accomplishments of our dusky maid, with whom Charles had scarcely contracted an acquaintance ere he had given her his first—his ardent love; and from whom, at the close of their first interview, he had parted with such reluctance; whose image had floated before his vision in dreams of bliss and happiness that night. He was early up the next morning, and impatient of the delay which held him waiting for breakfast; for he could not, without offence, neglect his host, who was all attention and kindness towards him. Le Beaux asked him at breakfast what he intended to do to-day; whether he desired to hunt, or would visit the lodges and see the Indians at their own firesides?

Charles replied that he would remain at home that day; that he did not yet wish to commence hunting there, but should like to become better acquainted with the tribe. "But," said he, "before doing what you propose, I shall take a short walk."

Le Beaux listened to him with satisfaction, and, as he closed and spoke of a walk, gave him a look similar to that which greeted him on his return to the lodge the evening before. Now, the fact was, he more than half suspected, when he left Mr. Boileau, and Coquese had not returned, and Charles also was absent, that they had met, but it was only a suspicion. He knew nothing further. The evening's conversation confirmed his suspicion, and, now that Charles so readily gave up the plan of visiting the lodges, so quickly, too, or rather delayed it, when he had left the camp almost for the express purpose of learning by actual observation, more than otherwise he could do, of the Indian character and habits. He felt he was right in his conjecture, and the conviction that he was so showed itself in the way we have mentioned.

He, of course, made no opposition to such an arrangement, but said he would wait for him, and he supposed he would not be gone long, unless he should accidentally meet Mr. Boileau's pretty daughter, who had interested him so much, when he should certainly forgive him if he took the liberty to stay all day; "for," said he, not appearing to notice Charles' confusion, "she is a most beautiful girl as you ever *saw*, as I believe I have already told you several times before." With this they parted. Charles to take the path which yesterday had led him to such a strange, but pleasant en-

counter; and, although there was no mention made of revisiting it to-day, he did so with the hope—nay, the feeling that he should meet Coquese there again. Le Beaux walked over to the lodge of an old friend to talk and smoke with him; and, leaving him seated there in contentment with a brave old warrior, we will follow the footsteps of the enamored pale-face youth.

Quick though they be, and will soon leave us behind if we are not in haste, love gives wings to its children, says some one, and I should think this might be the case by the way Charles went down the winding path to the bower by the little silver stream. It was early in the forenoon when he came to the spot where he stood the day before, when he first discovered the little canoe. The scene seemed to smile upon him in its solitary loveliness. There lay the same little fairy skiff floating on the still water close by the bank; the green trees were rustling in a gentle breeze that stirred their tops. He stood still a moment, while he looked around him, and then with a beating heart and slower pace he turned his steps to seek the bower where he had first seen her by accident, who was now so eagerly sought after by him.

As he approached in view of the spot, he looked quickly to see her there, but the view was obstructed by intervening trees, and showed but a part of the little retreat. And, now, his path winding around in another direction, brought him opposite the side of the little tent, so that the front, which alone was open, and could give him a view of the inside, was hid from his gaze, and it was not until he had fairly reached it, and stood at the entrance, that he could know whether Coquese was there or not; but the first look that he cast within put his doubts to flight at once. There, seated upon one of those little stools, sat the happy girl. She had heard his step, and her first impulse had been to fly and meet him, but she, at the instant, checked herself; a feeling of modesty stopped her, and kept her to her seat.

As he appeared at the entrance, however, she quietly rose to meet him, and gave him her hand as he greeted her with the morning salutation. She blushed deeply in spite of herself, and stood with her hand resting in his for a few minutes, while he inquired after her health, and spoke of the happiness it gave him to meet her again. In a few minutes she withdrew her hand from its willing prison and, smiling, she invited him to take a seat by her, which, as a matter of course, he very readily did.—She had a book in her hand when he entered, and still continued to hold it, but of course it was shut; and she, turning to him, did not attempt, as our city young ladies would have done under such circumstances, to have been astonished and surprised to see him there, although they might have gone there for the express purpose of meeting the very individual whom they spoke to; and would in reality have been surprised and disappointed too, had he not come. No, she was perfectly artless; free from all foolish affectation; and in her looks and in her voice there was written the pleasure she felt in seeing him; had she not told him, as she quickly did, with sweet grace, in a low voice, that she knew he would come again, this morning, and she ran down to meet him; it was so delightful to be with him. She had left her mother and little sisters at home, she said, but she was afraid he would be disappointed if he did not find her there.

Charles was filled with joy as she spoke to him in this artless manner. It was so unlike the cold, formal intercourse of the refined world. There was so much heart and feeling in it too; and then she looked so beautiful, so fresh, so like a creature born for happiness and sunshine. He took her hand again; he could not help it; it lay so close to him; it looked so enticing too; and gazing fondly into her face, "my dear Coquese," said he, "I owe you a thousand thanks for thinking so kindly of me, and greeting me so smilingly, and for coming down to the stream, that I might not be disappointed. I should, indeed, have been disappointed had I not met you here. It was to see you, and only to see you, that I came. But you often, every day, come here, do you not? It is so beautiful a spot."

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"Oh, yes," replied the fond girl, "I love my little arbor very much, but how much more dearly since I have met you here. I shall always love it now; I shall always think of you when I am here, and," said she, blushing and sinking her voice the while, as if supplicating him, "I shall often meet you here, too, shall I not?" As she spoke this, she leaned her head towards him.

How charming she is, thought Charles, and what a fond, loving heart she has, too. Then, speaking aloud, he said, "You make me happy, indeed, Coquese, by what you say. I shall hold you to your words, and shall seek you here every day. I, too, shall always love this quiet spot, and remember that here I found an angel"

Coquese smiled at his words, which he spoke with ardor. "Why, you do still believe me the nymph of the stream, as you called me yesterday, when you first opened your eyes and saw me, do you?" said she, laughing.

"Oh! no,—you are far too beautiful for even such a creature, and I can hear you talk to me with your own sweet voice, and see your bright eyes bent upon me, and hold your little hand in my own. No, no, I am thankful you are not a nymph," said he, "so long as I can see you and be with you. But indeed, I was so confused, when I awoke and saw you, that I did not know at first, whether you were mortal or a spirit. I heard you not when you came, and when I laid down, there was no one near me,—but was you not afraid of my hounds, Coquese?"

"No," said she, "they looked so gentle, that I had no fear of them, even at first sight; and when I saw you sleeping so soundly there, I did not notice anything afterwards but you, and was it not strange," she added, "that I should feel so?"

Charles smiled at her simplicity, but could not help wondering more at the mixed character she possessed. He saw already she was better informed than many of the city belles, but then she was so simple in many things.

"No, Coquese, it was perfectly natural that you should be interested to know who it was that had the boldness to enter your bower and appropriate it to his own use, thus unceremoniously and uninvited; it would have been strange if you had not felt an interest in him. But did you find out the name of the intruder, Coquese, or did you try to do so?" he added sportively.

"No," said she "I thought only of him, not caring for anything else; but do tell me your name, it must be a sweet name, I know. I desired to ask you before, something prevented me when I was about to do it. I should so like to speak your name, and your sister's, and father's and mother's. I wish to know them all. Does your sister look like you?—ah! how I should like to see her."

Charles could hardly keep from laughing as Coquese, in the same breath almost, and with all the ardor of a curious child, asked these several questions.

"Well, my dear Coquese, I am afraid you will be disappointed in my name; it is not a very uncommon one, that is certain, and has, I think, no very strong claims to be considered pretty, but I must tell you, I suppose, for I cannot refuse you anything since you have been so kind as to allow me to visit you. My name is Charles Stanley; my sister's Isabella, and we both have the same names that our respective parents bear. How do you like it?"

"Oh! I knew it must be a very pretty name, I was sure of it," and she repeated it again and again, "and now I shall call you Charles, shall I not, I like it so much? But you must tell me all about your home. I suppose you live in a fine house in a great city, and have everything about you that you can wish. I heard Le Beaux say you was a very rich man, and lived far away by the side of the great ocean, in a very mighty city. I have read oftentimes, descriptions of cities and fine houses, in books, but my home is in the little lodge. Do you love to live in the Indian wigwam, Charles?"

"Yes, Coquese, I love the wild woods and the snug little lodge, and longed to come away from the crowded city to this quiet life, and now since I have seen you I love it better still, you are so good,

so beautiful, so kind of heart. But do you know the city is not green like the forest? it is crowded with buildings, and dusty streets wider than the path of your little village run throughout the length and breadth of it; and besides, it is very noisy and full of tumult. I shall always love such a delightful, quiet spot as this, Coquese."

Her bright eyes sparkled and her face beamed with pleasure as he said this, and he felt the little hand he held gently press his own. Then she added,

"I love to hear you say so, Charles. I love my home dearly, I love to wake in the morning and hear the sweet songs of the birds, as they commence again their daily task, and I love to walk in the bright day through these shady woods. I love to sail over the quiet stream in my light canoe, to watch the fish as they swim gracefully in the clear water, or dart swiftly to seize their prey. Then there are the blooming flowers that laugh in the sunshine, and open their pretty mouths to catch the dew drops that come to them from the sweet sky. I love them all, oh! how dearly, and all these you cannot have in your city home, Charles."

"You are right, Coquese," replied he, "we cannot have these beautiful gifts of our bountiful Creator, but men seek to supply their place by introducing dead, and lifeless imitations of them. Their painted walls would imitate a forest scene, their artificial flowers are woven into a wreath to look like that you are wearing, and the free, sweet, singing birds that love to hop among the boughs of the trees, or soar on fearless wing above the clouds, are caught and held in little prison-cages, to sing about the houses of their captors. As to the pretty golden fish, it is taken from the running stream and kept in globes of glass, where he has scarce room to turn himself about, or water to give him air to breathe. Do you think you would love these things as well as those about your village, Coquese?"

"Ah! no," said she, "it is so hard to bind the poor birds and fishes captives. Do they not die of broken hearts sometimes, or pine away their lives in wishing in vain for their freedom?"

"Yes, often, but man heeds it not, it is but a bird, or a fish, says he, what cares he for them."

"It is a cruel world, Charles; I do not love it, now that you have told me this. But the white man is very learned, and has many books about, and many advantages which the Indian knows not, and he makes a thousand comforts for his home the simple Indian never knew. I wish to know all about your own home, Charles."

And Charles did tell the curious Coquese much that was strange and new to her of his own home, and of the customs and habits of the white man. She expressed a good deal of interest with regard to the women of his people. She asked if their complexion was like his own, so white, and begged him to describe their dress, and the occupations which employed their time. When Charles told her that there were many ladies in the cities that had no other occupation but that of preparing and procuring their dresses, nay, even many whose whole lives were spent in barely arraying themselves in fashionable dresses which were prepared for them, that they might be elegant and beautiful, she could not restrain her surprise and wonder. How it could be possible to sacrifice all those high and elevating pleasures which are placed before our race, for such a purpose, was beyond her comprehension; but when he spoke of those whose lives were spent in bestowing blessings on all about them, in acts of benevolence and charity, in relieving the poor and destitute, and administering comfort to the sick and suffering, in contrast to the vain, giddy, empty crowd that flutter through life on idle wing to show their gaudy trappings, like butterflies that sport in the summer air; how did her true and generous heart sympathize with them, and yield to them the ready tribute and respect which a noble and generous heart always feels in contemplation of what is truly elevating and worthy in human conduct.

But we will not attempt to follow them through a conversation which kept them seated in the little bower for more than two hours; time, that glided swiftly by

with them, and served to bind them closely to each other. As on the preceding day, they left the bower together, and took the path Coquese had chosen the evening before.

Coquese invited Charles to visit her father's lodge and become acquainted with the family; and though it would have delighted him to have done so, and satisfied a strong curiosity he felt concerning them, still he felt that it would not be in accordance with the customs of the tribe, who always left to the men both the introduction and reception of guests. They parted at her door, to which Charles had accompanied her; when he immediately joined Le Beaux, whom he found sitting at the door of Wahalla's lodge, looking out upon them.

"Well," said he, as Charles approached, "I see you have discovered the lodge of the Flower of the Valley, what do you think of her?"

"She is an angel," said Charles, "your description fell far short of her sweet perfection. She does indeed merit all the praises you have bestowed upon her."

Le Beaux smiled at the warmth and feeling with which he spoke of his favorite, but said nothing further. Charles, however, had too much in his teeming brain to keep silent long, and in a few minutes he said, "I wonder, Le Beaux, that so fair a maid has not many lovers from the young men of the tribe. Do they not consider her beautiful? She must be now quite old enough to have suitors, I should think."

"She is but seventeen," replied Le Beaux, "and yet there is not a young man in the tribe who would not give everything he had to call her his wife.—She is beloved by all, and all pay homage to her worth and beauty."

"And is there no favored suitor among so many brave warriors and Indians?" asked Charles, although he was well persuaded, from the intercourse he had had with her, that her heart was not another's, but even believed that she felt towards him as he was now aware he did with regard to her.

"No," said Le Beaux, "there is none to mate with her in all the tribe — Her spirit is of a different mould. She loves the habits, the studies that are unknown to them. They cannot share her feelings, although there is many a brave and honest heart among them. See you yonder three lodges that sit apart by themselves? They belong to the Black Feet. A renowned chief, with a select band of his chosen braves, dwells there. He has visited this tribe ostensibly with the purpose of hunting with them, but if I am not much mistaken, the dog has come here to carry off the Flower of the Valley, to make her his squaw."

Charles was taken by surprise at this information, so suddenly and unexpectedly given. His blood boiled at the thought of the fair and lovely girl becoming the slave of any chief, and more especially the slave of the coarse, brutal being mentioned, whose only claim to respect or regard was founded upon his brute, physical strength. "Why then is he suffered to remain amongst them?" said he quickly. "Is his purpose known to her family, to herself? And what do they intend to do? Surely they will not force her to marry him against her will; and I know that she will never consent freely."

"No," said Le Beaux, "if she ever marries him, it will be by her own free choice. Although the women are contracted in marriage among the Indians without their own consent very often, yet will it never be the fate of Coquese."

"But do you mean to say that she favors that huge giant chief, who is the leader of the Black Feet?" asked Charles, eagerly, the blood running quickly back to his heart.

"By no means," said Le Beaux, "but he is determined to have her, I see that, and will attempt to accomplish his purpose by any and all means."

"By heavens," said our hero, "if he dares to lift a finger against her, I will send a bullet through his heart."

Le Beaux laughed at the angry heat Charles displayed, but, at the same time, cautioned him about Cilagu, called by his tribe the Red Hand; and told him he was the first chief of the Black Feet.

Charles said no more, but suddenly became thoughtful; the information Le

Beaux had just communicated to him respecting Red Hand's intentions upon Coquese, in spite of his firm belief that she already loved him, and in spite of the impossibility arising out of the difference that existed between them in feeling, in education, in habits; in fine, in every point of character, rendered it utterly impossible there should ever be any sympathy, in thought or feeling, between them. He knew what a pure and gentle nature she possessed; and tortured his heart with the suspicion that, should her parents insist or urge her to an alliance with this detested creature, her love for them, and the strict, constant obedience she observed to all their requests and wishes, might lead her even to sacrifice herself in this cruel and dreadful manner. And was it not possible that her father might listen to the Black Feet chief's suit for his daughter? He was a renowned chief. None of all his tribe could equal him in feats of strength; none could boast such deeds of arms, such conquests achieved in single combat. Never, in the many and fierce struggles of his people with their enemies, had he met his equal.—Before the might of his strong arm his foes fell like weak and puny boys; their hearts quailed and they fled on every side of him. The trophies of his victories were hung around his lodge in thick, close rows. He could show more scalps that were the mute witnesses of his boasted valor, than the bravest chief of his tribe. His temper, too, was violent and hasty; his will inflexible; his cunning and shrewdness more than a match for his brother chiefs. Hence, he came to exercise an almost despotic influence over the tribe.

In oratory his efforts were well suited to wield and sway the minds of the warriors. His voice was loud and deep; his manner bold and haughty; his words cunning and deceitful. He forced from his people their consent to his measures by the awe and fear which they felt towards him, rather than by any good qualities he possessed, or wisdom he displayed. His wonted bearing to those about him was supercilious and domineering, and often amounted almost to insolence.

He had been with the Delawares but a short time, and had been received kindly by them, and treated hospitably. The two tribes were at peace with each other, but yet never had they been friends. At most they were indifferent, and chose rather to live by themselves, with only such intercourse as was necessary and unavoidable. Hence, some surprise was felt by the Delawares when Red Hand presented himself at their hunting ground, with a request to be allowed to hunt with them. And, although they would have wished him any where else but in their midst, and felt suspicion and distrust at the presence of this wily chief, yet they could not refuse him without arousing his anger and hate, which, they well knew, was sufficient (such was his power over his people) to involve them in a bloody war.—And then, too, it must be owned, his terrible fame led them more earnestly to desire a continuance of the peaceful relations they now maintained with his people. They did not fear him. Great warrior as he was, he had never encountered a Delaware in battle, and, therefore, could boast no superiority over them.

Many were the brave warriors in their tribe, who would fearlessly have met him in single combat. And one there was, in their midst, whose strength and valor had rendered him more renowned in war than even Red Hand. This warrior was the father of Coquese, whose daughter Red Hand now sought in marriage. Charles knew all this—knew the weighty reasons that existed to force the Delawares to keep peace with this chief, and he trembled, lest these should rule the mind of M. Boileau.

Little did he know of the elevated character, and strong, tender feelings of the brave heart of this great chief; and as little did he understand the strength of character which was possessed by his fair daughter. Both detested the character of Red Hand; and both alike would a thousand times sooner have died ere they had granted his request.

The Black Feet had shown an evident and marked dislike to our hero from the first, and had taken no pains to conceal it. Red Hand had even affected a con-

tempt for him, while, in his heart, he feared and hated him as a rival for his mistress' favor. And our hero was not so dull and unobservant as to have not observed it, though he was at a loss to account for it. The haughty, insolent air of Red Hand had engendered a dislike to him in his mind; and, although he felt too much real contempt for him to resent it, yet had it grown into almost hate of him before he knew it. His conduct had led Charles to inquire his character of Le Beaux, and in answer to his inquiries he had gained the information we have just given, with this exception, that the guide had not before said anything of his love for Coquese. Now, that he knew this, he hated him with a good will, and determined to punish the first insolence he offered to him in a way that he should remember.

Charles sat until he was aroused from his reflection by a summons to dinner.—He had revolved all the circumstances which surrounded him again and again. He had questioned himself as to his feelings towards Coquese. How was it; how did it happen that he had so suddenly and so warmly conceived such an interest in this girl? and what were his intentions towards her? What would the result be? These questions he put to himself, and the conclusion to which he arrived was worthy of his noble, high-minded character. He could but acknowledge to himself that he was more deeply interested and attracted to this obscure maiden, than he had ever been before in his life to any of the many females he had met. The difference in their education, and rank in life he did think of; but, thought he to himself, if I can win her heart she shall be mine.—She is a priceless treasure—so pure—so gentle—so lovely. The deceitful and detested forms, and empty ceremonies; the practiced disguise, and tricky arts of fashionable life had never entered here to disfigure, and deface, and degrade her mind and body, and destroy her heart.—She is fresh as a rose from the parent stock; and the image of her Creator is full upon her as when she came fresh from His creating hand. I will, I must love her.

Such was the result of Charles' long deliberations. He did not know that he had, even when he first saw her, given himself to her; but such, nevertheless, was the case, and had the same circumstances surrounded him then as now, his heart would as promptly have vindicated its power and control over him.

With this resolution he determined to seek her society as much as possible, and use his efforts to gain her affections, which he more than half believed were already given to him. This resolution quieted his disturbed and excited mind, and when he joined Le Beaux, and his host at table, he entered freely, and with interest into the schemes and proposals they were discussing for a bear hunt.

This topic, hunting, is always a favorite with the Indian. He can give you much strange and surprising information with regard to the method of conducting the hunt, which the white man knows not. The well-managed arts and tricks, with which he blinds the watchful and timid animals to his approach, the skillful and perfect disguise with which he lures them from their hiding-places, and inapproachable dwellings; the sagacity with which he seeks their path and pursues it when found, all go to make up a science of hunting in which he is schooled, and which he studies with long and patient labor.

He is obliged to resort to this course to make up the want of those more sure, and better prepared weapons that his white brother uses; at least, was so obliged not many years ago; of late years the rifle and gun have been introduced to some, but yet limited extent, amongst them.

They talked long upon the hunt, and our hero received many valuable hints from Wahalla and Le Beaux, who had followed this business many years with success. After dinner, Charles accompanied Le Beaux to several lodges; all their doors were open to their guest, and by all whom he visited he was kindly treated. He found the squaws in almost every instance, at work, in a great variety of tasks. It is with the Indians, as with many of the eastern people, customary to require the females to perform

all the labor of the household. They not only attend to all within doors, performing all the offices of house-keeping, but also do all that is accomplished in cultivating the soil, planting the seed, and gathering the crops. Their life is a life of toil and labor, while their lordly husbands, in time of peace, either follow the chase, or give themselves up to lounging idleness, or do both by turns; and in time of war, it is their duty to fight the battles of the tribe, and it cannot be denied, they do it bravely.

Charles saw much that he was pleased with, as he passed from lodge to lodge. Happiness and contentment was written on every face, and all joined together in their employments on equal footing; there was no distinction of families, no grades and distinct classes; for with them distinction is strictly personal, and attaches exclusively to the honored individual, and it is acknowledged in him only so long as he continues to deserve it. His friends, and even his own family, gain nothing from his fame.

The afternoon was spent in this way, *almost*, when Charles managed to extricate himself from any further visits, at that time, though he was pleased with them, and away he turned to seek the little bower, more eager than ever to meet Coquese. He had something to tell her, something to ask her, and some cautious hints to give her; all which had arisen since he parted from her. Quietly seated in the little bower, with her book in her hand, this beautiful girl awaited him. Although her book was open before her, yet its words were not her study; her bosom was full of mingled feelings of love and anxious expectation, which produced a sweet confusion, so graceful, so charming in a lover's eyes. He had delayed long to-night, she thought, what could keep him, would he not come? he could not have forgotten her, she knew he would come, yes, she felt he would. Hark! a sound of hurried steps meets her ear, and they approach, a rosy blush steals over her face; in a moment he is by her side, his face glowing with excitement from his hasty walk, and thoughts of her. She springs forward to meet him, and her little hand is clasped in his own, in a warm, affectionate embrace. They met as lovers only meet, with a fond, contented happiness; it was enough to fill their loving hearts with pleasure, to enjoy each other's company.

Charles led the willing girl to her little seat, and sitting down beside her, ere she could have time to open her pretty lips to chide him for his lateness, he commenced a recital of his visits to her people, and all that had struck him as remarkable, or new and strange in their habits or conduct; and what he did not understand, he brought to her for an explanation, it was so charming to hear her sweet voice and listen to her truthful and natural, artless words. And then he told her how he managed old Le Beaux, to extricate himself from his company, and this explained his absence for so long. He questioned her as to how long she had waited for him, and if she was anxious to see him. She was perfectly satisfied with his excuse; she did not for a moment doubt that he was as well pleased and as happy to meet her, as was she to see him.

Charles for a time forgot the information that Le Beaux had communicated to him in the morning, but now it came back to his mind, and he resolved to mention these facts to her; and with this view, he asked her if she admired, as other females about her did, the hunter's bold and stirring life? and if she did not honor and love the character of the brave and successful warrior, who led his tribe in battle? She replied that indeed, there was much of excitement and pleasure in the daring deeds of the chase; that the successful hunter was the pride of his tribe; that the brave chief who led his people to victory, was crowned with the praises of the tribe; "but," said she, "I love better the quiet walks of home, the pursuits of peace. I love to read of the countries where the white man dwells, and which teach me the great truths they have discovered concerning his immortal mind, and never-dying soul. I love not the bloody chiefs that delight in war and plunder; no, my soul is sick of those cruel sights, and savage deeds."

"Does Coquese know the great chief of the Black Feet, who is the guest of her people, and whose lodge is in their vil-

lage? but she surely does know him, for his fame is great, and all the tribe speak of his great deeds."

"Yes," she replied, "I know him, and of late, he has often by chance, met me in my walks, and offered me many presents, but I have refused his gifts. I do not like his manners, and he seeks to be familiar with me. There is something in his heart which I cannot see, but which leads him to seek me; but his presence is annoying to me, and I believe he would make love to me if I gave him an opportunity," said she, laughing, "and therefore, I have avoided him as much as possible, and I see that he is revolving some mischief by himself. Sometimes he regards me with angry looks, and though I know not what his purposes are, I feel convinced that he is plotting some evil towards me." This she spoke in a serious manner.

"I can solve the mystery for you, dear Coquese; you are too pure, too good to understand the wiles and deceit of such an one as Red Hand. He loves you and is seeking to marry you. It is for this that he watches your steps so closely, and follows you so often in your walks."

Coquese, as Charles uttered these words, looked full into his face. The blood at first mounted to her face and neck, dying them with a purple tinge, then suddenly fled back to her heart, causing paleness to overspread her countenance; she trembled as if some sudden and great danger had overtaken her. Charles was surprised at the effect his words had produced, and bent an anxious, inquiring look upon her, as he ceased speaking. In a few moments she recovered herself, and turning again to him, (for she had bent down her face when he had spoken, and hid it in her hands), in a calm voice, with a still pale face, though full of expression, she said to him,—

"I believe you are right, Charles; though it never occurred to me before, that such, in earnest, was his object. I never saw him but a few times before, and that only for a moment, as we passed through his district on our way to this spot. I fear if this is indeed true, that some great calamity or misfortune will befall me. Oh! Charles, you know not what a terrible enemy he is, when he hates. I have heard my father often speak of him, and he says he never relinquishes his wishes, or is thwarted in his desires, without taking cruel vengeance on whoever had been the means of thwarting him; and he is a great warrior, and rules his people as if they were children. You have told me that which will fill me with constant dread and fear, so long as he continues near us."

"Do not alarm yourself, dear girl," said Charles, "he cannot harm you. If he would, you have many trusty friends as brave of heart as he, as strong of arm, that will die willingly, if necessary, to protect you. If he dares offer insult to you, I will punish his insolence with my own hand, or die in the attempt."

Charles was full of feeling, as he spoke his eye glared and his brow was knit as with firm resolve, his small lips were compressed; he looked like one who would dare to undertake what he promised. Coquese gazed at him with eyes of love, she pressed his hand slightly for a minute, then withdrawing it, she hastily exclaimed,

"No! Charles, you must not seek to quarrel with him. I pray you do not," and she looked beseechingly to him.

"I will seek no quarrel with him, Coquese, but he has already showed his bold insolence towards me, which has rendered him an object of dislike and disgust to me. I will not, mean not to notice his conduct towards myself, but should he dare to treat you in any other way but that of respect becoming your station and sex, I swear to you that I will punish the black-hearted villain, should it cost me my life."

With such assertions did Charles endeavor to re-assure the mind of Coquese: but now a greater fear than any that could arise for herself, took possession of her, and this in an instant revealed to her how much she loved Charles. She was more alarmed for him than for herself; she feared that he would be slain by the savage, giant chief; she knew how powerful he was, how unequal in strength Charles was to him. And in this new fear, like a loving, true-hearted woman,

she forgot herself, her father, and all her other old friends. She begged him to avoid Red Hand, and if he met him to treat him kindly.

Whatever might have been his supicions before, he had no fears now, that she would ever love this chief after this; he felt certain that her affections were his; he had watched her closely during the conversation, and every word, every look told him he was dearer to her than all else. And in spite of the dangers which stood in their way, the feelings which each tacitly, but, nevertheless, fully entertained that they were dear to each other, made them soon banish these thoughts, and abandon themselves to the sweet emotions of their loving hearts. All around was bright and joyous, and were they not right in forgetting all else save the pleasure they experienced from each other's company?

CHAPTER XIII.

In the forming of those purple-tinted hues that color the schemes and bright anticipations of future happiness, and which lovers are apt to indulge in, the hours of sun-light sped away with our fond pair. They seemed never to tire or weary of talking and listening to each other. Their words were invested with a meaning, a charm that rendered them tenfold interesting to one another, but which, were we to repeat them, we fear would appear both dull and commonplace to our reader's ears.

It was late in the afternoon, and the dusky shades of evening had spread wide over the heavens, and rendered misty and indistinct the objects that break and diversify the surface of mother earth, by their darkening folds, ere Charles and Coquese bethought themselves of the necessity of returning to the village. They were now all in all to each other, and could they live in one another's company they would have been content to have passed all their lives away, far from the busy, changing world, and never have asked for any of its varied, artificial pleasures, or its numerous and differing occupations. So they thought and felt at this moment, but now they must part again, and remember that there were other beings in the world beside themselves; a fact which they were apt to forget while together. As before, they took the path leading to the village, which Coquese had chosen, she leaning fondly on the arm of Charles, not for support, for her footsteps were light and elastic as the fawn's, that bounds so lightly over the forest path, but she loved to feel his arm gently and fondly supporting her; it was a token, a proof of all the love and fondness she wished and believed he felt for her; and it was enough for her happiness that it was his own dear self, whom she so deeply loved, so fondly clung to. This feeling that he was by her side, that his loved hand was supporting her steps and protecting her way, should it not render her happy? We leave for lovers such as they were, to solve this question, and comprehend these feelings, for we believe they only can rightly judge them.

When they entered the village, they were met by M. Boileau, who was just returning to his own lodge. He cordially returned the salutation of Charles, and, arrived at the door of his lodge, invited him to enter. Charles readily accepted his invitation; on entering, he saw M. Boileau's wife, to whom he was introduced by his host. She was a fine, matronly-looking squaw, apparently much younger than her husband; she looked not more than twenty-five, so smooth and fresh was her rich, olive skin, so clear and bright her dark, beautiful eyes, so light and graceful her movements, so springy and elastic her step. She was not so tall as Coquese, but perfectly straight, and her form developed the most exquisite and beautiful symmetry of graceful proportions. There was, perhaps, a slight, very slight tendency to emboinpoint, which some would have said, detracted from her beauty; but in the eyes of their visitor, a full, plump form, and finely rounded limbs, were associated with rosy, lively health, and a sweet disposition; it gave an additional charm

and attraction. Her thick, glossy hair was luxuriant, and black as the raven's plumes, and unlike most of the Indians, who pay comparatively little attention to dressing their hair, her's was arranged with scrupulous neatness, and with becoming taste. It was parted on the middle of the forehead, and combed smoothly down on either side; the long tresses were gathered in braids, or plaits, at the back of the head, and confined by a very pretty comb; her dress was a pretty calico, made very loose, low on the shoulders, leaving exposed her beautiful neck, and the top of her swelling bosom. Her features were rather small, and perfectly regular. In this simple, unpretending attire, with none of the ornaments that fashionable ladies use to display favorably their beauties, and conceal, or often supply the defects of nature, she would unhesitatingly have been called a beautiful woman, even in the most fashionable and fastidious circles. There was an air of refinement and delicacy in her manners, a native grace and ease, a kindliness of bearing which delighted and charmed our hero. She spoke both the English, French, and Delaware languages with fluency and sweetness. Her voice was soft and low. She asked Charles if he had been long from the white settlements, and if he was pleased with a forest life? She inquired kindly after his family that he had left behind, and remarked that he must find it difficult to correspond with them in this part of the country. Charles answered readily that he was much pleased with the hunter's pursuits, and his free, roving life; there was a freedom and careless pleasure in it that suited his taste. His friends, he said he had not heard from for several months; he left them in the fall, at which time they were well and happy; but since he left St. Louis he had received no news of them; and as for corresponding with them, he said he did not expect to be able to do so when he entered the forests, unless by accident he should have an opportunity.

She said that it must have been a hard thing for him to have undertaken such a journey; to have left all his friends and his pleasant home, and alone to journey so far to these forests, where he could find neither cities nor towns. She also remarked that he must, and doubtless had already missed many of the comforts which surrounded him in his native home.

But Charles soon assured her that he suffered not for the lack of any comfort, that his health had been, and was excellent, and he regretted nothing but the presence of his friends, to whom he expressed his warm attachment, to render him completely happy. "It is with a better appetite," said he, "that I sit down to eat the food I have taken with my own labor, and prepared with my own hands; and I relish it far better than the spiced dishes I have eaten in the city."

Charles then spoke to the younger sisters of Coquese, who stood by their mother listening to the conversation, and casting wonderous looks towards him.—He would have known their relationship to Coquese at once, from their resemblance to her, had she not before told him of them. These three daughters were all his children; and we have already said sufficient of Coquese to convey to the reader the fact, that they must be beautiful children, as they resembled her. The youngest was about six years old, and Charles thought one of the prettiest and most interesting children he had ever seen. She was longing to come to him to see the beautiful sparkling pin he wore in his cravat, which had attracted her attention.—When he called her to come and see him, she was afraid a little, but Coquese encouraged her, and took her seat by Charles' side. This emboldened her, and she came up to him looking timidly in his face. He raised her on his knee and told her she was a good little girl, he knew. He played with her dark, curling hair, and soon she lost all timidity, and began to play, with all the full confidence and gaiety of her age, with him as if he had been an old friend. His open, handsome face had, at first, won her liking, and now he took so much pains to amuse her. She loved him; she looked up in his face after a few minutes, and, pointing to his pin, asked him to give it to her, it was so pretty. Charles handed

it to her, and after handling it a few minutes, and turning it over and over, she put it in her dress, and, laughing, she jumped down and went to her other sister to show it to her.

"Why Leila," said Coquese, "you are not going to carry off the gentleman's pin, are you?"

She said nothing in reply, but taking it in her hand, with wistful looks, she brought it back to him. Charles then took a pretty string of beads from his pocket, and told her he would give her them. She was delighted with them, and went jumping away to show them to her mother and sister, with great glee.—This made Charles her favorite at once. He was treated by all the members of the family as an old friend, though they were entirely ignorant (the rest, I mean) of the intimacy and affection which existed between him and Coquese. There was, in their manner towards him, just sufficient ceremony used to make him feel they were anxious and desirous to please him, without producing the restraint and reserve which make the introduction of a gentleman in fashionable life such an awkward performance as to render it a bore.

He was cordially invited to remain and sup with them. He had no excuse for declining, had he felt disposed to do so, which, however, was by no means his inclination. With pleasure he accepted this invitation. A glance from Coquese assured him of the pleasure she received at his course. The family all sat down to the table to partake of a simple, substantial meal, which was prepared for them. The display of dishes upon the table attracted his notice, and very much pleased him. There was no useless array of plates, and cups, and bowls, and pitchers, and the endless amount of dishes which burden the tables of the wealthy white at his sumptuous repasts. To each one there was distributed a wooden bowl and a wooden plate; in fact, all the articles of service on the table were made of wood, of pretty style and extremely neat. They were made from the white wood tree, and looked as smooth and white almost as porcelain ware. Their meal consisted of meats, both fresh and dried, and of various kinds, that the game of the woods afforded, and might tempt the palate of an epicure. At their table he found what was a great luxury and rarity; good flour biscuit, and new, fresh butter, cream and milk, also in abundance. M. Boileau always kept a supply of these for his table, if possible.—His wife had learned how to make butter, and she constantly kept one or two cows; a piece of luxury and refinement the Indian is not guilty of often, though there are a few tribes amongst whom the missionary has settled, and who have been led by him to adopt some of the habits and customs peculiar to the white man, and to follow some of his pursuits. The raising of cattle, and the arts of husbandry are attended to by them to a limited extent, but these instances are rare; and in this tribe M. Boileau's cows were looked upon as a sufferance, tolerated out of respect and affection for him. The Indian despises real, genuine, downright labor. If he labors at all, it is an exertion mixed with sport or fame. It is either in the chase or in war.

But, to come back from this brief digression. There was one other article which our hero found upon his host's table, which he did not expect to find.—Coffee, excellent delicious coffee, prepared after the very best manner. The natives are very fond of this drink, and always, in their purchases, make it an essential. Charles was seated at table next Coquese. She was very happy, but did not converse much. She frequently would blush as she caught Charles' eye fixed upon her; and as she helped him to some dish, or received something from his hand,—for he was as attentive and polite in serving her as if he were sitting by the side of some fine, gay, city belle,—she answered his questions with much modesty and simplicity, but did not attempt to lead the conversation. She chose rather to listen to the conversation of her parents with Charles, and was highly gratified with observing the great interest and satisfaction they took in what he said.

M. Boileau led the conversation to those subjects which concern and govern

in the civilized world. He spoke with the fluency and ease, upon such topics, of a man of the world. His remarks showed a deep and thorough knowledge of mankind, and of the principles of government. Charles was surprised to find so much and so full an acquaintance with the laws and politics of different governments in him. Many of the manners and customs of society he condemned in the severest terms. Their direct, their only influence upon men, he thought, was to render them selfish, heartless and deceitful. Ceremony and form, he said, were but a cloak with which men covered up and hid their real feelings and character. The selfish love of distinction which regarded only the fame of the possessor, and was sought for that end alone, he said, was the prevailing spirit of men in public life and high stations; and to this cause, said he, is attributed the fact, that the more solid and common duties which make for the welfare of the whole people, when faithfully performed, are so disregarded and neglected for the more showy and less useful duties of office.—The incumbent of office loves himself better than the nation; but he does not want them to think so by any means, and blinds the mass by doing, perhaps, some notorious duty or service, while he avoids the quiet parts of his duty.—Wealth, too, exercises a strangely undue and degrading influence upon mankind. It is almost, if not quite, omnipotent in the world. It supplies the lack of head and brains, wit and learning. In every occupation, in every pursuit, in all branches of business that men spend their lives in, the one idea, the accumulation of wealth, is the motive, the sole incentive to labor. In every situation of life, in every branch of society, this is the idol which is worshipped most faithfully and constantly. By this test a man is tried. Is he wealthy, or is he not?—If he is, then will his stupid words be stamped as witty and humorous, and toadies will echo with laughing voice and swelling sides the poorest jest.—When he talks politics, he is a Solon in wisdom. When he talks religion, he is a Paley or a Dick. In all things he stands confessed a monstrous wise man. So say the truckling sycophants, while they all in their hearts say he is an ass.

"A most lamenting and humiliating picture of society, is it not?" said M. Boileau. "But not, for that reason, the less true, I fear. Will it ever change, and for the better? Will the time ever arrive, when the mind shall be considered and treated by the great mass of mankind as though it were of equal consequence and importance with the body, or the trappings that can adorn it? But," continued M. Boileau, "I have been speaking of the manners, and customs, and feelings of the white man, in all the points I have enumerated. I can now point you, with pleasure, to his less enlightened, uncivilized brother for a contrast."

"But are there no grades of distinction among the red men?" said Charles, "are they not in their manner of life as selfish as the white?"

"No," said M. Boileau, "I feel assured that I can say no, to the question, without fear of contradiction. With them form and ceremony holds no place; everything is plain, simple, straight-forward. They speak and act by feeling, not from rule; distinction follows, never creates this. Station and rank are the rewards of worth and sterling qualities. You cannot find a chief who is a coward; nay, more, who is surpassed by any of his nation for bravery. Among the Indians, he and he alone, who possesses virtues and qualifications that can benefit his tribe, or such traits and qualities as are deemed virtues among them, is the great and honored. The bold and daring warrior, though his wealth may all be reckoned and summed up in the price of his weapons, and a poorly, scantily furnished lodge, is both highly honored and esteemed. His voice is heard first and with the most eagerness in council; his views and plans are highly considered, and weigh most with them; his influence is both felt and acknowledged. So long as he practices the virtues that have distinguished him, and is devoted to the interests of his tribe, and faithfully serves them, he maintains his exalted rank.

But let him prove unfaithful or wanting, or his heart become timid or cowardly; let his strong arm become weak and slow, and he falls to give place to a better man. But while the brave and deserving man, though wanting all else but these good qualities, is thus honored, the rich, the wealthy, *simply* are pitied and despised; they are considered like squaws, and not fit to be trusted with any important duty, or office, nor wise enough to be heard in council, or possessed of aught that entitles him either to respect or esteem."

"I can but agree with you in what you have said of the habits and ways of our enlightened nations," said Charles, "and I am ready to believe you have spoken rightly of the character of the Indian, from what I have already observed from my intercourse with them. I have noticed with very great interest and pleasure, the readiness, the cheerfulness with which your adopted people divide and share among each other the comforts, and necessaries, and luxuries they hold. They appear to know no difference of caste or grade in social and domestic life; they seem to set but little value upon the articles of property they possess. It is only when in the deliberations and general affairs of the tribe, it becomes necessary to call forth the talent and courage of the nation, that they make the distinction of their great men known; this is the only distinction which comes from great deeds achieved in behalf of the tribe and their country: and he who has most bravely and skillfully led on his followers, who has most successfully overcome and vanquished his enemies in war, or whose daring and dexterity have best supplied the wants of the tribe in the successful chase; he is the really enviable and honored man. The acts of the Indian are true to his professions. I wish with all my heart that we who profess to know so much more, and so much better, the great ends and purposes of life, could be induced to adopt the same rule, and the same course with regard to what we believe. The conduct of men to each other in civilized countries, is but a sorry proof of the sincerity of their professions; nay, worse, it is proof of their want of truth. They universally profess and declare that the honest, enlightened, benevolent, poor man, is more worthy of their respect and esteem, than the deceitful, ignorant, mean, rich man; yet do they constantly and habitually turn their backs upon the subjects of their praise, or treat them coldly, and with evident lack of respect, while they court and pay homage to those characters they either do, or affect to despise."

"Wealth," said M. Boileau, "as I have before observed, is the touchstone that tries the worth of men in society, and proves their capacity for any and every station in life, and insures them success, or rather approbation or applause, in whatever they may do, or attempt to do. All this it does by force of the extravagant and exalted worth men blindly invest it with. It is all a complete mockery, a sham; and what is more, all know it to be so; to be a perfect farce, at which all the world plays. Yet such is the power and weight of wealth, foolishly enough given it, that none dare tear away the flimsy covering which hides, or shelters the fools and their folly beneath, and show up boldly its real worth, and set it in its proper place; but on the contrary, all strive as much as possible to cheat and deceive others, and themselves too. They profess to estimate it at its proper value; their actions give the lie to their professions. While such a course is pursued by the community at large, never can the great and glorious principles which should govern men, and which, indeed, most men acknowledge prevail and bless the world; they have been heretofore, and will ever continue to be, while such a use is made of them, inefficient and of no avail. A principle of conduct professed, and acted against, is almost as good as having no principle at all; not quite, however."

"But," said Charles, "I look upon it as proving something in favor of society, that they deem it necessary to attribute these principles and their character, to those persons whom they would honor. It is the first step in reforming error, to know it to be an error, and when one becomes ashamed to avow his practices, but seeks to hide it by his professions,

he is in a fair way of abandoning it; one or both must go."

"I can but look upon this fact that you have just spoken of," said M. Boileau, "as an idle ceremony, a mere pretence; ah! worse than a mere empty form. It serves to lull and hush the reproaches of conscience, and the voice of truth that speaks to them from their own hearts, for the deceit they practice upon themselves, and confirm them in their base course of life. The true character is often developed by the changes and accidents that occur in this changing world. To-day this man is honored and treated as if no distinction or regard were too great to be shown him; while that poor, forsaken, friendless, unknown being who walks by his side in the streets, or meets him at the corner, to ask in vain of him for relief from poverty's sharp pains, is unheeded, or spurned from his path.—How do these two men differ? asks the stranger who observes them both. One, the first is a man of wealth; he wears the golden cloak that hides a heart the most selfish and depraved; he makes his own happiness his only, his sole study; if he ever thinks of others, it is to despise, or hate, or turn them to account in ministering to his own selfish gratification; they, poor fools, do not, or will not think so, or if they should, dare not utter such a thought. The poor man, how stands it with him? has he the same feelings, the same selfish character? No, he has seen better days, and he was then a blessing to those about him; his hand was open to give to the needy, his heart was quick to feel, and ready to sympathize with their troubles. He ever thought more of the welfare of others, than of his own happiness alone; but a sweeping calamity fell upon him, and deprived him of all his wealth, and like a star he falls, and is plunged in a deep oblivion; no one of his companions of his happy, prosperous days, knows him; they look strangely upon him, and pass him by. He is virtuous, he is honest; they cannot deny it, and they will sometimes, in confidence among a few select friends, that used to feast upon his generosity, say (with regret of good things they had from him), he was a fine fellow when he was *worth* anything; I'm sorry for him. They were sorry for themselves. But change the course of life; a little time, and we see the real monster, the vicious, golden-plastered man, stripped of his costly trappings, all his gold had gone; he is indeed to be pitied, for it was his all; and dark clouds of wretchedness and contempt quickly cover him in the impenetrable folds of forgetfulness. Nobody knows him, or cares to know him. Now say those who used to fawn upon him and flatter him, and boast of his acquaintance, I always knew he was a fool, and a knave, into the bargain; I'm glad of it. But the same wind that scattered his wealth and blew away his admirers and false-hearted friends, came to the noble, poor man, who was forgotten; but not with anger or loss; he had nothing to lose but his integrity, and men think such a loss small, too small, to grieve for; any change that comes to him must be for the better; and so it was. This gale that wrecked the hopes of the rich man, was laden with wealth for him; it brings him gold, it makes him a rich man. The news spreads as on the wings of the swift-flying clouds. With haste those who lately scorned him, now seek him, they humbly bow down to kiss the golden hem of his robes; literally true is it, they worship this, and not the possessor. They fawn, they flatter, they are loud in his praises.—True, he was a noble-hearted man before, but unfortunately he was poor; now he has got something better than a feeling, generous heart, and educated mind.—Why, my dear sir, he has got gold, he is wealthy; who can help admiring him now?"

"This is the consistency and wisdom of boasted civilization," said M. Boileau. "I have seen just such events as I have related," said he, in a serious, half sad tone, as of one thinking upon some unpleasant scene of the past; and then added, in a cheerful tone, "let the civilized world have its own way, but give me the integrity—the honest simplicity of the Indian character, ignorant and unenlightened though he may be. He knows enough to stick close to the side and serve with all his power his cour-

ageous chief and daring brave. In prosperity not more faithfully than in adversity; in smiling sunshine, and when dark and threatening clouds cover the sky, with his life he will defend and serve his friend. Ah, more than this. His love and devotion increase as grow and deepen the perils and dangers that surround that friend. In poverty and wealth he equally honors and esteems him. And, too, on the converse, the sluggard and coward, the cheat and the knave, is despised and unheeded, though he may possess wealth enough to buy all the property of the rest of the tribe.

"There is in the wide range of society nothing so humiliating, nothing so degrading to the higher nature of man, as the spectacle of a noble, gifted, learned man, who towers far above those about him in his expanded and highly cultivated intellect, bending and bowing before the golden calf, prostituting his great and god-like powers for the gratification of a vulgar, ignorant, degraded man. That he may gain his gold or his favor he sells his gifts, and often vilely, basely does so, for simple wealth. That his purse may be filled, he rifles his own heart and wounds his brain. Alas for humanity, that it should be so. That man should be so blind, so simple, as to destroy all that is actually and really of worth and importance to him, or degrade it for such a paltry reward."

Charles could not deny the truth of the reflection which M. Boileau then made upon society. He felt its justness, and feeling it, he was humbled at the thought. But this did not prevent his feeling surprised that such views and such words should come from the mouth of one who lived far from cities and the refined world, in the depths of the forest, and in the companionship of untutored savages; and he could not but feel, as he looked around upon his little family, and saw them all listening attentively to their father, that they would, they must grow up well educated and informed, with correct and reasonable views of life under such a teacher. And he anew congratulated himself upon the chance that brought him acquainted with them, and, as he hoped, would lead him to a still closer connection with them.

After tea Le Beaux came into the lodge, and was soon engaged with M. Boileau in an interesting and absorbing conversation of a private character.—This gave Charles an opportunity to pay more particular and direct attention to Coquese and her mother.

Coquese was perfectly happy as she sat by the side of Charles and listened to his voice, and saw also around them all those dear friends whom she loved best on earth. Her spirits were buoyant and lively, and her native wit and sense displayed itself in a brilliant and captivating strain of conversation, that completely fascinated Charles. It was a delightful evening he spent in their rustic lodge, and it was with reluctance, at a late hour, that he rose to take his leave of them.—Before doing so, however, he had seized the opportunity of a few minutes' absence, on the part of the mother, of pressing the little hand of Coquese, which he had stolen unperceived by any in the room, and expressing to her how happy he was, and how delighted he was with her family. These were sweet words to her ear, and she loved him better than ever for it. As he was leaving, M. Boileau pressed him to visit them often; and with familiarity Charles expressed to them the very great pleasure his visit had afforded him, and assured him that he should have no reason to complain of his negligence in calling upon them. And then, bidding them good night, he and Le Beaux returned to Wahalla's lodge.

On the way there he was eloquent in his praises of M. Boileau and his family, and kept Le Beaux, long after their return, a listener to his out-pourings of heart towards them. He had the good luck, however, to speak to willing and delighted ears; for Le Beaux loved them very much. Charles spoke in the highest terms of the wife's grace and dignity of manner. Her sweetness of disposition and her rare beauty were all commented upon. He wondered at the facility with which she had acquired such refined and lady-like manners.—But, most of all, he was delighted with

the beautiful daughter, so lovely, so witty, so intelligent.

The next day all the hunters of the camp were busy getting ready for a bear hunt, which was to come off the day following. Some of their shaggy fraternity had been discovered on the high hills that lay a few miles west of the village, and it was determined to attack them, and exterminate the monsters.—The Indians, however, to tell the truth, had no other motive but, first, a love for the dangerous sport, and, second, a desire for the flesh, which they esteem very highly. The bear, most common to this part of the country, is not the common black bear, that is found in almost every part of the country, but is of the species known as the grizzly bear, and is both stronger, larger and much bolder than the black bear. The hunting of this bear is attended with much more risk to the hunter than almost any other animal, native of the western forest. When pursued or wounded, he almost invariably turns upon his enemies; and wo be to the luckless victim who falls into his claws, for, when enraged and infuriated, he rushes with mad fury upon his tormentors, and tears them with savage ferocity, both with teeth and claws.—The hug of the bear is certain death to any animate creature that falls into his embrace, and the more furious he grows, the tighter he hugs.

Charles was entertained by his host and young Shoonshoone with many daring exploits of the tribe, in the hunting of this animal, that would have made a less courageous man hesitate about venturing upon their hiding places. But this dangerous chase only served to stimulate and heighten the desire he had to encounter them. He was fond of daring sport, and, as we have before said, a most excellent marksman and hunter.

One of the most remarkable instances of this sport occurred to Wahalla, a few years before, and had gained him a great name in the tribe for his address and intrepidity. He was returning alone from the war path, where he had followed his most deadly enemy. It had been a long and perilous undertaking, and after days and nights of constant vigilance and close pursuit, he had been at last able to slay his enemy close to his own village, where his companions had separated from him, and he, deeming himself safe, was preparing to return to his tribe, decked in the trophies of his bloody victory. For three days after this Wahalla pursued his homeward way, devoting but a few hours of the middle watch of night to sleep. The fourth night he came to a woody hill covered with a thick growth of oak and beech. Wearied with his long continued efforts, he sat himself down upon the grass, at the foot of a wide-spreading oak, whose thick foliage hid his figure under its heavy cover, and, resting his rifle by the side of the tree against which he had seated himself, he fell asleep.

The streaks of gray dawn were just stretching along the sky, when, after a sound slumber, he awoke. On opening his eyes, the first object that met his view, was a huge bear, sitting on his haunches, directly in front of him, and not more than two yards distant. He was watching for some movement on the part of the sleeper, that should give proof of animation, in order to commence the attack; for it is a fact in relation to the bear, that he will touch no dead prey. Wahalla in a moment saw his danger, and determined upon the course he would pursue. He knew that at the first movement on his part, the bear would be upon him; and looking him steadily in the eye, he contrived at the same time to reach with one hand, his rifle, and slowly and steadily bringing it down to his knee, he levelled it deliberately at the head of the bear; his wish and aim was to strike him between the eyes; a moment, and he fired, and instantly springs upon his feet and draws his hunting-knife; the bear uttered a wild, fearful scream of pain and rage, and recovering his feet—for the fatal shot had knocked him backwards,—sprung upon Wahalla, with the fury of a fiend. So sudden was his bound that Wahalla could not escape his grasp; his sharp claws pierced his arm, and tore away the flesh; while the maddened beast raised his head, showed his strong jaws, and sharp, fearful-looking

teeth, preparing to crush him. At this moment, with a presence of mind truly heroic, Wahalla deliberately marked the spot upon his broad throat, that should receive the keen knife, and plunged it there with a force that buried it deep in his vitals. It was a fortunate point; the blood gushed in a flood from the deadly wound, and with a moan the savage brute fell dead at his side. He was a huge beast, and the deed was, even amongst these bold huntsmen, a theme for wonder and admiration. It was not accomplished, however, without cost to Wahalla; for a long time after, his arms were supported by a sling, and it was doubtful whether he would ever recover the use of them. The wounds were dreadfully deep, and the flesh awfully mangled and torn; but with care, they finally were healed, and Wahalla is now as strong of arm as before; there are, however, upon his arms, proofs of the encounter which will abide with him to his grave, in the large scars and seams that are left upon his flesh.

This story was told Charles by Shoonshoone who related it with the greatest interest, and seemed to envy Wahalla the exploit.

Le Beaux said that the grizzly bear had been known to run for miles, after more than ten balls had been lodged in various parts of his body; and when overtaken, turn with the greatest fury upon his pursuers, and make a stout fight. They not unfrequently, when pinched with hunger, attack man, though generally, if left undisturbed, will allow him to pass unmolested.

Le Beaux attended to all the preparations necessary both for himself and Charles. During the course of the day, Charles had walked through the village and visited many of the lodges; amongst others, he paid a visit to the lodges of the Black Feet, and entered the lodge of Red Hand, whom he found with his braves around him; they did not appear busy like the others, but were lounging idly about the lodge, smoking, and talking to each other in their own tongue. They received him coldly, and treated him very much as an enemy would have been treated. The chief, in a supercilious manner, asked him if the white chief was not afraid to go on the bear hunt?

Charles affected not to notice his manner, but very kindly, and readily replied that the bear hunt would be very pleasant for him; that he loved to encounter dangerous animals, whether bear or any other that roamed in the forests; that the greater the danger, the more exciting the hunt. Red Hand is a great hunter and warrior, and knows no fear in war, or in the hunt. His white brother has the heart of a Delaware, and is, like Red Hand, afraid of neither man nor beast. He looked steadily at the chief, as he said this, and his firm look neither trembled nor swerved for a single instant. This act seemed to produce some effect upon his hearers. It seemed very much like a defiance of their boasted skill and strength. The chief muttered a few words to his followers, in their own tongue, which Charles did not understand, but he judged from their looks that they were amazed at his rashness.

Red Hand then turning to Charles, cast on him a scowling look, that expressed the hatred he felt towards him; and said, "the pale faces have white hearts, they are cowards; they are afraid of the Black Feet,—is it not so?"

"The pale faces," said Charles, "are a great people; their warriors are many and strong; but they are friends to the red men, and would be at peace with them; but they can punish their enemies if they do them an injury; they know no fear, their hearts are strong and brave."

This terminated the visit, and Charles left them to give free utterance to their restrained feelings of hatred, and form their plans of vengeance; although there was no cause, except what they had formed in their own minds; yet, still they hated him with all their wills. Charles thought he perceived in their manner, something that indicated both contempt for their entertainers, and satisfied assurance in themselves. He believed, though he could not tell why, they had plotted some scheme which they relied upon with great certainty; and he resolved not only to keep a close watch upon them himself, but also to mention his suspicion to Le

Beaux. But soon taking leave of these thoughts, he turned his steps to the little arbor, which he approached by the well-known path, which had now become perfectly familiar to him. So absorbed in his feelings was he, that he did not observe a stealthy figure that dogged his steps, and kept close upon his path.—When he arrived at the bower, he found Coquese there already. She greeted him with a fond welcome, and invited him to take a seat by her. He accepted, of course, her invitation, and inquired after her father's family. He expressed to her great pleasure from his last evening's visit to her father's family. Coquese was delighted to think that he was so favorably impressed from his visit to her parents. She knew the prejudices of the whites towards the Indian; and although she felt persuaded that her dear Charles must love her kind mother, when he should become acquainted with her; yet she could not help feeling some anxiety upon a subject so intimately connected with her happiness. After conversing a short time upon this subject, she spoke to Charles of Red Hand, and what he had told her the day before concerning him, and it appeared to give her much uneasiness; she dreaded his power of working harm, and felt now more than ever terrified at the disposition which she knew he possessed, of avenging anything which appeared an obstacle to his wishes. Charles took her hand tenderly, and was endeavoring to quiet her fears, with his promises of protection and watchfulness of her happiness; when suddenly and noiselessly, Red Hand approached the bower, and stood at the entrance. For a moment, so engaged with each other were they, that they did not perceive him. He looked upon them with a scowling, fiendish expression, as he contemplated their loving looks, and familiar conduct towards each other; and his shrewd mind at once discovered the truth of their feelings, and their relations to each other. His worst fears, and suspicions were proved true. Coquese, whom he sought from a brutal, low passion, and whom he was determined to make his squaw, loved the accursed pale face. He felt that it was so, and all the black, devilish passions of his soul kindled at the thought. He shut his teeth hard together, and regarded them for a moment with equal hate, and had half the purpose within him, to kill them both on the spot; but it was only for a second only,—Charles must die by his hand, and Coquese should yet be his squaw. This was the second thought, and he fixed upon it greedily.

All this passed through his mind, in much less time than we can write it.—Just as he had arrived at this determination, Coquese caught a glimpse of his shadow on the ground, and instantly looking up at the entrance, beheld him standing there, with that fiendish expression still on his face, intently regarding them. She uttered an exclamation of surprise and terror,—the blood fled from her cheeks and neck, and left her pale and trembling.

Charles at once turned his eyes in the direction she had looked. Doing so, he saw the cause of her alarm was the huge Indian, who remained fixed where he stood. Charles met his savage scowl with a calm, determined look, and, in a stern tone, asked him what his business was, that made him, in such an insolent manner, intrude upon their company.

Red Hand's brow was flushed with anger and hate at these words, and with a voice full of passion and bitterness, he said, "Does the pale face think that Red Hand will allow himself to be questioned by such as him? What brings the pale face to the tent of Red Hand's squaw?"

Charles was now in turn angry at the tone in which Red Hand spoke of Coquese, as his, and the insolent bearing he manifested. But quickly replying, that this was no place or time to dispute with such a coarse brute as he was, told him "begone!"

Coquese, who had listened to what was passing between them, with an anxious heart, here begged Charles, in English, not to say anything to anger him; but to recall what he had just said, and suffer him to enter, when they might endeavor to pacify him and make him friendly to them. This, however, it was too late to do, could it have been possible to have achieved such a purpose at the

outset. He was now fully aroused, and nothing but vengeance on the object that had angered him would satisfy his passionate temper. Without any farther words, he advanced a step into the bower. Charles started with a hasty impulse to throw him out quicker than he came in; but Coquese laid her hand upon his arm and entreated him to be quiet. This checked him, and, in obedience to her wish, he controlled his anger.

Coquese now addressed Red Hand with the words, "Red Hand has unexpectedly and without giving her notice of his visit, come to Coquese's private retreat. What leads the great chief to this spot?"

Red Hand felt abashed and confused before the innocent and beautiful girl, who thus, in a kind manner, addressed him. After his rude conduct, he would have liked it far better if she had spoken harshly and angerly to him. He would then have had a chance to display his insolence and impertinence; but this unlooked-for kindness and words of respect completely confused him. He replied, however, rallying his self confidence, that he came to seek the Valley Flower for his squaw; that he loved her and would make her the mistress of his lodge. He recounted his gallant deeds and feats in war and the chase, which had given him so high a rank in his tribe. And by such arguments as the Indian lover is wont to use, by extravagant praise of her beauty and goodness, sought to win her assent to his proposal.

She listened to him patiently, though the changing color which came and went alternately in quick succession showed that her feelings were deeply affected.—In truth, she felt that there was great danger impending over her. This avowal of Red Hand's wishes with regard to her, showed her, what she feared before, that he would become an enemy to her happiness, and a foe, deadly and cunning, to her dear lover. But she never faltered or hesitated for a moment; but as soon as Red Hand ceased speaking, she answered him that it could never be; that her heart was already given away, and even were it not so, she said she did not think herself fit to become the squaw of so great a chief. There were many other maidens of his own tribe who were fitted to be the wives of their chief, and who would delight to accept his vows. She thanked him for his regard and esteem for her, but could not, as she already said, ever be his.

As she spoke, Red Hand's face grew dark and cloudy. He felt humbled; nay, he deemed it an insult, that any squaw should reject his proposals; he, the chief of his warlike tribe, though he anticipated her refusal. He immediately turned and left her presence, muttering as he did so, some threats against the pale face who had stolen her away from him.

Charles, who had been sitting by her side during the dialogue between them, and who, in spite of himself, was a good deal amused by the course which the chief pursued in his proposals to Coquese, and was also filled with admiration at the manner in which Coquese had received them, and replied to him, now, that he was gone, congratulated her at the ready means she used to get rid of him, and silence him forever.

But she was silent and thoughtful.—She seemed even sad and dispirited, and did not reply to his words.

Charles asked with an inquiring tone, if she regretted that he had gone.

"No," said she, surprised at the question, "I only fear for you. I heard the threat he uttered against you as he left, and I know him too well, not to feel that you are in danger." She spoke in a melting tone of tenderness, and her large black eyes were turned lovingly upon him.

He could restrain his feelings no longer. Her looks, her love for him, fired his heart, and, seizing her little hand, he breathed forth into her ear, in gushing, burning words, and earnest tones, his love. She felt the blood rush into her face again, and then she became pale. Her downcast eyes hid her looks from him; but the suppressed breathing and pressure of the little hand he held in his own, confirmed his hopes.

In a few moments she raised her face, beaming with happy blushes, and, in reply to his ardent and repeated wishes,

that she would assure him that she would ever love him, with her own lips, she said, "Forever." He clasped her in a warm, close embrace, to his heart, and their lips clung together in a warm, sweet, long, thrilling kiss; a kiss of love, that carried with it their heart's best love. They forgot everything else but their dear, fond love for each other. It filled their hearts, and absorbed and overflowed all their soul. It seemed as if they never knew what happiness was before, so completely felicitous were they now. All around them looked beautiful. The murmuring flow of the gentle stream that was just before them, came to their enraptured ears like sweet music. The rustling of the leaves, that were stirred by the soft breeze, whispered love. The bright flower that decked the luxuriant and blooming bank, never before looked half so bright. And, to his eyes, how beautiful, how surpassingly beautiful, was the girl that sat by his side and smiled so fondly upon him. Those eyes, those dazzling, brilliant, sparkling eyes! Did he ever see such eyes before? The stars were dim, when contrasted with their beaming light. And now, how fond and lovingly they shone upon him. And now he glances at the little hand that was reposing in his clasp—so tenderly, so affectionately—like the dove in its nest, or the child on its mother's bosom. Was he not the most fortunate, the most favored of men? Was there such delight, such bliss, as he now felt, ever before bestowed upon man? How he chided himself that he so poorly appreciated, heretofore, those exquisite perfections and surpassing beauties in his dear Coquese. How blind and stupid he must have been! his dear Coquese!

The thought filled his heart with love, with fondness, with fullest joy. He looked tenderly upon that sweet face, that lay confidingly, close upon his bosom, and in a low, endearing voice, that thrilled to her very heart, and sent a sweet thrill of delight throughout all her being, he softly murmured, "Dearest Coquese, oh, how much I owe you, for this happiest moment of my life.—Would that I could tell you how much, *how deeply* I love you; but words are poor, and but feebly express the feeling of love that flows in my heart. You are my life, my all. I feel that I could not live without you, sweetest dearest girl. I loved you when I first beheld you, as I awoke in your little arbor.—Your image has ever, from that moment, been present to my vision. It seemed as though I had never loved before.—Feelings as delightful as now kindled in my heart, and all my life, that had passed, seemed but a dream, a shadowy vision, in the comparison. Oh, say again, sweet one, you love me; I do so delight to hear you say so. I could never tire of your dear voice."

"My darling, my idol," said Coquese, "my love has made me bankrupt, it has taken all I have,—it is all yours. Would I had more, how charming, how sweet to give it you. 'Tis heaven to listen to your fond words of love; dearest, I am filled with fondest happiness. My love is an ocean into which I have poured all the gushing feelings of an overflowing heart. Oh! that we might always be thus; I could bid adieu to all the world, without a sigh, were my loving Charles to be always by my side. Do you know I think you so beautiful, dearest, that I almost fear you are an angel, and will fly up to those beautiful fields in the sky, that would alone make you a fit home? But will my darling always love his Coquese? will he always find delight in her company, and love to sit by her side?"

"Dearest love," said Charles, "your words are rapture to me, and you do love me so very much; I am jealous of your love, I would take it all; 'tis so sweet to feel you love me. Does my sweet one doubt, can she doubt, that her own Charles will ever, can ever cease to love her? Can my eyes cease to delight in the sweet rays of the sun that makes all things so happy-like, and gives such friendly heat? Not until my heart forgets to beat, can I, will I cease to love you, sweetest, with all the fond, burning affection of my true heart," and he raised the soft, beautiful hand he held, to his lips, and impressed a warm, ardent kiss upon it. She raised her blushing, happy face to his,—so full of love, so full of

beauty and tenderness. He was enraptured,—he gazed with fondest admiration upon her.

"How strange, how wonderful is it, dearest, that we should ever have met! What a change has come over me since then; it seems as if it were my whole existence pressed into these few, short days."

"I can remember nothing else," said Coquese.

"Say not so, sweetest," said Charles, "we were made for each other; believe me, I feel that it is so. I recognize in you, my love, the enchanting being of my visions, the ideal that possessed my longing imagination. Oh! I do, indeed, find in you, all, and more than all I sighed, and so ardently longed for."

"But only to think," said Coquese, "how short a time, how few days have passed since I found my Charles slumbering in my little arbor, like a bird in his nest; and yet it seems a life to me. I fear my darling will think his Coquese is light of heart, and too forward, that she has given him so suddenly her heart."

"My dearest, darling Coquese, "I adore you as the best, and most beautiful of women; and I love you more, if possible, that you did thus give me your priceless heart, so suddenly as you say."

"Oh! how could I help loving you, darling? I found you so unexpectedly, so strangely, and then you looked so beautiful, so noble,—I loved you before you opened those lustrous, brilliant eyes," and again blushing, she leaned her face on his breast.

"Dearest, darling girl," said Charles, "I shall never forget the moment, when first, on awaking, I beheld your dear self standing by my side. Speechless and confused, I gazed with wonder and admiration upon your graceful form and beauteous face, and then closed my eyes, believing it was a spell of my brain that called up such a fairy creature; but oh! what joy, what delight were mine, when I again opened them, to see you still there, and feel convinced you were indeed a mortal, if indeed, you are. I felt that I had found her whom I had loved in my dreams, and my ready affections leaped to meet you, and fold you in a warm embrace. Dearest, what happy days we have spent together; they are worth a life."

But we will pursue the course of our fond pair no farther; they talked of all the incidents of the days of their acquaintance; no event was too trifling or little to escape their recollection. With that sweet, charming confidence, which true, intense love alone can create, they poured out the sweet thoughts and feelings which had occupied their minds, and found new cause for their happy love. Evening was far advanced, still they sat in that little bower, close to each other, side by side. Charles had wound his arm around her waist, her hand was folded in his, while she leaned her head upon his shoulder, and fondly looked up into his face. Happy hours! how short you seemed! and when, at last, they were warned by the thick shades of night, of your flight, how amazed were they at your rapid course; they started as if awakening from a dream.

"We must go home, my Charles," said Coquese, "it is late, and my parents will miss me."

With unwilling hearts they left the little arbor, the scene of their happy loves. They pursued the path that led to the village; they walked on in silence, they were sad at the thought of parting, even for so short a time, for they knew they would meet on the morrow. Suddenly Charles felt the arm that rested in his, tremble,—a shudder passed over the form of Coquese. She had just recalled the meeting of Red Hand, at the bower, and fear and a sad foreboding chilled her heart. Charles, at once, in a tender voice, exclaimed, "what troubles my Coquese? is she afraid of aught that can happen while her devoted love is by her side?"

"Alas!" said Coquese, "we have forgotten, in our happiness, the wicked threats, and deadly anger of Red Hand. Oh! my darling, it is for you, my heart is oppressed with fear. Your dear life is threatened, and can your Coquese be happy while it is so? Dearest, I implore you to guard yourself; avoid that blood-thirsty, remorseless man. I cannot rest until you promise me you will not meet him."

Charles pressed her hand with affectionate love, for her fond anxiety on his account, and readily promised what she wished. He was so happy in her love, he said, that he would forgive all his insults, and be his friend. He had no enemies, she had made him love the world, and all about him.

And now their path emerged from the woods, and they were close to the village; they must part at her father's door; this was a trial to their new love. They felt as though they could not live out of each other's sight, even for so short a time. What might happen? The suspicion that some accident might occur to them, saddened their hearts, and made them reluctant to separate; but they had reached the door of her father's lodge, and they must bid each other farewell.—Charles pressed the fair girl to his heart, and their lips met again; it was the parting kiss,—without a word they separated. Coquese entered the lodge, where her parents sat, and were beginning to be anxious about her return. They joyfully welcomed her, and her mother said they had been waiting for her, anxiously expecting her.

Coquese blushed at the proof of the lateness of the hour, but sat down to supper, without making any reply. Her thoughts were with her lover; and the sweet hours she had just passed with him, were her delightful subjects of reflection. She recalled his loving looks, and dear words. How good and beautiful he was, thought she; and what a blessed fortune was her's to be loved so ardently, by one so gifted and kind. Her thoughts kept her silent during the evening. 'Tis true, they were interrupted at times, by the danger which threatened their love, from the passion and disappointment of Red Hand; but she would not, could not believe that any wrong, or adversity could overtake her own, dear Charles; and she banished these fears as unfounded, to dwell upon the sweet prospects open to them, and recall the blissful feelings she had experienced in his company. With such happy fee ings she sought her pillow.

CHAPTER XIV.

And Charles—did no visions of joy and happiness visit his pillow with dreamy delight and pleasure? or did the images of danger and trouble, which Red Hand had evoked upon his head, fly in sad and terrifying array before him?—He remained late awake after retiring to his couch. His mind was too busy, too full; his heart too joyous, and crowded with blissful emotions, to suffer him for a long time to sleep. He reviewed his day of love and delight with contented, nay, with sweetest feelings. The image of Coquese was before him, in all her simple grace and surpassing loveliness. He lived those charming hours over again, and when his thoughts would send their gaze far into the future, it was to meet a captivating, enticing future of deep and mutual love, and increasing happiness, that should exist and crown his lovely wife and his fortunate self.

With such thoughts, he at last fell asleep, and the shadowy spirits and sprightly fairies that hover o'er the dreamer's pillow, came flocking round him, bearing with them their rarest gifts. Visions more bright, and scenes more ravishing than in his waking moments, were present to his view. These little, but wonderous, powerful, and captivating spirits unfolded them to him, such only as they deign to bring to the happy lover. So happy and blessed were his dreams, that he was almost inclined to be angry at the kind voice even of Le Beaux, who, at a late hour in the morning, came to awake him. For that same voice that called him back to consciousness, and broke his slumbers, frightened and put to route the sweet companions of his dreams. But there was no help for it. Le Beaux would insist upon his instantly rising and preparing himself for the day's sport. The hunters, he said, were already mustered, and were soon to leave the village for the contemplated bear hunt.

As soon as Charles recollected himself, and was aware of the engagement he had entered into for to-day, he at once sprung from his bed, told Le Beaux to get everything in readiness, and he

would join him immediately. Hastily dressing himself, he sallied out of the lodge. He found the chiefs, and braves, and all the men of the tribe, with the exception of a few too old to go on the chase, and the two younger lads, with their weapons in their hands, and prepared to set out.

Wahalla, who was amongst them, as soon as he saw him, went to him and requested him to enter the lodge again and partake of a breakfast, which was ready for him. Charles took a hasty meal, and then went to bid Coquese good morning, and say a few words to her before leaving. He found M. Boileau ready to leave, and, therefore, had time only to interchange a word or two with his love. She was happy as her contented, loving heart could make her. She bade him take care of himself, and not expose his precious life, and then, with an affectionate look, bade him good-bye.

Charles took his rifle from Le Beaux's hands, and, calling his hounds, he set off with the party for the hills, where they expected to find the game. On arriving at the foot of the range of hills, after forming their plan of operations, and dividing into parties of two and three, they separated to take different directions, agreeing to meet at evening at this spot, where they now parted company. Our hero and Le Beaux, Wahalla and Shoonshoone, formed one party; and Charles noticed that Red Hand so arranged it, that his braves were by themselves, in two parties, and both took paths very near each other, and leading them rather round the foot of the hill, than deeper into the forest, or further from the village. But this did not excite his suspicions. He thought it natural they should prefer hunting together, and, perhaps, they knew that the bears had left the hills and come down to the level lands, at their base. At any rate, he soon forgot this circumstance, and with eagerness and impatience began to search the thickets for the expected victims.

After having climbed the hill about half way, and finding no recent traces of the bear, they halted and deliberated upon the chance of their search. Wahalla and Shoonshoone each proposed by themselves to strike off a little distance from each other, and from Charles and Le Beaux, who were to keep together, and so search through a wider space until they reached the summit, where they were to meet again. They had been separated in this manner but a few minutes, before the report of a gun in the direction Shoonshoone had taken, and the well known howl of the bear, gave them notice that he had been successful in coming upon one. Hastening to a little knob, which gave them a wide prospect in the direction of the sound, they looked carefully through the trees on each side of them, and great was their horror, when they saw Shoonshoone standing close by a thicket, his gun, which he had just discharged, by his side, and a huge bear with an angry howl rushing upon him. Shoonshoone had just time to gather himself up and make ready, before the enraged animal was close upon him. He had approached the bear while sleeping, and had not fired until within a few yards of him. The ball had entered his head, but seemed only to enrage him. For, springing up, he turned at once, without showing that he was wounded or hurt, upon his enemy. Shoonshoone had just time, as we said, to seize his gun, and, raising it over his shoulder, high in the air, he aimed a tremendous blow at the creature's head. But the bear caught the blow on his paw, like a well trained fencer, with a side cuff, that the next instant sent the gun at least ten rods from Shoonshoone's hand, and the next moment he had closed upon him with a desperate bound, and was rolling over him on the grass. His presence of mind, however, did not desert him at this moment of most imminent peril and danger.

Forcing his hand to his girdle, he contrived to loosen his hunting knife, and, in the struggle, his arm was freed, so that he had a chance to give the bear a deadly thrust, that for a moment made the animal relax his hold. In an instant he was upon his feet, but almost in the same instant the bear again closed upon him. In wrestling, the bear evidently

had the advantage of him, and poor Shoonshoone's life seemed not worth a straw. But the second time they grappled, before they fell, Shoonshoone had struck, with all the might and strength which desperation lent his arm, several good blows at the bear, and given as many bloody wounds; but the infuriated creature did not flinch or waver in the conflict. He uttered a dreadful howl and immediately grappled more closely his foe. Again they fell together to the ground. And, now, the bear had a decided advantage. Shoonshoone was beginning to grow weak from his desperate exertions, and from the loss of blood which flowed from his wounds.

And, now, the bear stood uppermost, and over the prostrate body of Shoonshoone, making ready to tear him with his teeth. Our hero was horror-struck at this spectacle, and stood motionless and almost breathless with fear for the fate of his friend, whom he fully expected to see die before his eyes, without being able to assist him. But Le Beaux, who had been watching the fight with as deep anxiety, but more calmness, and who had brought his rifle to his shoulder, ready to take advantage of the first chance of sending a bullet through the bear's heart, had advanced a considerable distance nearer them, all the while keeping his rifle to his shoulder. Now was his time. He saw it. In an instant his rifle was leveled in deadly aim. At the same time the sharp crack followed.—The ball sped true to his unerring sight, and passed directly through the lungs of the bear, tearing, at the same time, the upper section of his heart. With a groan, he fell dead at the side of Shoonshoone, who, freed from his grasp, jumped again to his feet. He wrung the hand of Le Beaux in gratitude, as he came up to where he stood, but said not a word. His arms and shoulders had suffered much in the struggle, and were frightfully lacerated, and bleeding—Charles was relieved from his torturing suspense the instant Le Beaux fired, and without waiting to see the result, had rushed to Shoonshoone.

Their first care was to examine the wounds of Shoonshoone, and apply such remedies as were at hand, to them. Le Beaux had considerable skill and knowledge in dressing wounds, and in a few moments he had washed, dressed, and bound up the wounds of Shoonshoone, and stopped the flowing of his blood from them. He bore all the operation without a murmur; yes, even without flinching, or changing countenance, and spoke of the encounter in a tone of pride and exultation. He had, young as he was, achieved a deed worthy of the notice of his tribe, and proved himself worthy to be ranked with the older, and acknowledged braves and chiefs. This thought sustained and animated him, though the pain he suffered was awful and agonizing.

The bear was a huge animal, of the very largest size; and on examining him, Le Beaux found that Shoonshoone's shot had struck him in the side of the head, and passed clear through his cheek.—The wound he had inflicted with his hunting-knife was deep and severe, and would have eventually killed him. Both praised his courage and presence of mind. He drank in with delighted ears their words, and thought them sufficient reward for all the pain he felt. They now urged upon him the necessity of returning to the village. He at first refused to do so, but when Wahalla came up and heard the account of the fight, and saw the wounds, he joined his words to their's; and at last, induced him to return; but he would on no account suffer either of them to accompany him. He desired them to pursue the hunt, and promised to see them at the village when they returned at night. Charles was very unwilling to accede to this proposition. He thought it exceedingly rash, on the part of Shoonshoone, and improper in them, to allow him to go back to the village alone, after such a severe struggle, and after he had been so much weakened by his wounds, and loss of blood, and so much exhausted by his violent efforts. It was several miles to the village, and they had come on foot; to go back, Charles thought was altogether too much for Shoonshoone, in his present state, if not impossible. But he refused any assistance, and would com

went to go, only on condition that they remained and pursued the chase. He affected to treat lightly his wounds, and said he should not be backward in engaging again in a struggle of a like kind, if there was an occasion.

Charles saw that it was useless to urge him farther, and so gave it up, though reluctantly, at last.

Shoonshoone slowly wended his way back to the village. Often was he obliged to stop and rest, from exhaustion, and debility; and it was not until a late hour in the afternoon, that he reached his lodge. When his story was told, all those who remained at home, came to him, and praised his daring, and congratulated him on his success. It was the most important deed he had ever accomplished, and won for him a name, among his people. His wants were all carefully, and kindly attended to; and his wounds were now dressed with more care and skill, by an old warrior, who was famous for his knowledge of diseases, and the manner of treating wounds.

Charles and his two companions continued their hunt for bear. Wahalla dressed the bear that Shoonshoone had killed, and hung the meat up by a tree which he marked, to be taken home on the morrow; then striking off into the woods a short distance, commenced his search anew. He had not been long engaged in this manner, before he came upon a young bear, that had concealed itself in a little thicket that grew by a stream, which came leaping down the hill-side. The bear was on the watch, and started off before he had advanced near enough to be sure of him. He took the direction which would lead him directly across the path pursued by Charles and Le Beaux. Wahalla followed him, and fired at him; the ball entered the lower part of the body, but did not inflict a bad wound. It made him utter a wild, shrill scream, that warned Charles and Le Beaux of his approach, and at the same time they heard the voice of Wahalla shouting to them. Both immediately cocked their rifles, prepared to give him battle, as soon as he should be discovered. They had not long to wait; in a few moments they saw him coming, as fast as his sluggish gate could carry him, directly towards them. When he was about a hundred yards from them, Charles was anxious to fire upon him, but Le Beaux coolly said to him:

"Wait till he gets within thirty yards, then take good aim, and let him have it. I will wait until after you have fired, and be ready, in case you fail to bring him down."

Charles acted as Le Beaux suggested, and fired at the distance mentioned; the ball struck him higher than he intended to hit him, but it gave him a bad wound, however, and brought him to his knees He instantly recovered himself, however and now furious from pain, made at them with open mouth, uttering a savage growl. Le Beaux, upon whose rifle depended their safety, kept his eye upon him, and waited till he had advanced to within ten yards of them, before he fired; the bear gave one bound in the air, and fell dead upon the grass,—the ball passed directly through his heart. Wahalla soon came up; and upon examining him, they found that each one had lodged a ball in him. Wahalla dressed him, and hung him up, again marking the spot. While they sat down to rest themselves, Charles gratified his curiosity in observing the manner Wahalla used the hunting-knife,—the skill and rapidity with which he executed this part of the sportsman's duty,—they heard far off on the neighboring hills the shouts and cries of the other parties, as they drove before them the routed game; and occasionally the sharp crack of a rifle would awaken the echoes that lay hidden in the depths of those solitary forests.

Soon they were on their path again. Now the loud clamor of a successful party would break in loud shouts of victory, upon their ears, in joyful tones, that cheered and excited their hearts; and again, the faint, feeble echoes of the wild hunter's halloo, would come borne on the breeze, from some party far along the wooded hill-side. But for a long time, they met with nothing but small game, after they had killed the bear which Wahalla had started, and were almost on the point of giving up the hope

or expectation of any further success, when Charles proposed that they should separate for a short time, a little distance from each other saying that in this way they could extend their search over a wider range, without additional labor.—His hounds, at an early part of the day, had bounced a buck, and followed after him, and had not yet come in: so Charles started off alone. agreeing to meet his companions, in a short time, at a spot ahead agreed upon, and which they were to approach in different directions. Le Beaux was rather reluctant to separate from him; he had a sort of presentiment that he would need him before long, and this feeling was so strong within him, that it kept him near the course taken by him. They had not pursued this separate search long, when Charles arrived in his path at a narrow pass on the hill, through which he must advance, if he would continue on in this direction. Suddenly he perceived in a little thicket, on one side of his path, two small, glistening orbs, that glowed like balls of living fire. He was too much of a sportsman not to know at once, that this appearance proceeded from nothing but the watchful and savage eyes of a wild beast. Whether it was a bear, or panther, or wolf, he could not decide. He hesitated a moment, to determine what course to pursue. Those flaming balls were evidently watching him; and of one thing he was certain, that retreat would be fatal,—the moment he turned his back, the creature would be upon him, and to keep on would not, apparently, be less so. He saw how he was circumstanced,—fight the beast he must. The question now was, how should he best encounter him? It must be a bold, sharp shot,—a steady hand, and a cool sight; this alone would save him. His first step was carefully and cautiously to raise his rifle, and examine the lock to see that the cap was well put on. This done, he threw the barrel of his trusty rifle across his left arm, all the while keeping his eye fixed upon the animal. Noiselessly, and with great caution, he advances his right hand along the breech of his rifle till it rests upon the lock; then, in the same quiet, cool manner, he cocks it, and the fourth finger of his right hand he places upon the trigger—now he is ready; slowly, but coolly, he advanced a pace or two; but the bear,—for such it proved to be,—did not keep him in suspense, as to his intentions. He had not proceeded more than five paces, when the bear, with a deep, savage growl, dashing aside the branches that concealed his covert, rushed out, and at once sprung upon him.—Charles exercised, at this terrible moment of awful peril, the most perfect presence of mind. He took as good aim as the sudden attack would permit, and fired. The ball passed through the bear's cheek, breaking a part of his jaw, on the right side; but apparently, the wound had no other effect than to render him still more furious, and raving. Oh! what would he have given now for his brave and trusty hounds; but they were not with him. He had permitted them to leave him, and with their deep notes, so cheerful to the hunter's ear, he had listened to them, and hallooed them on, as they followed the flying feet of the startled buck. And now he felt they had but too well answered to his exciting halloo.

Quick as lightning these thoughts and wishes flashed through his mind. Seeing his peril, in an instant he had seized his rifle by the barrel, and raising it by the side of his head, prepared to deal his foe a tremendous blow upon his head, with the butt of it. But bruin was too good a boxer to be tapped in such a way. He raised one of his fore paws, and very skillfully threw off the blow one side.—The next instant, Charles felt the strong legs of the shaggy beast folded about him, and pressing him in a closer and closer hug. He dropped his rifle from his hand, and struggled to draw his knife upon him. In the struggle the bear threw him down, and was standing over him, or rather pressing down upon him. One of his strong, brawny paws clenched his left arm; each hard, protruding talon pierced through his thick, stout, buckskin shirt and tore his flesh. The other paw rested heavily upon his chest. He felt as if every moment its sharp claws would tear his very heart from his side. His

senses became confused,—his sight grew dizzy; still like a brave hunter, he fainted not, nor ceased to struggle with all his might for the victory. His right arm, which he had contrived to extricate from the monster's grasp, was busy for his relief. He held his knife in that hand, and continually dealt vigorous and severe blows at the throat of the bear; in this way, he prevented him from bringing into play his bloody jaws, which he was endeavoring to fix upon his face and neck. The hot breath of the bear was poured upon his face, and the hot blood flowed in streams from the wounds he had dealt him, down his face and upon his chest, almost suffocating him.

Such a fearful, desperate struggle could not possibly be of long continuance; one or both must soon yield. The burning eye-balls of the furious bear were glaring nearer and nearer his cheek; hotter and hotter glowed his breath upon his face; but still, so long as Charles wielded the bloody knife he held in his hand, the cowardly beast held back, as if conscious of the superior bravery, though inferior strength of the man whom he pressed beneath him.

Charles' power at last relaxed; nature had done her utmost in his behalf, she was at last exhausted. He had exerted every limb, every muscle to the utmost; every nerve was stretched, but it was all in vain. The gloom of despair was on the point of overwhelming him, his very soul, and death was about to claim and seize his victim, when the clear deep bay of his faithful blood-hounds broke upon his ear, and revived his sinking heart, and brought back consciousness. Never was there to him so joyous a sound before. The next moment the branches crashed and yielded beneath a heavy, hasty bound; and his two blood-hounds, with an overpowering leap, bounded together upon the merciless and well nigh victorious foe. The shock hurled the weakened, but still obstinate bear, from off our hero's prostrate form; and Charles leaping to his feet, felt that he was saved from a most cruel death, saved at the last moment. Had his brave dogs delayed their coming a moment longer, they might have, would avenged their kind and loved master's death; but they, too, would have howled their wailing grief, and bemoaned in sorrow more true, and deep, than many a human, rational being, above his lifeless and mangled form. But this was not now the case; they came on swift feet, and came just in the nick of time.

The reader will easily conjecture the explanation of this sudden appearance, and truly providential, nay, almost miraculous rescue of Charles, from the very jaws of death, by the blood-hounds.

They had run down the buck they started in the morning, and killed him; they returned to seek their master.—They fell in with M. Boileau's party, as they returned, who endeavored to keep them with themselves; but it was in vain they coaxed and tempted them,—all would not do. They took a hasty look through the party, and seemed to ask for their master; then, as if haste was required of them,—as if they had an instinctive knowledge of the peril he was about to encounter, and that this assistance would be necessary for his safety; off they sprung, and never tired or slackened their speed, until their unerring instinct brought them to his side, just in time to save his life, as we have said above.

And where was Le Beaux, all this time? you will be ready to ask, I fancy. He had not been out of sight of our hero, five minutes, when he was startled by the report of his rifle. Hastening as fast as possible in the direction of the sound, he arrived at a spot where he could see what was taking place, just as the bear made the first leap upon him. What his feelings were, when this sight met his eyes, we will not attempt to describe. We feel we could not do them justice if we should try. He had become more and more attached to Charles, from the first, and felt for him as strong, as deep love, as if he had been his own son.—He thought it was all over with him; he was not prepared for such calm coolness, and determinate resolution, on the part of Charles. He, however, set himself to work at once, with great earnestness, and presence of mind, to render him all possible assistance. He hastened to him,

prepared to use his rifle on the first chance, but so manfully did Charles struggle, and so constantly was he in motion, that he did not dare to fire, for fear of hitting him at the same time he might wound the bear. Great, as may be conceived, was his joy when the bay of the hounds told him that a safer, surer succor was at hand; and fervently did he pray in his heart, that Charles' strength might hold out a little longer, until it reached him.

His joy was unbounded as he came up a little after the arrival of the hounds, and found Charles safe. He washed the blood from his face, examined his arm, and bound it carefully up. Charles had suffered but little, otherwise than from being considerably bruised. The only wounds he received were on his left arm, and these were not deep or dangerous. They were mere nothing, compared with those Shoonshoone had received. The reason he had not suffered more from the claws of the bear was this: Le Beaux had advised him in the morning to put on a thick, stout deerskin hunting shirt. He had done so, and this, in a great measure, had protected him.

Wahalla had heard his rifle, and hastened to his assistance. He had come in season to witness the closing part of the struggle, and the brave rescue by the dogs. He seemed to look upon them with the most profound veneration and wonder, not unmixed with admiration, at their dauntless courage and generous interference for their master's safety.

Le Beaux, after everything was attended to, proposed to return to the place of meeting, and be ready to go home, as soon as the other partner should come in. This, his companions readily assented to. They were quite satisfied with the results of their hunt, and willing to cease. They were rejoiced at the escapes they had from the imminent perils and dangers they had encountered, and satisfied with the game they had won. Moreover, it was now almost sun-set.

They slowly retraced their steps, and in little more than an hour came to the spot agreed upon in the morning as their rendezvous after the hunt was over.—Several bands were already there when our little party came in. All had met with good success, though the first adventure of the day, and most daring personal encounter, were allowed without hesitation to belong to Shoonshoone. He was inquired after, and when his exploit was related to the others by Wahalla, in his lively, eloquent manner, a murmur of approbation and praise was expressed by all.

To Charles, however, they were full of praises of his courage and skill; and the story of the hounds, which Wahalla told in a manner highly favorable to those four-footed sportsmen, seemed to excite little less wonder than the sight had done on him. It was late in the evening when the last band of the Delawares came in, and yet nothing was seen or heard of Red Hand or his people.—They waited some time for them, but in vain.

Some suspicions began to take possession of the minds of the Delawares with regard to the conduct and intentions of the missing bands. As we have before said, they had entertained or rather endured their presence among them more on the grounds of policy, and a desire to avoid offending them, which they certainly knew would bring on a war with the powerful and warlike nation, of which Red Hand was the principal chief. They treated them kindly, but there was no mutual friendship or regard in their hearts. They even distrusted them, and believed that some hidden, secret, and hostile purpose was concealed at the bottom of their professedly friendly visit.

Charles revolved in his mind all the facts and circumstances which had come under his observation, while among them, relating to Red Hand. And, now, the observations which he had made in the morning, and the scene of their camp, on the day before, so different from the appearance of the Indian camp on the eve of a hunt, where two rival tribes are to try their skill and daring, all came with startling distinctness and vividness before his mind, and connected themselves at once with the scene at the little

bower, in which Coquese had played so prominent a part, and where Red Hand had so suddenly declared his passion for her, and, mortified and enraged at her refusal and frank avowal, that she was already another's, had displayed his as sudden hate, and muttered the threats against him, which he had disregarded and quite forgotten, but which had caused Coquese so much uneasiness and alarm for his safety. And he at once concluded that Red Hand's absence at this time was another step in his hostile plans towards Coquese and himself. He feared the worst from him. He believed he had seized this occasion of the absence of the warriors of the tribe, who could protect the village, to accomplish his purposes towards her by force. He knew that his hated enemy would have no scruples as to the measures he would use, and, as he reflected upon this, a shudder jarred over his frame. He trembled at what his fears brought up before him. His cheek grew pale, and a feeling of blight and sickened hopes of despair came over him. But it was for an instant only. He quickly rallied himself, and bent his thoughts at once upon the framing of measures, which should defeat his enemy, if his suspicions should prove true.

His first thought was to communicate his views to Le Beaux and M. Boileau, privately, and consult with them on the course best to pursue. And no sooner had he conceived this thought than he immediately put it into effect. And, drawing them one side, that he might not be disturbed or overheard by the rest of the party, he, in an earnest but distinct manner, told them his thoughts and his fears, omitting no circumstance which might serve both to enlighten them and impress upon them more fully his belief. He related the scene between Coquese and Red Hand, and himself, at her little bower. At the relation of this a cloud of anxiety and trouble darkened the countenances of both his companions, and they instantaneously adopted the view which Charles had taken of the case.—Charles could not forbear, at this time, from confiding to M. Boileau and his friend, the guide, the story of his love for Coquese, and the return she gave him, and soliciting, in any plans they might adopt, or in any emergency that might arise, that his aid and personal exertion might be given a first place. He eagerly declared that he would, if necessary, lay down his life for her.

Le Beaux's face was illumined with a gleam of satisfaction at Charles' avowal of his love and his determination to sacrifice everything for her. He grasped his hand and pressed it warmly, declaring he would stand by him in every trouble.

M. Boileau received his avowal with surprise, and with mingled pleasure and regret. He thanked him for the honor he proposed his family, and expressed in a calm tone, the hope that they would find things better than their fears led them to anticipate. He kindly said to Charles that on some future occasion they would speak fully on what he said, but now they must turn their immediate attention to the danger they feared.—Then, going to his band, he briefly related what Charles had said, suppressing what concerned our hero and Coquese personally, but giving them a full account of Red Hand's demand upon his daughter for her hand.

They listened in silence, but the kindling of their dark eyes, the compressed expression of their faces, and knitting of their stern brows, as he spoke his fears that their guests had taken advantage of their absence to accomplish their purposes, showed their readiness and determination to avenge any wrongs that had been inflicted.

Without further deliberation, the Delawares immediately set out on their return to the village; they were distant some four miles, and they set out at a rapid pace. Their fears lent them speed, and in less than three-quarters of an hour from the time they started from their rendezvous, they arrived at the village. Charles forgot his wounds, in the deep anxiety he felt for Coquese's safety, and her uncertain fate, and kept in the front rank. When they reached home, they found everything apparently quiet, and as they had left it. The squaws were standing at the doors of their several

lodges, awaiting their return, and ready to welcome them. The sight at once dispelled their fears, and they concluded that they had wronged their guests by their suspicions. A load of anxious thoughts was lifted from their burdened and troubled hearts, and they could hardly restrain the joyful disappointment they experienced, from manifesting itself in some exulting, outward show. But as they looked upon the face of their wise chief, M. Boileau, and saw that it still wore that anxious expression which had clouded it, when he addressed them at the rendezvous, and saw the same stamp of fear on their two white friends' countenances, their rising joy was checked. They all, as if by a secret and unanimous agreement, remained without their lodges, awaiting the movements of M. Boileau. Charles, with him hastened to the lodge of M. Boileau, and with trembling, eager haste, greeted Leila, his wife, who stood at the door, and smiled upon him as he approached, not noticing the anxiety and impatience which his face wore. Her husband saluted her with his accustomed tenderness, and quiet manner. As he approached, he had noticed her undisturbed, fond, affectionate looks, in which there was expressed nothing but sweet contentment, and full happiness. This led him to believe that their fears were groundless, which he had felt on account of his daughter, and swept away the clouds from his thoughtful brow, ere he reached her. She scanned him with the watchful eye of affection, and saw at a glance, that he was safe and unhurt; but as she turned to Charles to observe him, with the same purpose, she noticed what had at first escaped her attention,—that his arm rested in a sling, and his clothes were torn and bloody. She started, and turned pale, and in a breath asked him if he was hurt badly; for she had already formed a strong attachment for him, and had observed the feelings Coquese could not hide from her mother's eye, which she had for him. It had pleased her, and in her heart she hoped that some day she might become the happy bride of our hero, whose gentle manners, kind, and generous disposition she had observed, and whose praises Le Beaux had entertained her with, since his arriva among them. 'Tis no wonder, then, that seeing these signs which she could not mistake, of his hurt, she should exhibit such feeling and sympathy for him; nay, it needed not such an interest in him to awaken these kind and pitying feelings, in her tender heart. She was accustomed to render acts of kindness and sympathy to all who were in suffering, that came within her observation, or whom she might find in her rounds through the village, which she frequently made on errands of mercy and benevolence.

Charles answered her quickly, that he was not hurt,—he had received a few scratches, which did his clothes more damage than his flesh; it was a trifle, not worth a thought; "but," said he, almost in the same breath, "I do not see Coquese here,—is she at home?"

He spoke in a trembling, tender tone, as he asked this question, and his face, always so ready to mirror the feelings that stirred his heart, showed the deep interest he felt in the expected answer; for so strong was the feeling, the presentiment of some evil about to fall upon him, and that through his loved and betrothed Coquese, that all he saw in the village, the contented and happy face of his darling's mother,—all that would, under ordinary circumstances, have dispelled his fears, and quieted his anxious heart, could not now banish the fearful, dreaded forebodings that harrowed his whole soul, and filled him with agitation, and painful suspicion. He would not, could not be satisfied of her safety, till he again saw her dear face, and folded her to his loving heart.

Leila could but be struck by his earnest, anxious manner, and the deep sadness of his expression, but not knowing, or being able to conjecture the reason for them, she was perplexed and puzzled how to answer him; and a minute or two of torturing suspense to our hero, was suffered to pass, before she recovered from the surprise and confusion his manner had thrown her into. She, at the expiration of this time, answered him, looking at the same time, inquiringly into his face, that she was not at home but had gone out to take a walk by her

self; which was an every-day custom with her.

Charles waited to hear no more, but without a word, or even a look of parting, darted away in the direction of the little bower. He ran at the top of his speed, till he was hidden by the forest trees from their sight.

We must now leave him for awhile, to pursue his search at the bower for Coquese, and turn to the Delawares, who remained standing in a body, awaiting the result of M. Boileau's interview with his wife. They had all, on second thought, believed that their first impression that all was right at the village, was a little too hasty, and might yet be false. As they recalled the words of M. Boileau to them, when he spoke his fears, and remembered that it was the Flower of the Valley that Red Hand aimed at, and was come among them to carry off, and though it was the common method pursued by hostile tribes to inflict as much injury as possible upon each other on every occasion that offered, yet they conjectured that Red Hand, whose cunning and shrewdness they well knew, might have reasons for leaving the rest of the tribe unmolested, while he was contented to gain alone the chief object that led him to their camp. They thought, therefore, that it was yet possible that Coquese might have been carried off by him, by some devilish art he had practised upon her credulity, and by which he had either lulled the suspicions, or avoided exciting the attention of those at home, to himself and his people. They had observed with the closest attention, what had transpired at the door of M. Boileau's lodge, and their fears were awakened anew as they saw Charles set off alone at such headlong speed, and bend his way to the forest. Wahalla, who had become very strongly bound to Charles, could not, or did not resist the feeling which moved him to follow his footsteps. He had seen the daring, and almost reckless bravery which he displayed in his encounter with the bear, in the morning, and he believed that should any danger offer him now in his search for Coquese, as he hastily concluded his errand to be, he would rush on heedless of all odds. He therefore resolved to follow him, and if danger was in his path, to stand by him to the death.

Such was his noble, generous nature; and had he known that he followed to certain destruction, he would not have faltered or hesitated for a moment. He had guessed at the relation which Charlee bore to Coquese, and with a refined and touching delicacy, he avoided coming up with him, or annoying him with his presence, should he meet with Coquese. He kept sufficiently near him to be ready to assist him at the first sign of danger; but at the same time, far enough behind to conceal himself from his view. In this way he followed him to the bower

Leila had looked with silent surprise and wonder after Charles, as he so abruptly and strangely left her, and ran as if he were mad,—like a hound to the woods. She gazed after him as long as he was in sight, and then turning to her husband with a bewildered, inquiring look, she sought to read an explanation of his conduct in his face.

He appeared little less surprised than herself at the moment, but his wife's appealing look recalled him to the circumstances around him, and interpreting at once her look, he hastily, but distinctly, narrated to her the fears and suspicions which Charles had first suggested on noticing that Red Hand and his party had not returned; and then detailed the facts Charles had recounted to him and Le Beaux concerning Red Hand's passion and declaration to Coquese, and finished by telling her of Charles' attachment and secret engagement to their daughter. This latter information at any other time would have inspired Leila with hope and joy, and been the crowning of her fondest wishes, with regard to her daughter's future prospects; but now, coupled as it was with dark and sad fears—it made her shudder for the fate of her beloved child, and awakened the same forebodings that had darkened and grieved the soul of our hero, and which served to explain his conduct to her better than words could do. So sudden so unexpected to her, was this information, that it overcame her. She grew deadly pale; her brain

reeled, and she would have fallen, had not M. Boileau caught her in his arms. He spoke in cheering tones of hope to her, and endeavored to soothe her excited fears. He had been deceived by her manner, and supposed that Coquese was at home, or that she was satisfied that at least she was safe, and this had led him to speak out his fears more plainly and suddenly to her than he otherwise would have done. But so tender and loving was her heart, so watchful of the welfare of her family, that although she had thought, and had reason to believe, that Coquese had simply gone out to take her accustomed walk, and would soon return again, yet on the first mention of the fears which her husband and Charles entertained for her, her mind was filled with images of suffering and misery, which her dear Coquese might at that moment be enduring. All confidence in her own reflections were gone in a moment.

Oh, how bitter, how sad the thoughts of a fond, loving, devoted heart, when it feels that its cherished darling is torn away from its warm embrace by cruel hands, and plunged in misery and grief. And a mother's love! Who can fathom it, or take its measure, or say how great, how infinite, how holy, how lovely it is? It is boundless and deep as the ocean.—It is immortal and eternal. Nothing can quench it, or take it from her heart.—Through all the changes of life, in poverty, in wretchedness, in deepest woe, in vice, and dark sin, in the lowest, most degraded stations in life, will it seek its offspring, and, like a holy, bright angel, cover and protect them. Tender and watchful, it is quick to feel the pangs of alarm, and grieve at the rising fears and doubts its own holy anxiety awakens.—Ah, it is the loveliest, purest thing on earth; the only heavenly, native grace that was left our race when they were driven from the golden gates of happy paradise.

And in Leila's heart lived in all its strength and purity such love. Wonder not then, and call them not idle fears, which so overpowered her, and crushed for the moment her senses. She made a violent effort to be composed, and such was the force of her strong will, which had been expanded and strengthened by her peculiar education, that she did calm herself, and spoke to her husband in a quiet, even tone.

But now he, too, felt as if his life were gone. The fear of his wife had in a moment changed all, and he saw at once that Charles was right; that there was no reason yet to dismiss fear. Red Hand would in his cunning have done this secretly, if he did it at all, that he might get a sufficient start to baffle his pursuers. He saw it all in an instant.—Both kept silent, awaiting with breathless interest the return of Charles. They strained their eyes in the direction where they supposed he would appear, as if they by so doing could pierce through the thick overshadowing foliage, that formed an impenetrable hiding place the eye could not reach. They had but a few minutes to wait, however, though it seemed like so many hours to their brooding minds, racked with torturing suspense.

Leila uttered a wild, heart-rending scream as she saw him emerge from the woods alone. Her fears, her worst fears returned again. Her cheek lost its color. Her heart almost ceased to beat. It beat but slowly, feebly sending back the blood that hurried to it. In fright he approached. They saw he held in his hand a piece of the silk scarf she had worn when she left the lodge, which had been a gift from himself but a few days before. It was torn, as if by violent hands, near the centre, and he had found it on the ground, at the entrance of her little arbor. There were other marks, he said, around the spot, which too clearly, too surely, showed that his dear Coquese had been torn from her home by the cruel, bloody Red Hand.

He spoke in a voice choked with feeling and wretchedness, and his agony of feeling, which was so startlingly portrayed in his face, and which would burst forth in his heart-rending words and deep sighs, so deeply moved the pity of Leila that, for a moment, she forgot herself in the endeavor to comfort him. So utterly crushed and blighted were his cherished, fairest hopes, that no tongue can speak

the grief he felt at the fate of his dear, dear girl. Such a fate, so cruel, so utterly and completely miserable and wretched must it make her. And then she must live on to die by inches, till her crushed and bleeding heart should cease to move, and lay cold in death; a death welcome to her in the spring-time of life, as the only means of delivering her from a greater woe. Such were the thoughts that burnt in Charles' soul, and in broken and agonized sentences found vent in his words, that seemed to tear and rend his heart with their utterance.

But his violent grief was not long permitted to hold sway over him in this terrible manner. Le Beaux had, during his absence, joined M. Boileau and his wife, and by his calmness and kind words had done much towards calming her fears and restoring her to herself.—And now, she and those about her could not look upon Charles, and see the grief that crushed and weighed him down, or that tortured him to agony, without feeling that his great sorrow was more than all their own, however much they suffered, and deserved their sympathy.—And for this end Le Beaux now advanced and sat down by his side. He had to turn away and brush the tears from eyes that were not apt to weep, so profound, so touching was his young and adored friend's sorrow. But he whispered to him now that there was hope, that there was vengeance to be taken on the cruel foe, due to Coquese and to himself; that they might yet overtake him and rescue her from his fiendish grasp.

Charles did not at first appear to understand him, but Le Beaux repeated it again. As he did so, Charles looked him full in the face, and catching his meaning, his eye kindled into a blaze, his face changed to one complete, absorbing expression of determined resolution and earnestness, and springing to his feet, he exclaimed in a resolute tone, "You are right, Le Beaux. It is idle to sit here and indulge our grief. We can, we must, I feel we shall yet overtake the villain." And his face glowing, his arm raised on high, he bound himself by an oath to follow him so long as they lived, or until he should rescue his betrothed, or if dead slay her destroyer. Quick! quick! let us mount our horses and pursue them."

"Calm yourself," said Le Beaux, "and let all the chiefs deliberate what measures to pursue, and then we will lose no time in carrying them into action. See you that the warriors are yet drawn up in the village ready to do battle for Coquese, whom they all love."

M. Boileau spoke to his wife a few soothing words and led her into the lodge. He told her he would soon return to her; he must now go to the council: and, so saying, he hurried out to where the Delawares stood.

CHAPTER XV.

The Delawares, who had been attentive observers of all that had transpired at M. Boileau's lodge, and whose attachment to him and his family, was of a strong and most endearing nature, were prepared to receive the intelligence which was now made known to them by the distressed and suffering father, M. Boileau. He had so far learned and adopted the Indian customs, as to be able to control and conceal, even the most violent feelings which might possess and agitate him. As he now stood up before them and addressed them, a stranger would not have supposed that anything of deep and heart-filling moment had aroused him, and was moving his soul. In a clear, but stern tone, like one whose resolution is not to be shaken, he addressed them:

"Why does Boileau come out to meet the brave and tried warriors of the Delawares, and address them? Is it because a foreign foe has taken the war-club and the tomahawk, and has come on the war-path as enemies to the Delawares, to fight their young men, and burn their village? Or is it to tell them that the trail of a panther had crossed their village? No, it is none of these. The Delawares have smoked the pipe of peace with the surrounding nations, and the hatchet lies buried in their cam-

their village is not sought by foes,—the brave chiefs and warriors of the Delawares are feared by their enemies, and none dare break the pipe they have smoked in peace with them. Has the hostile envoy from an open foe cut the wampum belt before their council? No, it is none of these things that M. Boileau has to tell his tribe; but," said he, and his voice grew louder, and his eye kindled in fierce anger and determined hostility, as he said he had come to them to tell them of the foul wrongs he had received at the hands of the lying and cowardly Black Feet, who were their guests. He had come to tell them they are snakes, and have crept into their village to steal away the daughter of their chief. While the Delawares pursued the hunting path and slew the strong bear with a bold arm, the dogs who have forked tongues, and lying words in their lips; who have red skins, but whose hearts are pale, have deceived them, and turned back to the village, and like cowards have attacked the women of the Delawares. They came to the hunting-ground of the Delawares but few in number, and feeble, and poor. We gave them lodges to dwell in,—we opened wide our arms to receive them,—we gave them meat to satisfy their hunger,—we smoked the pipe of peace and friendship with them, —we treated them like brothers, though we knew the hearts of the Black Feet to be black, to be false; yet we would not turn away our faces from them, or drive them from our village. The Delawares are warriors, the pale face is their friend, their father, and they are afraid of none. But the Black Feet came from far to their camp,—they were poor,—their tongues were filled with fair words,—they begged the friendship of the Delawares, and we listened to their talk, and pitied them.

A low but deep murmur ran through the band, testifying that they felt and acknowledged the truth of what he said.

M. Boileau continued, "the snakes that we have warmed to life, have turned their sting upon us, they have thrown dirt upon our lodges, they have cut the wampum belts at our hearth's side, and defied the warriors of our tribe."

A louder and deeper murmur here greeted M. Boileau's ears, and showed him their feelings were aroused to a higher pitch of excitement. In a louder strain, and drawing himself up to his fullest height, his eyes shooting forth beams of fire, he continued still further, "is not M. Boileau a chief? has he not slain his enemies on the war path? has his hand ever faltered? has his back ever been turned to his foes? have not the enemies of the Delawares often and long mourned the warriors that fell before his arm, and never more returned to their lodge from the war path? do not the Delawares love him?"

As he said this, a shout of affection and attachment burst simultaneously from the lips of all. Acknowledging with an inclination of his head, their testimony of friendship, he went on.

"M. Boileau was good to the Black Feet, he received and treated them like brothers; but the Black Feet have turned to wolves, they have false hearts, their tongues are forked, and their arms weak. They have feared to meet the Delawares in battle, hence they have skulked away from the hunting-path when all our warriors were absent, and have by stratagem seized and carried off the daughter of your chief. Shall it be so? Shall our hospitality be violated? Shall our children be stolen by false-hearted dogs from our lodges? and shall not the enemies of our happiness tremble, and be crushed like snakes under our avenging feet? Shall the Delaware chiefs be treated like dogs?" he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder.

A loud, long shout of anger, and clamor for revenge burst from the band of warriors who stood before him.

"It is enough," said he, "M. Boileau is content that the Delawares feel his wrongs, and are ready to punish his and their enemies. The pale chief will now tell them what he has seen. Let the chiefs speak their minds how we shall pursue them."

Charles, with a flashing brow and a bold voice narrated to them all the facts he had gathered in his search, relating to the carrying off of Coquese, and in earnest and moving entreaties begged them

to hasten their plans, and at once follow the track of Red Hand. They all readily signified their assent to his proposition. A moment's consultation was sufficient to determine their course.—Two chosen scouts, whose eyes were quick to follow and to find any sign or token of a trail, however slight, which might be made, were dispatched under Wahalla, to search for the trail of Red Hand and his party; while the remainder of them hastily entered their lodges and prepared their arms, and all that was necessary for them in setting out upon the war path of an enemy whom they were resolutely determined to overtake and destroy, and whom they might be obliged to follow for many successive days and nights.

Their meals were quickly dispatched, their rifles loaded, their tomahawks stuck into their girdles, the lines of war paint were drawn upon their faces, and filling their leather pouches with a store of dried meat, and meal cakes for their food while absent, in less than an hour they were again assembled in the village, ready to mount their horses and pursue their enemies, whom they now hated with a deadly and constant hate.

Le Beaux was eager to take the trail after them. His counsel was sought by M. Boileau, as to the course they should pursue. He proposed, that, leaving at home only sufficient warriors to protect the village, the remainder should at once set out together, and with all haste follow the trail of Red Hand. He now thought of the hounds of Charles, and the wonderful instinct with which they scent the track of their foe. As this thought flashed upon his mind, he uttered a cry of joy, which surprised both M. Boileau and Charles, who were listening attentively to his plans. "I have it," said he, striking his head, "we cannot now by any possibility fail of reaching them, or lose their trail. How fortunate, Charles, you are."

Charles in utter astonishment asked him to explain what he meant, for he could not readily understand how he was to contribute towards finding and following the trail, in any special manner.

"But you are, though," said Le Beaux, "and in such a manner, too, that Red Hand, were he fifty times as cunning as I believe him to be, (and a more cunning red skin, I believe breathes not, or a more villainous rascal, too), but I reckon it will take more keenness than even he can boast to cheat those keen bloodhounds that follow you, Charles."

In the grief and anxiety he felt for Coquese, and in the eager haste with which he had rushed upon and formed plans for setting off at once, Charles had forgotten his hounds; but now, when Le Beaux mentioned them as the means of tracing the footsteps of Red Hand, Charles fairly clapped his hands for joy. "You are right, Le Beaux. I defy the shrewd rascal, cunning as he is, to cheat my faithful hounds. We shall certainly overtake him, and then woe be to him."

All the preparations were now made, and it only remained for our three friends to join the warriors, who were waiting only their presence to start off in pursuit. M. Boileau drew his wife to him, and bade her be of good heart, for he felt convinced that they would soon return and bring back their darling Coquese with them.

In a low, earnest voice, Charles added, "Rest assured I will never return again without her."

Leila looked with a mother's fondness upon his noble form and handsome face. She felt a pang of sorrow for him, and, drawing him to her, she impressed a kiss upon his brow, and bade him adieu.—She pressed the hand of the faithful and generous Le Beaux, as he bade her farewell, and encouraged her with his hopeful words and confident manner. But now, to part with her husband. She threw herself into his arms, and looked with affection, strong, deep, enduring affection, into his face. A tear gathered in her beautiful dark eyes, her heart heaved with its deep, full emotions, she spoke not a word, but clung to him in a close, fast embrace. Gently he folded his arms around her, and kissing her with all the strong, ardent feeling of love which he felt when first he wooed her, and which she as ardently returned, he bade her good bye, promising soon, very soon, to return, and bring with him the

lost, but loved one. Then gently disengaging her arms, which she had thrown about his neck, he led her to a seat, and placing her in it, he once more kissed her, and then left the lodge.

Immediately on his approach, the two scouts, who with Wahalla had been to look for the trail, came in. M. Boileau inquired of Wahalla whether they had found any signs to guide them on the track of their foe?

Wahalla answered that there was a fresh trail, evidently the one made by Red Hand and his party, and that it ran to the south-east, along the bed of the river. That they had searched all the ground near there, and this was the only trail to be discovered, and he was persuaded that this would guide them aright, provided they could keep it.

M. Boileau thanked him for his successful services, and assured him that there was no fears of losing it, for the hounds of the pale face chief, their brother, which were standing by the side of our hero, would guide them on it. As he said this, all eyes were turned with wonder and admiration upon the noble blood hounds, who seemed to be aware that they were the objects of interest and importance to the party, and looked both grave and resolute.

A shout of joy burst from the lips of all at the promise of M. Boileau, and springing upon their horses, in a moment all were in motion. Wahalla led the way to the trail they had discovered.—Charles and Le Beaux followed close upon him, accompanied by the hounds. As soon as they came upon the trail, and took the scent, they uttered a long, loud bay, that astonished the Delawares very much, and no less delighted them. Then they started off, following it closely, keeping their noses to the ground. They were instantly followed at a rapid pace by the whole party.

As we stated before, the course pursued by Red Hand and his followers, when they left the village with Coquese, was concealed as much as possible by him. He had taken great pains to cover all traces of his direction, and, if possible, to confuse and mislead the Delawares in the pursuit which he knew would be made, on discovering that he had fled and had taken Coquese with him. In order, therefore, to accomplish his purpose, he had selected from his little band a few upon whose skill and courage he could implicitly rely, and ordered them to follow a different and nearly opposite direction from that which he took with his prisoner and the rest of his party, and while he with his men used the utmost caution to hide all signs from the keen eyes of the Delaware warriors, who would soon be upon him. They went freely and boldly forward, leaving very evident and perceptible marks behind them of the course they pursued.

But we must now go back to the former part of the day which had been so sad a day to our hero, and so disastrous and unhappy to his beloved Coquese, and see the manner in which Red Hand had accomplished his daring, but foul deed. It will be recollected that in the morning when the whole body of warriors divided themselves off into small parties, that they might the better pursue their search along the hills, Red Hand had contrived to keep all of his followers together, and also to have the lowest part of the tract over which they were to extend their hunt altogether to him and his men. And this part, it will also be recollected, lay considerably nearer the village than any of the other paths which were pursued by the other sportsmen.—It was but a few minutes after the respective bands left the rendezvous where they had made their arrangements, and to which spot they were to return at the close of the day, when they had finished the hunt preparatory to re-entering the village, which they all proposed to do together, when the different scouts, who by instructions received beforehand from Red Hand, came back to where he and the remainder of his followers had concealed themselves, having dogged the progress and watched unobserved by the Delawares the course they followed, and having seen them fairly out of sight, and plunged into the forest, in the excitement of the chase, which had sufficiently assured them so that they would not be in danger of being missed or watched by

them when they came back; and they hastily, in answer to Red Hand's questions, told him what they had observed, that the parties were scattered in the different directions chosen, and were so much engaged in the hunt, that it were safe to follow his plans.

"It is well," said Red Hand, "no time is to be lost; let every one mount and follow me." And immediately they were on their way retracing the steps which they had just come, and approaching the village. At a little distance from it, sufficiently distant, however, to render it probable that they could not, or would not, be observed by any of those that remained at home in the village, they turned aside from the path which would have conducted them immediately into the village, and took a direction which carried them to a spot the other side of the stream, which we have often before spoken of as flowing close by the spot where the little arbor of Coquese lay hidden in the green branches of the tall trees growing upon its pretty banks. Here they halted, and quickly concealed themselves in the underwood that grew luxuriantly on every side of the spot; and it was partly from this reason that Red Hand had selected this particular place, as being the best fitted to hide such articles of property as they valued, and designed to bear off with them when they left the camp of the unsuspecting Delawares. Hither they had, in a quiet, secret manner, borne all those articles two days before, and hidden them, that everything might be in readiness at the moment Red Hand should carry out the rest of his plan, and that nothing should for a moment delay them and make them lose time, which would be so precious in giving them the start of their foes, for such, they well knew, this act would render the Delawares. As they opened the place which held the concealed goods, and found them all there and safe, they uttered a low exclamation of delight.

In a few words the prompt chief gave his directions to them, and selecting from his band two of his most trusty and agile followers, he crossed the stream in a canoe, which they drew from its place of concealment in a little cove, which was shielded from view by the thick bushes of the banks, and was but a short distance below the spot where Coquese's bower stood. He then gave them directions to secrete themselves near the spot, and hold themselves ready at a signal which he would give them to rush forward, enter the bower and make sure of the young squaw, and he further ordered them to cover her mouth with a piece of cotton cloth he gave them, to prevent her cries and screams from being heard, and arousing the Indians who were left in the village, or who might be lounging through the woods. "But," said he, "use no further violence to her. Fail not in doing what I have appointed you. If you do," said he, "fail, or deceive me in either point, by the powers of the Black Spirit, I promise you I will bury my tomahawk deep to its head in your brains, and tear your bloody scalps from your mangled bodies." His eyes glared like a serpent upon them, as he uttered this injunction and threat. His shaggy brows met in a dark frown, his lips were drawn together, and he clenched his hard fist; his whole expression being full of stern resolution and determination, showed them he was in earnest, and taught them what they might expect, should they dare to betray him, and they trembled at the thought.

Red Hand was satisfied with the effect his words produced upon them; and although he knew his men, and knew he might trust them in whatever he confided to them, and that they would unhesitatingly sacrifice everything in obeying his commands, yet had the gentleness and beauty, the simplicity and artless innocence of Coquese, her kindness and generosity to the sick and wounded, all produced such an effect upon their hearts during their stay at the village, that it had caused their cruel and wily minds even to love her. It was to guard against their feelings of pity towards her distress, and entreaties to them, that he had said what we have just written.

Seeing them in their hiding-places and ready, he now left them and cautiously approached in the direction of the village. He took his way slowly, looking contin-

ually about him, keeping himself under cover of the trees and bushes, and anxiously searching in every direction for some one. He had at first thought of waiting in ambush until Coquese should of her own accord, come to visit her bower. He knew this was her daily custom, and it would have excited less suspicion than any other course he could pursue; but then he saw that in this way he might lose much precious time; she might wait until late in the afternoon ere she chose to walk, even might not come at all. These reflections led him to adopt another, and different course. He determined to wait for some of the children of the village, whom he hoped to meet in the woods, and tell them a feigned story about our hero, and that he was awaiting her at the bower, and send them with his instruction, which he pretended Charles gave them, to Coquese. He had taken the precaution to disguise himself so well, that it would be impossible for a simple child to have known him, even if a wise warrior could have penetrated his disguise, which was no easy matter, for he was a master in this art. He looked long, and was fast losing patience, and revolved in his mind the idea of boldly rushing into the village with his warriors, and carrying her off by force. when at last his watchful eye saw a young boy coming in the direction towards him. Leaving his hiding-place, he walked towards him in a careless manner. The boy saw him and called to him, and run up to him. Red Hand, in a careless, indifferent tone, asked him some questions about his sports, and talked with him in a friendly way. He then put his hand into his pouch, that he carried with him, and drew forth a small knife, which he gave to him, telling him he was a good lad, and by and by, when he grew up to be a man, he would become a great warrior. In this way he won the boy over to him, and prepared him to do his errand. Then suddenly striking his forehead with his hand, as if he just recollected something which was of importance, he exclaimed aloud,

"I like to have forgotten that I was to do an errand for the pale face chief to Coquese! Do you know Coquese, my good little sanap?" said Red Hand to him.

The boy replied that he did, and looking somewhat surprised, he added, "who does not know and love the Flower of the Valley?"

"Will you, then, carry a message to her from the pale face?"

The boy was delighted with the opportunity to show his regard and love to Coquese, and eagerly replied, "oh, yes! I will run to her all the way; just tell me what I shall say to her. What is it you wish me to do?"

Red Hand then told him that the pale face loved Coquese, and that he was a brave and good chief, worthy to have the beautiful and lovely Valley Flower in his wigwam for his squaw. "And, moreover," said he, "Coquese loves the pale face, and she will thank you, and love you if you carry my message to her, and do as I tell you."

The boy listened attentively, and seemed eager to run to Coquese with this errand, which was going to make her love him more, and which would make her feel happy too, for so Red Hand told him.

"Go to her, then," said the wily chief, "and wait till you find her alone, so that nobody else can hear what you say to her, and no one can see you, and then tell her that the pale chief is waiting to see her at her little bower, and asks her to come and meet him before he goes back to the hills again to hunt. Now be careful, remember what I have told you, and be sure you tell her where no one else can hear what you say, or see you, for if they should she would be unhappy, and the pale face chief would be angry, too, for perhaps they would not let her come to him."

The boy lost not a word of what Red Hand said, and although he could not understand why it was necessary to be so secret in telling his message to Coquese, or how it would make her unhappy, or anger the pale face chief, who seemed so kind, and who had given him such a pretty, bright string of beads, and patted him on the head, and spoken so pleasantly to him; yet so strong was his wish to please Coquese and our hero

too,—for he it was that was meant by the pale face chief, and the boy knew it,—that he forgot his suspicions, and only felt how happy it would make him to serve them both, and how proud he should be to hear them praise him, and see them happy.

Red Hand, after he had sufficiently charged him, to feel sure that he would do as he told him, let him depart, for the little fellow was impatient to go; and watching him till he had disappeared behind the trees from his sight, he turned and with hasty steps approached the canoe that he had left by the bank, a few steps below the bower of Coquese, drawing it close to the bank where some tall grass was growing, that completely hid it from view. He got into it, and laid close down upon the bottom, keeping his head alone raised above the side, and his eyes turned up the stream in the direction he expected to see her.

The boy ran on with his supposed joyful tidings, to meet Coquese. He soon came into the village, and then from a fear of drawing attention to himself,—for young as he was, he already displayed some of that caution and cunning, which so remarkably distinguishes the North American Indian, and which seems almost to take the nature of instinct with them,—he changed his pace into a careless walk. He went to M. Boileau's lodge, looking all about as he went, to see Coquese, but she was no where to be seen. Happy for her would it have been if she had continued undiscovered by him. But after a few minutes waiting, lingering about her father's lodge, to his joy he saw her come out. She was prepared to visit the lodge of a neighboring chief, but seeing him, as was her custom, she called to him and spoke some kind words to him. As she looked down into the little fellow's face, she saw that it wore an unusual, important, and meaning expression; and that he had something he wished, but hardly dared to tell her. Her curiosity became interested, and she asked him what he wished to say to her.

The little fellow looked up to her full of affection, and then cautiously casting his eyes around to see that he was unobserved, he told her his message. Coquese received it with a good deal of surprise at first, but as her thoughts turned upon her lover, she dismissed the suspicions that rose in her mind, and felt delighted at this proof of his tenderness and love towards her. She thanked the boy warmly for his kindness, and told him she should remember him, and would give him a pretty pair of mocca sins as she came back; and without stopping longer, or going back to her father's lodge, she took her way to meet Charles, full of sweet thoughts of love and visions of happiness dancing before her mind's eye. Gaily and swiftly she tripped as on light foot over the soft grassy turf, and in a few minutes entered her little rustic arbor, where she expected to find Charles awaiting her. But she had no time to feel surprise or disappointment at seeing it untenanted, for the watchful, cunning eyes of Red Hand had followed her, and as she entered he gave the signal to his fellows that he had agreed upon. They were waiting with eager attention for it, and no sooner was it sounded than they leaped from their covert like a tiger on his prey.

The noise they made caused Coquese to look up. They were beside her at that instant, and seized her in their strong arms. She uttered a wild scream of fear and terror as she recognized in them the followers of Red Hand. The truth of her situation at once flashed upon her mind, and, oh! what a moment of agony and wretchedness was this to her! All her bright, happy visions fled. The future that had seemed so enchanting, that she had painted to herself in such lively, bright colors, the delight and pleasure she had looked forward to in passing her life with Charles, and watching over his happiness, and receiving his love, which she knew was so true, so deep, so complete for her, all, all, gone in a moment, and a fate, than which she could conceive of none more bitter or terrible, was open before her. She would have tried the power of persuasion and entreaty upon her captors, she would have bribed them, if possible, to release her, by promises of reward; anything she would have given them for lib-

erty. But this she was prevented from doing, for, true to their promise to Red Hand, they had taken away all possibility of her tempting them, for they had bound the fold of cotton cloth he gave them for that purpose, over her mouth. And had she been free it would have been of no avail, for hardly a minute elapsed before Red Hand was at the opening.

He glared upon her with his fierce, wild, snake-like eyes. A grim smile of satisfaction and triumph sat upon his bold, but revolting face. There was such an expression of devilish cunning and malice in his countenance, that you could not see him without dreading him. It developed too well the character he bore, not to awaken distrust and hate.—He lost no time, however, now, in boasting or triumphing over her. He paid no attention to the look of suffering and heart-rending appeal she turned upon him, nor to the signs that she made him with her hands that she wished to speak to him, for she had not lost her self presence under these most trying circumstances. True it was, that when she looked up and saw the base ruffians beside her, and felt their strong hands lay hold of her, she screamed with fright, and came nigh fainting, but then her clear mind saw all at a glance. She saw that should she faint, or lose her consciousness, all was lost. Her only hope was that by her entreaties and promises, which, if she preserved courage and presence of mind, she might offer them, she could induce them to let her go. But the instant Red Hand joined them, this last feeble hope of prevailing upon them fled. But like a brave spirit that she was, although nothing could happen to utterly overcome her, more than what now was upon her, yet she resolved to make every effort to appear calm, and watch all their movements, and, if possible, to leave some token behind her that should guide her friends and apprise them of her situation.

Such were the reflections that passed in an instant through her mind, and she acted nobly up to her determination.—Red Hand, in a voice that commanded obedience, ordered his followers to bear her to the canoe, and all getting into it, they crossed the stream without delay. They bore her to the thicket where his comrades were waiting for him, having everything in readiness, and in haste mounted their horses, Red Hand placing her in front of him upon his powerful steed, and then having given a fiendish cheer of exultation, they gave the rein to their horses, Red Hand taking the lead, and at a fast gallop they left the village every moment further behind, and made the pursuit of their enemies more difficult.

As we have said before, part of the band took another route, but the great body kept with their daring chief. They rode in this way all day, choosing the route which would best baffle their pursuers, and be most difficult to follow.—And Red Hand was no boy in this art. His quick eye devoured every object around him, and nothing which could aid him in his purpose, was left undone, or passed unseen.

They stopped about the middle of the afternoon to breathe and rest their panting, tired horses, and feed them, and at the same time to refresh themselves. A few minutes were allowed to this only, and they were again on their horses, and urging them to their utmost speed, scampered along in the direction which took them farthest from the village.

They kept on the route pointed out by their chief, and on which he led the way, until a late hour in the evening. They had traveled now fourteen hours since they left the village, and that too at the highest speed of their agile and hardy horses. They had come a distance of nearly a hundred miles. It was a clear, beautiful night. The stars were brightly shining in their home of etherial blue.—The moon was moving with queenly majesty in her unvarying, ever constant path in the traceless fields of heaven's wide firmament, shedding her sweetest and lovely light on the sleeping world, over which she reigned by her Creator's wise appointed rule. All nature was hushed in sweet repose, and invited man to rest and sleep;—but there was no thought of sleep or rest in this little band of Indian warriors. The fierce tumult

of passions which stirred their minds, forbade rest and banished all thoughts and wishes for sleep.

And Coquese, although wearied and much fatigued by the long and tiresome ride, had no thought of sleep. Grief and sorrow were busy in her heart, and her excited imagination, like a busy artist, painted in living colors that challenged her attention and bound her gaze to the future in all the horror and misery that her thick coming fears could suggest.

But the wearied animals, more obedient to nature's laws than their rebel masters, sought rest and the renewing of their exhausted strength in sleep. They were completely tired out with their mighty labors and protracted exertions, and *their circumstances* alone forced Red Hand to order a halt and make preparations to pass the night in rest.—He had selected a spot well suited for a camp ground. A thick growth of trees and underbrush by the side of a clear stream offered them both protection and concealment. The long, green grass that grew on and around its banks afforded abundance of nourishing food for their horses.

In a few minutes from the time they halted, they had finished their preparations for passing the night here; the horses were loosed to graze and rest themselves, a hasty, rude shelter made from green boughs, which they cut from the trees, was prepared for Coquese, and a bed of the same, arranged for her. Red Hand opened his leather bag, containing a supply of dried meat, and endeavored to persuade her to eat, but she refused to touch it. He uttered some jesting taunts at her obstinacy, and coolly said that he would wait until she was ready; he had no wish to force her to eat.

His presence was repulsive and sickening to her; she felt as if an evil spirit oppressed her mind, while he stood near her, and rejoiced at the relief she experienced when he was gone. He had said little to her on the route; his whole soul was now bent upon effecting his escape; but he now congratulated himself on the success which he believed he had attained. He calculated, and we can see with what correctness, that the Delawares would spend the whole day in the chase, and would return at night, wearied and fatigued, when it would be too dark for them to track his trail with any chance of success, or prospect of doing so with certainty. And now he believed he had gained a whole day the start of them, and could easily baffle pursuit, and laughed at the idea of being overtaken. He expected, nay, he knew, they would follow him, but he believed that they could not do so until the light of the next morning should enable them to search and distinguish his footsteps; and he had taken such care to conceal them, that he thought, with all their pains, and with the advantage of daylight, it would be no easy task, and would render their pursuit both tardy and uncertain.

How all his calculations were happily frustrated, and rendered idle by the unerring instinct of our hero's hounds, that guided the way of his foes with absolute certainty, as well in the darkness of night as in the broad sunlight, we have already seen. His good success thus far had turned against him, and was an advantage to the friends of Coquese, that it made him less careful, and the feeling of security which he vainly indulged, led him to loiter, and made him defer to a later hour, the time of starting on the next morning. And when at last, he did leave, his course was more careless; riding leisurely along, he indulged in jest, and mocked at the dullness of his enemies, who had been blinded and outwitted by his cunning. He expected to meet his friends in the course of a few days, when he believed he would have no reason to fear the anger of his deceived foes, but would be able to meet and conquer them in fight, should they overtake him.

Swift as the cunning panther, or the hungry wolf follow their prey, did the Delawares, guided by the cheering bay of the noble, and untiring hounds, whose noses directed their course, follow after him. Their anger and hostility was kindled into a flame, by the injuries, and daring wrongs which Red Hand, under the guise of friendship, and while entertained by them as their guests, had inflicted upon them.

M. Boileau, their wise and beloved chief, had suffered the loss of his darling child, by the cunning and devilish artifice of Red Hand, and the help of his servile followers. No other one was more dear to the hearts of the warriors than M. Boileau. For no other would they so readily lay down their lives, unless perchance, for that one who was now a captive, stolen from her home, and from their very midst, by this daring, robber, villain chief. Her benevolent and kind deeds were the themes of their praise, and the prompters of their love and gratitude. There was scarcely one among them all, who had not experienced the blessing of her generous assistance, and who did not owe to her a debt of gratitude and affection, for the timely and kind relief which she had at various times, and on many occasions afforded them, and freely bestowed upon them.

One who knows the character of the North American Indian, will need no further words to show him the fury, and fierce hatred which fired the breasts of the Delawares, and lent them wings to follow this deadly foe. They forgot their fatigue,—they remembered not that they had gone without sleep for more than twenty-four hours,—that a hasty supper was the only food, since the morning before, that had passed their lips; and now as they came up to the spot which their enemies had used as a camp for the past night, and which the still burning embers showed they had left but a short time before, they would have continued to push their patient and gallant horses forward without resting, on the trail, but M. Boileau, and his wary, trusty friend, Le Beaux, knew better how to act, and by their convincing words, checked the heated, and fiery spirit of their friends. They proposed to stop here a couple of hours, to refresh their horses, which had so nobly borne them on their forced, and hurried pursuit, to rest themselves, and put everything in readiness for instant use, when they came up with their enemies. In this way they would be able to more completely surprise, and better encounter them. Their horses would be comparatively fresh, and fit to match the horses which Red Hand and his warriors rode, which had rested during the night. But if they were to keep on in the plight their animals were in now, Red Hand could easily outrun, and for the time, at least, escape them; and then, too, he would be put upon his guard, knowing they were so near him, and would resort to artifices, which would prolong the pursuit and render success doubtful.

The wisdom of these views was at once perceived and acknowledged by their friends, although they hardly knew how to restrain themselves, now that they felt they were near, close upon the heels of their foe. The excited and impetuous feelings which filled our hero's heart, led him to join the Delawares in their wish to proceed. He could ill brook delay, when all that was dearest to him in life, was staked on their success, and when he believed that success was within reach of their efforts. But the friendly and cheerful words of Le Beaux, whom he relied upon with the most perfect confidence, and whose knowledge of Indian character, and the modes of Indian warfare, were so thorough and perfect, overcame his desire to go on, and it was agreed by all to be the best counsel to follow.

And now they halt on the same spot, where a few hours before, Red Hand and his warriors stopped and rested; where they mocked at the mortification, and laughed to scorn the vain, and ineffectual anger, which they so mistakenly believed the Delawares would experience on discovering their flight, and the loss of their adored maiden. They sat down to rest themselves, and more carefully to prepare their weapons, which should deal death to the proud and deceitful chief, who had so basely wronged them. Their horses,—which were far superior to those ridden by their enemy, and which were selected from their drove with great care, for their swiftness, and powers of endurance,—were turned out upon the grass-plot, to feed.

Although they had traveled with all haste since they left the village, and had come at a speed considerably faster than Red Hand had ridden, the horses were still full of mettle, and unbroken spirit, and

the two short hours they were left to graze and rest, reinvigorated and renewed their strength. Le Beaux advised that all eat a substantial luncheon, and then try and get an hour's sleep, if possible. He said they would be the gainers by it, and that their arms would deal heavier blows upon their accursed and devoted enemies for every minute they slept during that hour. He persuaded Charles to stretch his limbs out upon the green grass, under a spreading tree, and laying down by his side, they both soon fell asleep. A sentinel was to arouse them when the time expired. Most of the tribe followed their example, and at the expiration of their time for rest they were ready, refreshed by their short nap, and eager to start.

Before doing so, however, a council was held as to the method of attack they should pursue on overtaking their foes. The safety of Coquese was the first object to be looked after, but not, now, the only one. A feeling of revenge for their wrongs and the insults offered them burnt in their hearts, and could only be quenched by the blood of their hated enemies. Le Beaux proposed that Wahalla, in whose bravery and skill they all placed the utmost faith, with half a dozen chosen warriors, should go ahead as scouts, and when they had come up with their enemies and observed their order of march, or flight, should immediately return and inform the rest. The hounds, who were exceedingly well trained, and would obey the slightest word or sign from our hero, were to be kept back with the main body, lest their noise should alarm Red Hand's party, and apprise them of their approach. And it was by surprising them and dashing in upon them, that the best chance for the safety of Coquese lay. These arrangements being concluded, they again resumed their way, their hearts filled with the hope of succouring speedily their lost friend, and burning with the wish of revenge upon their foes.

But this time they rode more cautiously, and kept in close rank, watching every object in their path, and prepared for instant service. I almost forgot to mention one little circumstance that happened at the halting place. One of the Delawares, who happened to stray to the spot where Coquese had passed the night, in throwing aside the branches which had been cut and spread for her couch, found a small slip of paper concealed beneath them, and covered with strange marks. He carried it at once to M. Boileau, who uttered a cry of surprise and joy, as he recognized the handwriting of his dear child upon it. He read these simple words, written with a pencil:

"I am a prisoner in the hands of Red Hand. He seized me at the bower, and has hurried me along with his band on horseback to this place. He now believes himself safe from pursuit, and ceases to hurry, or take the precautions he observed yesterday. He has offered me no violence thus far, but I can put no trust in his word for the future. I am well, but very much fatigued." This was signed, Coquese.

As soon as M. Boileau had read it he clasped his hands, and in a thankful, but suppressed voice exclaimed, "I thank God my dear child is yet safe."

Charles, to whom he gave the paper, was overjoyed at this proof, that no violence had been done her, and hope had gained new life in his anxious breast from this little, and apparently trifling incident. He kissed it when by himself and away from the eyes of his companions, again and again, and folding it up, he placed it upon his devoted heart exclaiming as he did so, in a resolute but tender voice, "Ah! my dear, dear Coquese, if you are yet alive, (and God protect you,) I will save you, or this fond heart shall pour out its life's blood in the attempt."

A friendly, deep voice near him at the same instant, responded, "and so will I, too."

But let us resume our story. It was late in the afternoon, and still our friends were proceeding onward, the marks of their enemy growing more and more fresh, and apprising them that they were not far distant, when they saw Wahalla and his little party approaching them.—In a minute they had halted, and the chiefs gathering about him in silence,

prepared to listen to his report. He spoke in an animated tone, saying they were but a little way in advance of them, and were proceeding carelessly, and at a slow pace, evidently being on the lookout for a good place to stop.

"This is good news," said Le Beaux, "it will give us a chance to reach Coquese, and take her out of danger before the fight begins, if we are cunning. How is she riding?" he inquired.

Wahalla replied that she was with Red Hand on his horse.

"It is well," said Le Beaux, "and now I have a plan, which cannot fail of success. Let us follow close after them with a few warriors a little in advance, to watch them attentively, and give us notice when they halt. Let a part of our number strike off a little to one side, so that they may not be discovered, and gain the advance of them, when they shall halt for the purpose of encamping, as I doubt not Red Hand will soon do.—Then we will at once attack them on both sides at the same instant. All retreat or flight will be cut off by the party on the other side, and the surprise will be complete. We will first endeavor to reach Coquese, and if possible, remove her from danger. Two or three cunning and light-footed warriors shall steal noiselessly to her side, for I doubt not Red Hand will place her at a spot by herself, but her goodness, and beauty, and the sight of her suffering and unhappiness, should move even the stony hearts of his cold, cruel warriors." A deep growl, or something very much like it, broke from the Delawares, at these words, but Le Beaux waved his hand for silence, and told them the necessity of being noiseless as the air now, they were so near their cunning enemy.

Wahalla, the brave chief, was again appointed to lead the division who were to head the enemy, and took with him nearly one-half of the whole number.—But still, either of the divisions were, by themselves, sufficiently strong and superior, in number, to overcome alone their enemies. Wahalla was right in his conjecture with regard to Red Hand's plans and intentions. That crafty chief was now trapped in his own plans, for he chose a spot, the most favorable he possibly could, had such been his intention, to afford every advantage to the Delawares. It was a level grassy bank, close to a wild, foaming, noisy river, that rushed in mad fury over a rocky and uneven bed, rendering it, if not impossible, still very unlikely that they should hear the approach of their enemies in the wild roar of the disturbed waters. A short distance from the banks ran a thick, luxuriant grove of wood, and here and there clustering vines twining their tendrils together and hanging upon the branches of the trees, formed natural and very beautiful arbors. It was a most lovely and romantic spot, combining many of the most lovely and attractive features of nature's most enchanting landscapes, chosen with the love for the beautiful, which distinguishes the Indian, and forms a prominent part of his character.

CHAPTER XVI.

This occurred a short time after our party had separated, and but a little distance from the place of their parting.—They had followed close upon the heels of Red Hand, and were ready the instant he halted, to carry out their plans. Wahalla with his party had reached the bank of the river we have above spoken of, and rightly concluding that Red Hand would not cross, but would pitch his camp on this side of it, hastened to ford it a little distance below. It was a pretty deep stream, and the current ran rapidly, but he hesitated not to plunge into it, and in a few minutes their faithful steeds landed on the other side. They seemed to catch the fierce, daring spirit of their masters, and strained every nerve. It was a gallant exploit, and the daring rider might well be excused for hesitating to undertake it, but such a feeling never entered the minds of this brave, little band. They were resolved that Coquese should be rescued, at all events; and

they were also determined to revenge their wrongs, too. By these two feelings all other thoughts were banished, and excluded from a place in their minds.

As soon as they reached the opposite bank, Wahalla directed his followers to remain where they were, while he, unperceived by his foes, should proceed alone up the bank until he came opposite to the place where Red Hand was making his preparations to camp. Seeing these preparations, and being convinced that such was, indeed, his purpose, he hastily rode back to his watchful band, and told them what he had seen. He then ordered them to dismount and tie their horses in the thicket, and take their arms and follow him. This they at once proceeded to do, and came up to the spot opposite to where Red Hand pitched his camp. Here they concealed themselves behind the trees, with their rifles in their hands, and their deadly tomahawks by their sides, ready at the first signal to spring upon their foes.—A few minutes of breathless silence and deep anxiety now followed, during which time the Delawares continued to watch the movements of their enemy, with the most anxious earnestness.

The other division were engaged on their side in a similar manner. They waited for some minutes after all was ready. They continued to keep perfectly still and quiet, waiting for the moment when Red Hand should place Coquese by herself, apart from his warriors, that they might then carry her off, and bear her out of the way of danger, before their enemies were aware of their presence.

After dismounting, and ordering his men to do the same,—which command they quickly followed, and proceeded at once to unsaddle, and unpack their horses, preparatory to turning them loose,—Red Hand opened his wallet, and as before, offered to Coquese a portion of the dried meat which it contained. She as before refused the offer, and now he urged her strongly. Charles and Le Beaux, who with some eight warriors, had stolen to the thicket close upon them to execute the plan of removing Coquese, could distinctly hear his words of entreaty, and see his gestures of impatience and anger, as she persisted in her refusal. At last, losing his temper and patience, he turned his angry, scowling eyes upon her, and raised his hand in a threatening manner over her. At the same time he growled forth a fierce threat against her, in case she would not obey him.

Charles shook from head to foot with anger, as he saw Red Hand's cruel conduct towards her. His blood boiled with his swelling passion. He clenched his teeth close together, and in a hoarse whisper said, "the base, cowardly dog is going to strike her. By all that's dear to me, if he does, I 'll tear his heart from his living body, where he sits!"

Le Beaux touched him on the shoulder, and made a motion to him to be silent; whispering at the same time, "you will spoil all, if he hears you. I think the wretch would murder the girl, rather than suffer her to escape, if he thought that possible."

This operated like a *gag* upon Charles; he remained perfectly silent. The only movement he made, was to turn round and make a sign to his hounds, that were crouching in silence behind him, to lie close down. The sagacious animals understood him, and immediately dropped close to the ground, at his heels.

But Red Hand did not strike his captive, as he raised his hand, and cast his scowling looks upon her. She raised her face to him, and her eyes flashed a fire as bright as that which gleamed in his own, and with a clear, steady voice, and unflinching look, that quailed not before that terrible frown,—that made his bravest warriors tremble,—but, on the contrary, sought his eye, she exclaimed, "it is fit and worthy of Red Hand, to strike a defenceless woman. He stole her with the help of his *brave* warriors, when the braves of her tribe were on the hunting path, and ran away, lest he should meet them. Oh! he is, indeed, a brave chief to war with women. Oh! yes, let him beat Coquese, for she cannot strike him. Her arm is weak, and he needs not fear."

This was said in a bitterly sarcastic manner, that completely disarmed, and deeply mortified the chief. This taunt, and slur upon his courage, was so appro-

rently fully proved by the circumstances she mentioned, that he did not know what to say, or know how to answer her. His face colored with shame and vexation. But the next moment, throwing down his wallet, and jumping to his feet, he said, "ah! my pretty Flower, and did you think that Red Hand was such a fool as to wait for the Delaware warriors to come home before he carried off his dear little squaw? Red Hand is cunning, he knows how to cheat the stupid Delawares."

This charge of dullness upon their character, roused more fiercely the hate of the Delaware warriors, who heard every word of what passed, and grinding their teeth together, they muttered from between them, "the dog lies,—he shall pay for his vain boast with his scalp."

"But," said Coquese again to him, who appeared to be determined to punish and torment him, "does Red Hand think to impose upon Coquese with his idle boast? He is mistaken. Did he not steal away like a coward, from their presence,—and did she not see him urge his wearied horses in swift flight. He is very brave, now; swelling boasts are on his tongue, but should the Delawares meet him, he will tremble. His tongue will forget how to boast. His words may deceive silly squaws, but they cannot cheat the ears of a Delaware maiden. She knows the brave warrior better, he keeps not his boasts for woman's ear."

Red Hand, instead of answering her, seized her by the arm, and led her to one of the little bowers which the running vines had formed, where they mingled with the branches of the stately trees, and to which they clung for support. "Let Coquese remain here," said he, and stooping down to her, he muttered in a whisper, "let her beware how she gives Red Hand bitter words Let her remember he carries a sharp knife in his girdle."

As he spoke, his features changed, and his little, round, black, piercing eyes looked like balls of fire. His whole aspect wore an unearthly, and fiendish look. He seemed like a spirit hot from the abodes of the damned, and ready to do any act, however shocking or hellish it might be.

Coquese turned away her head from him; her courage almost forsook her, at that look. He then joined his companions, and left her to herself. They had thrown aside their weapons, and sat in careless ease, and fancied security, at this time, when the sharp, watchful eyes of their deadliest, bitterest foes were close by them, observing their every motion.

The spot to which Red Hand had conducted Coquese was quite a distance from the bank, where his companions were thus lounging and feasting. Let them feast, for it is the last meal they will ever taste in this world. There will be another feast spread on that green, grassy bank, before the sun shall rise again, and vultures and crows will clap their wings and scream in honor of the feast; and the hungry, sneaking wolf will growl, and snarl, and fight for the dainty food that shall be spread at the fatal board.

But to resume the story. As soon as Red Hand had joined his companions, Charles and Le Beaux, with the faithful warriors that were with them, stole noiselessly and quickly to the spot where Coquese sat. She did not hear or see their approach. Her face was buried in her hands, and now her woman heart asserted its prerogative over her Her desperate courage and her pride, which forbade her to suffer Red Hand to see her tears, had supported her during the trying scene she had just undergone.—But now, that she was left alone, and those fiendish eyes no longer watched her, she gave way to her feelings, and the big tears filled her eyes and flowed in streams down her cheeks, while deep sobs, that she strove in vain to repress, rent her bosom, and seemed as if they would break her very heart. She felt she was alone, and in the power of that cruel man. Rather than submit herself to his loathed embrace, or suffer herself to be dishonored by him, she chose to die. She, even at that bitter moment, when all those dark, brooding thoughts, like a black cloud, overwhelmed her crushed soul, and despair shut out the last lingering ray of hope that had up

perted her heretofore, wished for death, and felt that she could bid the grim king of terrors welcome. The contrast between the great, the almost heavenly happiness, she had enjoyed but two days before with her fond, devoted, idolized lover, now served to send a deeper gloom over her despairing soul. So deep, so intense was her grief, so profound and complete the absorption of all her faculties in their great woe, that Charles had reached her side and threw his arms about her before she recovered herself. But as she started, and in fear looked to see what new danger threatened her, she uttered a cry of delight, and sprang to her feet.

Red Hand turned his head at the sound. Amazement was in his face, and he was too much surprised to move. At the instant, quick as a flash, the Delaware warriors sprung forward upon their hated foes. Their terrible war-cry rung loud and clear in the stillness of those deep solitudes, and sounded like a knell of death in the ears of the affrighted Black Feet. M. Boileau at the head of his brave followers, rushed from his hiding place with the wild, war whoop of the tribe ringing out upon the still air. The moment was one of fierce peril, and death hung over the Black Feet band, about to cut them down.

Ere they reached them Red Hand had recovered himself, and sprung to his feet. He saw at a glance that they were lost, that they were completely surrounded and surprised. But he resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible. In a voice of thunder, he shouted to his warriors, "Take your arms, and fight to the death! Escape is impossible! then fight like the sons of your great fathers, and die bravely."

His voice recalled them to their senses. They leaped to their feet and seized the first weapons that came to hand, determined to rally around their chief, and fall with him. Red Hand shouted his war-cry, raised his tomahawk in the air, and watching the Delaware that came towards him, warded off his blow, and the next instant he buried the deadly weapon deep in his brain.—The Delaware fell dead at his feet. Red Hand sprung over his dead body and strode onward to the spot where Charles stood supporting Coquese. Vengeance was in his heart, and he would die contented could he but slay the pale face chief before the eyes of his mistress.

And this opposed his progress towards our hero, and Charles did not at first see him. He was endeavoring to soothe and calm Coquese, and his face was turned in the direction from which Red Hand approached them. She uttered a scream of terror as she beheld Red Hand. So fiendish was the look he wore, she dared not look upon him, but turned her head away. Her scream caused Charles to look up. It was just in time for him to draw his heavy cutlass and stand in attitude of defence. Red Hand, with a scorn and a bound like a tiger, sprung upon him. Charles, whose hate equalled his own, and whose courage could not be surpassed, was prepared to receive him. With a strong cut he beat aside the blow aimed at him, and ere Red Hand could recover, he dealt him a back blow, which inflicted a severe wound upon his right arm, and rendered it useless. His tomahawk dropped from his hand, and uttering a cry of blended pain, and rage, and disappointment, he sought to grapple with Charles in a close hug.

But just at that moment a new ally, that he had forgotten, came to our hero's assistance. His hounds, seeing their master's danger, and hearing the cry of Red Hand, bounded upon him with a leap more sudden than his own. Their strong teeth were buried in his throat, and he fell beneath their united weight. Quick as lightning they tore away his throat, severing the windpipe and the large arteries that lay on either side of the neck, and ere Charles could call them off, he was dead. Thus ended the life of this treacherous and dreaded chief. He was killed by Charles' hounds.

Coquese, who had recovered and looked around, fearing the worst for her lover, when she saw him safe, and his bloody cutlass in his hand, uttered a cry of joy and threw herself into his arms. Charles pressed her fervently to his heart. His feelings were too strong for

utterance. He could not speak for several minutes. When at last he did speak, it was in a low, fervent exclamation of gratitude for her safety. "God be praised, you are now at last safe, dearest Coquese!"

She looked up into his face. Tears were streaming from her eyes. They were not tears of grief or sorrow. No, her heart was full; but they were happy thoughts, and she could not help weeping for very joy, so sudden and unexpected had been her rescue from death, and what she deemed even more dreadful than death itself; and this at the moment when her heart had yielded to despair and the darkest gloom. No wonder then that such great, such sudden joy, overcame her equally as her extreme of grief. The extremes of each passion produce very similar results.

Charles had placed himself between her and Red Hand's dead body. He wished she might not see it, so horrible was the spectacle his mangled corse presented. But as he endeavored to lead her away from the spot, her eye accidentally fell upon the body. She shuddered at the sight, and turned deadly pale. Charles thought she was about to faint, but she as quickly recovered, and in a calm voice, said, "It is terrible to witness the punishment of his crimes. *Bad as he was, his end has been fearful.* Bad as he assuredly was, I could not have wished for him so awful, dreadful a fate."

"He was a cunning and deceitful foe," said Charles. "His fate is the fate he would have doomed his enemies fit to suffer, could he have carried out his wishes; but God is just, and had determined it otherwise." So saying, Charles led her some distance from the spot, and seated her by the side of a large tree, that grew close by the open plot, which we have described as lying on the river's bank, which was free from trees, and covered only with a soft carpet of waving grass and wild flowers.

The shouts and fierce cries of the combatants, as they engaged hand to hand in the deadly struggle, had grown weaker and fainter, and were less often repeated by the Black Feet party.

Coquese, who had, as soon as she recovered from the surprise and fear which the startling and dreadful events of the few moments just past had caused her, and when she had in such a fond, affectionate way, (that delighted the heart of our hero, and called forth all the rich store of love that was treasured in his heart towards her), loaded him with her thanks, and words that spoke her whole-souled love for him; with a cloud of anxiety, which had for a moment been banished from her brow, as she clung to Charles, and thought only of his happy safety, but which now again shadowed her fair face, inquired in a tremulous tone, if her father had not come with him to rescue her, and if he was not now in the midst of the terrible, desperate fight which was maintained before their eyes, and but a short distance from them?

Charles replied that he had indeed come with them, and was there to punish his enemies, who had so much wronged him, and violated every right of hospitality, while they continued his guests. And he related to her how her father's heart had been racked with grief, and anguish, when the fearful truth could no longer be hid from him, that his dear child had been carried off by the wily chief.

"Go, dearest Charles," said she, "and seek him, I beseech you. I fear he may be wounded or killed in this battle?"

Charles wound his arm around her waist, and moving closer to her side, in an imploring voice, said, "Urge me not, dearest love, to leave your side again. Oh! if you could but know how deeply I have suffered,—how sad, and dark, and bitter the thoughts that filled my mind, and almost drove me to despair, when I felt, and could no longer doubt that you were lost to me, you would not ask me to leave you again. No, no," said he, "I cannot leave you till you are once more safe at home."

His feelings were growing more and more tender, and he was about to ask her why he should ever leave her more; why she would not consent to be at once, his own sweet bride, when she stopped him by saying, "But there is no longer any danger to me here, and my

heart is filled with pain at the uncertainty of my father's fate."

Just at that moment the subject of their thoughts and conversation was seen leaving the spot where the battle yet raged, and having descried them, was approaching hastily, and joyfully towards them. They both saw him at the same instant, and uttered each an exclamation of joyful surprise. Coquese sprang to her feet, and the next moment was folded in her father's arms, to his glad heart.

But we must now leave them, and go back a few minutes to trace the scenes which transpired between the Delawares and their foes.

While Charles was protecting Coquese, and in doing this, had met and defeated their bold chief, in the way we have related, although the Black Feet were taken completely by surprise by their enemies, yet did they, by no means, fall an easy or unresisting prey to their fierce attack. The confusion that at first seized their chief, and also covered them when the scream of Coquese revealed to them the presence of their to be dreaded enemies, was but for an instant. It passed like a flash across his heroic, undaunted spirit, and the determined purpose of desperate revenge which should cover his death, came as quickly. And although the few Delaware braves, who with Le Beaux had undertaken the duty of securing the safety of Coquese, had fallen upon their foes ere they could resist the impetuous charge, and each had stretched his victim in death upon the ground, when they were just ready to seize their weapons, with the single exception of the unfortunate brave, who had in his furious haste, forgotten to guard his head from the blow of Red Hand, not expecting to find him armed. But Red Hand, more cautious habitually than his followers, had not thrown aside his tomahawk, which was a fatal weapon in his hands. The hiding-place of M. Boileau and his followers was some distance farther from the scene of conflict than that which sheltered Charles and Le Beaux, with their few braves, and two or three minutes elapsed after the latter uttered their war-cry,—the signal for a general attack,—ere they reached the spot where the struggle was maintained. During this interval, short as it was, the survivors of the Black Feet band had gained their war-clubs and tomahawks, and getting in a close column, prepared to resist their attack with the courage which desperation gave them.

As when two hostile tigers, with burning hate, and glaring eyes, lashing their striped and spotted coats, that cover their strong bodies, with their tails, till their fury drives them headlong, and with wild, terrific roars, that shake the ground beneath their feet, and fill the desert air with deafening echoes, spring like lightning upon each other, inflicting deep wounds with their strong claws and sharp teeth, that drives them only to greater fury, and maddens their passions; and starting they seek, by wary bounds, and quick leaps, to seize each the other at some unguarded point, which shall advantage them, and enable them to crush each other beneath their successful spring until at last losing their caution, they close in the death gripe, and struggling for each other's life, they turn and roll upon the ground, tearing and biting with deadly aim, until one or the other is stilled in death;—so rushed together, in this fearful struggle, these hostile warriors,—screaming, shouting, and uttering the wild war-whoop, as they met with uplifted weapons, and gave or received the murderous blows, that were showered thick and fast on either side. Their weapons clashed in fearful strokes,—long and well they fought. Their quick eyes and agile bodies watched the meditated blows, and with the agility of the panther, they leaped aside, or parried them, and in turn struck back upon their adversaries.

The fight was carried on hand to hand, in close encounter. The war-club, and the tomahawk, and the knife, were the weapons they held in their hands. None could be more effective, or bloody in such a struggle. There the prowess and warlike skill, and unflinching courage of the braves, were displayed to the best advantage. To this courage and skill, and to this alone, did any of that little army owe their superiority over their enemy. And this with as much certainty

as did the prowess of the valiant knights, that armed with sword and shield, and coat of mail, with closed visor, entered the lists; and on horse and on foot, met their adversary, sure that their superior prowess would gain him the victory. It is the only mode of warfare that gives any chance for the display of personal skill, and personal bravery. Hand to hand they meet, and the brave heart and the strong arm wins the day. It is a rude and savage manner, to be sure, but still in many points similar to the feats of chivalry of olden times, does the Indian conduct his fight.

But we have wandered from the story. The din and confused noise of the conflict filled the air, startling the birds from their repose in the branches of the trees, and sending the fearful steps of the prowling wild beasts of the forest in affrighted haste to their secret dens. It seemed as if so many demons from hell were let loose, and now were striving with these hideous sounds, and unearthly clamor, to terrify the world.

But the forces were too unequal to allow the conflict to be long continued. The Delawares were superior in numbers, and surpassed their enemy in strength and skill, while they did not yield to them in bravery. And then, too, they had the advantage of being well armed and prepared, while their foes were but poorly supplied with arms, having grasped in haste, and almost in despair, the weapons first at hand, and they, moreover, had been fallen upon in surprise. Such advantages told with quick and decided results in favor of the attacking party, and terrible havoc among their enemies.

Le Beaux had rushed among the foremost in the attack, believing that Charles was safe from danger, and that none of the Black Feet could pass them to reach him. But in this he was mistaken.—The chief who had selected Red Hand for his antagonist, was struck down by that warrior at a single blow, and Red Hand had leaped over his dead body, and, as we have seen, rushed upon our hero at once. Two of his band that stood by him attempted to follow, but Le Beaux, with the heavy hatchet he bore in his hand, darted upon the nearest, and gave him a mortal wound that felled him to the earth. Then, without pausing to finish the destruction he had insured, pushed after the other, who had almost come up with his chief. Seeing Le Beaux close upon him, and that he could not hope to avoid him, he turned boldly about, and rushed upon him with a suddenness of action that had well nigh proved fatal to the brave scout.

Without attempting to parry the blow which was aimed at him, Le Beaux leaped aside just in time to save himself, and the next instant, ere the Black Foot brave recovered himself, (for he had gathered his whole might in the blow, which he meant should terminate the existence of his pursuer, and the force had carried him past his enemy,) struck a severe blow at him, which inflicted a deep and painful wound, though not a fatal one. With a cry of rage and pain, quick as a wild cat, he sprung again at Le Beaux, to drive his knife to his heart. But Le Beaux was as ready now as his foe. He struck him a second blow, which wounded his arm, and made him drop the knife. But at the same instant he grappled his foe by the throat with the other hand, and dragged him to the ground, and with the strength of despair, tugged at his throat to strangle him. For a few minutes they continued to struggle, rolling over and pushing each other aside with all their might, they both being athletic, powerful men. But Le Beaux had the use of both arms, while his adversary could use but one. This enabled him to free himself from the Black Foot's grasp, and drawing his knife, he gave him a death wound, that alone could make him release his hold.

He feared that Charles would prove unequal in a personal struggle with Red Hand, and he had, while engaged with his enemy, given a glance after him, and saw that he was engaged with him, and shouted to him to cheer him. It was on this account he had been so ready to use his knife, so anxious was he to assist Charles. But when he sprung to his feet he saw that our hero needed no help. Red Hand was stretched bleeding upon the ground, and the fierce hounds were

over him. Seeing this, he rushed back to where M. Boileau was continuing the fight, and pushing the few surviving enemies towards the river. A few, hoping to escape, plunged into the water and swam to the other bank. But no sooner had they landed, than Wahalla, uttering his war cry, with fury bounded upon them with his party, and at once slew them.

Not one of the Black Feet escaped.—The Delawares were furious, and resolved to kill them all, or take them prisoners. But they would not suffer themselves to be taken, but died to a man, stoutly fighting. The Indians never do anything by half. In love, and hate, in whatever they undertake, they go the fullest length, and push forward to extremes. The fight lasted not more than half an hour. The Delawares had lost three of their brave comrades, and many of them had received wounds, none however that were fatal. As Wahalla crossed the stream and joined them, they sent up a shout of victory that rent the air, and reverberated in bounding echoes along the silent hills in the distance. Thus closed this bloody and terribly fated battle. They had been revenged awfully, terribly revenged, by the blood of their hated foes. Not one was left to carry the sad tidings to their homes, that should cause the squaws of those fallen braves to wail and lament in grief over the fallen husbands and fathers. It was vengeance complete, awful. And now they tore the scalps from the fallen enemies, still reeking in blood, and hung them to their belts, the trophies of their victory.

M. Boileau, who had ceased fighting before the struggle was at an end, and had sought his daughter, remained with her until the noise and cries ceased, and all was over. Then with Le Beaux, who had joined, and who had both congratulated Coquese on her speedy release from captivity, and had received from her her warmest thanks for his assistance, he sought out the wounded, and took every means to alleviate their sufferings, and administer to their relief. Their fallen comrades were removed to the bank of the river beyond them and out of their sight. The horses, both their own and those captured from their enemies, were caught, and brought in, and mounting them, they rode a short distance down the bank of the river, that they might leave behind the spectacle of the battle field, and here they prepared to pass the night. Fires were kindled, supper prepared, the horses were taken care of, and a hasty tent prepared for Coquese.

After they had partaken of their meal, the party returned to bury their dead warriors. It was a calm, beautiful, moonlight evening. The stars shone with a sparkling twinkle. The air was still, and far and wide, o'er highland and plain, in those vast, unbroken forests, the stillness and quiet of deep, perfect repose reigned. Slowly, and with sorrowing hearts, they took their way on foot to a spot which had been chosen as the last resting place on earth of their fallen brothers, until they should awake to range with perfect happiness and unmixed joy the blessed hunting grounds of the brave and bold warrior in their future abode. Just on the bank of this wild river rose a little eminence, that commanded a pleasing, but limited view, of this romantic spot. Here with their faces pointed to the east, their arms, and all their martial weapons, and hunting implements by their side, they buried those honored warriors, and as they heaped the earth upon them, they broke out into a low chant, at first bemoaning the death of their brave companions, and their own grievous loss in their death.—But this was changed into a bolder, louder strain, as they repeated and numbered the virtues and bravery of their companions. Thus it ran:

"They are gone, and dark night with its sable pall hastens to cover them from our sight. No longer shall their swift feet join us as companions in the joyous chase. With spirit voices their lifeless bodies speak to us, and there is no war on their speech. Where do you fly, oh bold warriors? whose arms were clothed with mighty strength, and whose feet outstripped the fleet antelope. Far in the happy valley of the blessed hunter's realm I see the blooming flowers of

sweet perfume are bending round thy path, and ever fruitful and green trees with their soft branches above them.—Happy spirits greet you, and, in songs more soft and sweet than the red-breasted warblers, attend thy path. Ye are blessed and happy, dear companions, and will sleep quietly in your green graves. We will sing your death song, oh! loved brothers. Mighty were ye in the chase. The swift panther did not escape you. The strong bear did not overcome you. The furious bison could not cause your brave arms to falter. Never did you fear him on the hunter's paths. Ah, you were mighty hunters, and we love you. Ye were kind to your faithful squaws, and we praise you.

"The squaws whom ye took to your bosoms, and whose busy hands spread the sweet venison, and fat bear meat upon your boards in your beloved lodges, will weep tears of sorrow over you, and will cherish your image in their affectionate hearts. They will teach your young children the story of their father's deeds, and who will grow up like their brave fathers.

"Rest ye, then, in peace; and on swift steeds fly to the happy lands, for ye leave no foes behind to fetter your steps. They are all sent to await your coming, and are ready to be your slaves. The Great Spirit looked on them in wrath, for they were wicked in their hearts, and lies were hid beneath their soft words. They were cunning, but his wrath gave them into your hands. He was pleased when the last faint death-cry came in despair from their lips, and ascended to his open ear.

"Long will we sing your greatness, brave warriors, and strive to imitate your proud deeds. Ye are gone,—the spirit that hovered around you beckons you on, leading your feet to the happy groves, and their shadowy forms glide before you on swift wings; their voices sink in the breezes that waft you, and nought, save the hollow echo of our own words comes back to us from the hill-side. Your graves are glorious with many triumphs, and are crowned with many victories over all your foes. We will lead *our people* to them, and make them known to all. They shall chant above them in your praise, your many brave deeds, and your bright virtues; and singing, shall strew fresh flowers above you. Farewell, dear brothers."

As they ceased chanting, each in turn advancing, laid clusters of wild flowers they had brought with them, upon the fresh graves, and turning their backs, in sorrowful silence departed, and sought their temporary camp. The funeral rites were ended. Their sorrow sought not to unburden its woe in words, or any exterior signs; but yet was it not the less heavy on their hearts.

Charles had gone with them, and Coquese also,—all were present at these sad rites, that consigned some of her brave deliverers to their final home.—When they returned, Coquese entered her rude and hastily constructed tent. Charles laid himself upon the grass at the door, with his trusty hounds by his side to guard his sleep.

Early in the morning they set out on their way home, and after three days' journey, at the close of the day, they reached the village. Charles had ridden by the side of Coquese, and her father had been prevailed upon to sanction their love. It needed not many words to gain his assent, for he had already loved our hero, as much as if he had in truth been his own son. How different were the feelings with which they retraced their steps now, at a moderate and pleasant pace, compared with those which pained and excited them as they hurried over the same ground but a short time before. All was calm, and pleasant, and smiling; then all was dark and uncertain.

It was at the close of the day, as they came in sight of their homes. Their watchful friends descried them while yet some distance off, and in anxious expectation came out to meet them. When they saw Coquese riding on a horse, between the pale face chief and her father, they shouted for joy. As they alighted, Leila, whose joy at seeing her daughter was full, could not control her emotions; springing to her, she clasped her to her heart, exclaiming, "My dear, dear daughter, how happy your sight makes me!" They wept for some time in each others

arms, before their feelings grew calm. But although there was great joy in the lodge of M. Boileau, yet was there also the sound of grief and lamentation in the deserted lodges of the fallen warriors, whose proud forms would never more darken their doors, and whose kind words were hushed in death. Their devoted bosom companions mourned in low, sad tones of grief, sitting by themselves. They would not be comforted. The dark cloud covered them, and hid the light from their eyes. The Great Spirit had veiled his face before them, and they could not see his smile. They refused food and drink. They uttered no murmur or complaint,—deep, settled sorrow held them silent and immovable. Coquese visited, and in vain sought by her kind words and offices, to win them from their profound grief. She brought food and implored them to eat, but in vain. They had loved with all their hearts, and now grief has filled their minds to overflowing, and there is no room left for consolation. For three days did they thus remain in silent grief. At the expiration of that time, they roused themselves. The Great Spirit had whispered hope and consolation. They called their children, the pledges of their lost husbands' affection to them, and embraced them, resolved to live for them from that time. They entered as usual, upon their daily duties, and by no external sign could you detect the sorrow which, though subdued, was yet a heavy burden to their grieving spirits.

And now, again, Charles and Coquese lingered hour after hour, by themselves. Again in that little bower where they had passed so many happy days, and the hours glided swiftly away on wings of mutual happiness and love.

CHAPTER XVII.

The story of their love and mutual attachment spread through the village, and was heard with satisfaction and delight by all of that good-hearted, affectionate tribe, though many a young warrior had looked with eyes of love upon the beautiful Flower, that had been born and brought up in their very midst, and whose sweet disposition, like the balmy, delicious fragrance of a rare-scented blossom, had breathed its softening and loved influence, in gentle words and kind acts, over their truly brave and faithful hearts; and they had long sought to win her by daring deeds, the practice of their most esteemed and honorable virtues, and by the yet softer and winning arts of love, to become the mistress of their wigwam. Yet so generous and unselfish were their natures,—so devoted were they to her happiness, that they forgot all their rivalry, and jealousy of love, in the lot which was opened to her for future happiness, in a marriage with the brave, and honored pale face chief. And they all in their hearts acknowledged, and felt his superior claims to insure her happiness, in the similarity of tastes and character, which attracted and bound them to each other. Thus happily was the course of our devoted and tried lovers rendered smooth, and all their troubles and the great obstacles that had opposed them, swept forever away. Now although occasional sadness would sometimes cloud the fair, clear brow of the beautiful daughter of the forest, as she thought of the days of her captivity, and the cruel scenes connected with them; and as in her daily walks around the peaceful village, her eyes would rest in pity, and her words of consolation, and promise, and hope, in soft, kind tones, would fall upon the ears of the widowed squaws, whose brave husbands had sealed with their life-blood their devotion to her, yet could the presence, the voice, the very thought of her adored, her idolized Charles, in all the pride of blooming manhood, with his thoughtful and intelligent face, so beautiful, dispel all gloom and sorrow from her heart, and all grief from her anxious, troubled brow; and thoughts, sweet thoughts would fly to take possession of her soul, and the bright, sweet smile of happiness would light up the fires of her deep, dark eyes, imparting such beauty, and angelic loveliness to her charming person, that all

were fascinated as they looked, and unconsciously paid homage at the shrine of such surpassing loveliness; while the enraptured lover would sit and drink in with fond admiration each grace and sweet perfection of this dear being, whose love was enshrined in the chosen chambers of his faithful, loving heart.

A month glided swiftly away after the sad tragedy, which closed the list of Coquese's woes. To them, how short did it seem. Their days sped away on wings of love, satisfied, ardent, prosperous love. Charles had become the guest of M. Boileau, and was the acknowledged and beloved suitor of their precious child. The fair hands of his love smoothed and spread the clothes of his soft couch, and prepared for him the dainties of the humble board. It was the sweet notes of her rich, bird-like voice that awoke him each morning's dawn, to the blessed pleasures of another day of life and love. It was from her rosy lips that he quaffed the delicious nectar that inspired his happy and delightful dreams. And is it possible, you will be ready to ask, that they could have desired more than this to complete their happiness? Was not their cup full to running over? Day by day to live in each other's presence, to wander beneath swelling skies, and under the sweet shade of the green trees, over the verdant woods, or glide leisurely along the smooth waters of their limpid streams, in the fairy canoe of the delighted Coquese; or at noon-tide's heat, to seek the inviting shelter of that little bower where they first met, where they first loved, and which was endeared to them as the confidant of their daily, and oft-repeated vows of love, and eternal constancy; the green spot that would ever live in their memories, clothed in the brightest garb of their happy and romantic love. There, too, had they not around them the best, the most affectionate of friends, whose constancy and devotion had stood the most trying test, and had not fainted nor failed them in the hour of adversity and gloom.

But all this, and you will acknowledge that it was not little or meagre, could not satisfy our hero. He longed and desired to call her wife, to have the solemnized and acknowledged right to call her his own dear bosom companion, his wanting better half. He was impatient to utter and listen to those vows which should bind them forever to each other in indissoluble bonds, that nought but death could sever. He had not a rising feeling, not the most feeble touch of jealousy in his heart. He knew that she was all his own, that no rites, no outward forms and ceremonies could make her more so. Her heart was given joyfully and fully to him. Her tone gave proof of its sincerity, its complete and absorbing power over her heart in all her acts, in all her words. It lent a fonder cadence, and a sweeter music to her loved voice. It gave a warmer glow to her fair cheek, and a brighter fire to her sparkling eyes. It hung a more irresistible charm around the witching smiles that played over her beautiful face. No, it was not that he hoped, that he believed, or desired that her love should increase, but he felt that this last crowning act, that should give her wholly to him, in the eyes of all, would quiet all his apprehensions of her safety, would render it impossible for him ever to be separated again from her.

With such feelings he had of late oft urged the blushing girl to fix the day when all their hearts' desires should be given them, and crown the bliss of their united fates and fortunes. She would at such times remind him of the events that had but just transpired, and speak of the grief of the widowed squaws in the village, whose sorrows were yet fresh and heavy upon them, and which would gush forth with new violence at this exhibition of happiness, which would so strongly and directly bring to their minds the losses they had suffered, and which could never be repaired, or made up to them, and urged him for their sake to wait a little longer. She did not affect any of that false modesty, that mock hesitancy and reluctance, which city maidens think proper and becoming to both avow and practice, and which is but a downright insult to their lover, implying doubt of him. No, she felt all that longing, that burning desire, to become his

lawful wife, that our hero expressed and felt, to make her so, and her artless words assured him this. But her sympathizing heart was utterly destitute of selfishness, and was considerate of the feelings of others. But finally she yielded to the passionate and warmly urged prayer of her lover, and with the approbation and expressed sanction of her fond parents, Thursday of the next coming week was chosen as the marriage day.

It gave ample time for all preparation, for a marriage with the Indian is by no means such a mighty grand affair as it often becomes among the white men. There are no satins and silks to be fitted like a bark to a tree, to the trembling form of the fearful bride. No laces and ribbons, scarfs and shawls, no embroidered handkerchiefs, and beautiful stitched garments to be made, which often for months beforehand employ the busy, nimble fingers of the skillful seamstress and mantuamaker, and the important offices of the refined milliner, whose selections, and whose genius plans the attire of the expecting, impatient girl. Nor is there any occasion for the service of the cake-making, candified, sweet-scented confectioner, that knows the most fashionable, and last approved spices used for his cakes, or the latest twist, and the most graceful curves his candies should be wrought into. No butler examines the sparkle, or tastes the flavor of the merry grape-juice, that is to enliven the marriage feast, and gladden the hearts, not unfrequently confuse and bewilder the little brains of the fashionable guests. None of this was necessary, and it was well for the loving pair it was not, for then had their hopes been darkened at once, for these things thrive not at present at the base of the Rocky Mountains.

But a simple feast, abundant, but humble and modest, and the lovely charms and graces nature gave to the warm-hearted, beautiful Coquese, as a bridal garment, that all the milliners and artists in the wide world could not equal, were ornaments enough for this fair girl, and at the appointed day she was ready to stand by the side of her dear, and truly loved Charles, and in the presence of the village, publicly unite herself to him.—Charles, with a joyful face and beating heart, as he stood there and gazed upon the fair girl, about to become his, thought he never before beheld a female half so lovely and beautiful. Her dark, silken hair that hung in flowing curls around her smooth and polished neck, was confined at the top of the head by a wreath of wild flowers of various bright glowing colors, arranged and woven together by her own inimitable taste. Her loose, girdle-waisted, calico dress, that hung from her polished shoulders, and displayed to advantage the budding charms of her fruitful and swelling bust, but half hid by the light, silk scarf her lover gave her, and which hung in graceful folds from her shoulders; the beaded little moccasin that covered her pretty foot, and above all, the smile of love, and perfect confidence, that shone in her eyes, as they fondly were raised to his face, completely entranced him, and he felt proud to call her his own dear wife.

The ceremony, if it might be termed such, was exceedingly brief. Standing together, with her hand resting in his, and the tribe gathered around them, she first, in a clear, distinct voice, proclaimed before them all, her love for the youth who then held her hand, and promised in the presence of her tribe, and of the Great Spirit, whom she invoked as a witness, to love him through life, and faithfully to cherish him, and perform the duties of an affectionate, loving wife.

When she ceased, Charles, in his turn, placed his hand in hers, and in the same manner, and with the same solemn invocation of the Great Spirit, to witness the act, promised before all the assembled tribe, to watch over, protect and love this dear maid that stood by his side, and whose hand he now held, so long as he should live. As the last words fell from his tongue, he threw his arms around her, drew her to his bosom, she clasped at the same instant her arms around his neck, and their lips met in a long, sweet kiss, the first act of their union, the seal of their mutual promises to each other, and the outward token of their affection. This closed the ceremony, and they

were man and wife. The men and women of the tribe gathered close around them and commenced in low soft strains to chant the virtues of the bridegroom, his courage and daring on the war path, his boldness and dexterity on the hunting path, and the generosity and nobleness of his character.

As they ceased, the women took up the strain and sung the praises of the bride. Her beauty, they said, was like the rising morn, that blushes rosy in the eastern sky. Her heart, true as the dove to his mate, would never leave, or cease to love her mate. Her busy, cunning hands would spread the tempting board for her loved husband, and her skillful hand prepare the adorned moccasin for his feet, and her sweet voice sing the soothing songs of his victories and brave deeds. As they finished, both together joined in a low, more solemn and slow measure, and invoked the blessings of the Good Spirit to descend upon them, and ever attend their steps. They asked for them children who should grow up in strength and beauty before them, their pride, and their comfort. And after exhausting the catalogue of blessings they ceased. And now the feast was spread, and with many a look of love and true affection between the young men and their dusky loves, did they set themselves down to the cheerful, joyous repast.

At night they formed a bridal procession, and escorted the new couple through the village, stopping at the door of each lodge, when both bride and bridegroom received some present from the family, together with their separate blessing. After they had gone through the village in this way, and called at each lodge, loaded with presents, they returned home, attended by the procession, each member of which bore a blazing pine torch in his hand. A shout of joy was their parting good night, and our hero and his wife entered their home.—And here we must drop the curtain that veils the sacred pleasures and confidence of our happy pair, and forbids the intrusion of curiosity.

THE END

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